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LONDON AND ITS PEOPLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

Every student of the eighteenth century must have felt a keen interest in the publication of a work the object of which is to depict the appearance and the life of London in that age, and assuredly he opened it with no little curiosity. But we fear that to such an one this, the last work of a man who was a true lover of London in every aspect, will be a disappointment. It may seem ungenerous to criticize adversely a work of one who is now dead, and which did not receive final perusals and corrections. But unquestionably the book is not worthy of its great subject: it is formless, the materials are placed before the reader in fragments, many of the chapters are extremely superficial, and from beginning to end we are not assisted by a single reference. One would have wished that this ponderous volume could have remained a durable monument of its author, but we cannot hope that it will have such a fortunate fate. Valuable it is as a collection of much material, and it throws light on the

state of London in the eighteenth century; but it is not that clear, thoughtful, and scholarly book which alone can hope to remain for a long time authoritative and respected.

Maitland estimated that, including Westminster and the suburbs, London in 1750 had 725,903 inhabitants; it was, therefore, in the eighteenth century, as now, the largest city in the world. Small as it was compared with the enormous London of our own age, it differed remarkably from the provincial towns and the rural districts of England, and its society was marked by some special features; yet, allowing for these differences, by an appreciation of London as a whole—not only outwardly of its streets, its houses, its business, and its amusements, but of the moral and mental characteristics of the men and women who formed its society—we obtain a connected and systematized view of England in the eighteenth century. How difficult it is to state with precision, and yet with brevity, the fundamental qualities of any part of na-

* 1. "London in the Eighteenth Century." By Sir Walter Besant. London: G. Bell & Sons, 1903.

2. "The History of London." By William Maitland, and continued to the year 1772 by the

Rev. John Entick, M.A. 2 vols. London: J. Wilkie, 1772.

3. "The London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century." By Warwick Wroth, F.S.A. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1896.

tional life in those days, has been shown by the remarkable work of the De Goncourts, "*La Femme au Dix-huitième Siècle*," in which, while we perceive every moment the suggestive delineation of the characteristics which the authors are analyzing, we are perpetually observing the difficulty and especially the danger of attempting to generalize from the study of a comparatively small collection of individuals. It is, however, by an examination of the individual as representative or typical that we are enabled best to understand the true life of a national period. This we fail to find in Sir Walter Besant's great volume, or any complete conception of the men and women of London in the eighteenth century. Fragmentary glimpses of their life we obtain alike in their business and in their pleasures, in their prosperity and in their misery, but we are presented rather with the materials of a picture than with a picture itself.

A century is a large space of time of which to ascertain definite types, but it is not unscientific to take the eighteenth century as a separate period; the first fifteen years are years of transition, as is the same space of time at its end. But, politically and socially, all the intervening years are singularly alike; they were years in which the country lay quiescent after memorable political and religious struggles and before modern movements began to disturb the foundations of society. England was politically fatigued; still conscious of the shocks she had endured at the Revolution and the Rebellion, and the constant anxiety of the age of Anne, she was grateful to be able to rest. Successful and strenuous achievement produced national lassitude, and so when the historical observer looks backward over the course of national life to the apathetic age of the first Hanoverian Sovereigns, its less

heroic incidents and phases occupy a much larger space in the view than when they are overshadowed by momentous movements or critical international struggles. But the temperament and the fibre of the people had not changed, and beneath the quietude of the eighteenth century were the same national vigor and common sense which had been always evident and were ready to assert themselves when the right moment should strike. On these aspects of the age the life of London throws not a little light. We shall therefore endeavor to regard the metropolis from the point of view of the men and women who lived in it, and also to note how the special characteristics and the deeper tendencies of the time were illustrated by the habits and the life of the Londoner. For the man of the eighteenth century is a product of the years preceding his own time, and he has influenced the generations which follow him, and we cannot too clearly bear in mind that we have to note in the people of the eighteenth century human types directly and largely formed by great preceding constitutional events.

One chief difficulty of appreciating the life of the Londoner of the eighteenth century is the striking difference between the size of the metropolis then and now. We are so accustomed to London as we see it, and as we move about in it, scarcely aware of its immensity, and only conscious in a vague way of its vast size, that it is not easy to realize it as it appeared to our forefathers. London, like its inhabitants and its manners and customs, was then in a state of transformation. The cities of London and Westminster were united, and some of the villages which had existed around them were just becoming parts of the town. If one had taken a phaeton and started from Tyburn turnpike, and our friend had happened to choose a Mon-

day morning before 1783—for after that date executions took place in front of Newgate—he would probably have found himself entangled in a crowd, the nearest approach to which nowadays would be the mob at the entrance to a racecourse. Opposite the spot on which the Marble Arch now stands he would have seen one or more gallows, and presently the carts containing the condemned persons, with their arms pinioned and a rope round their necks, and their coffins by them, men and women, murderers or simple thieves, received by the jeers and cheers, murmurs and shouts of the excited crowd. It would not have been long before each vehicle placed beneath the gallows moved away and a dangling body would have been seen against the sky, to be quickly seized by those who had been the friends of the executed man, who held it and by their weight sought to end his sufferings. If he had waited longer he would have noticed women in black, the wives or sisters of the dead, claiming the corpses of their relatives, or a surgeon eager for experiments carrying off the friendless felon. Anxious to escape from this constant and to us shocking spectacle, the result at once of a savage criminal law and a brutal population, our friend would have driven along Tyburn Road and Oxford Street. On his left hand are a few streets, of which at first starting Berkeley Street is the northern boundary, beyond Marylebone Street and Queen Anne Square are the Marylebone Gardens, and then a long succession of open fields extending to the north. He would presently pass along Great Russell Street and note Montague House. If it was after 1759 he could tarry for a time and visit the Harleian Manuscripts. A few yards further was Bedford or Southampton House, a pleasant large low white building, with a courtyard, and behind it delightfully shady gardens

from which charming views of the green heights of Highgate could be seen across Lamb's Conduit Fields. Continuing along Great Ormond Street he would come to the Foundling Hospital without a house near it, which kindly Captain Thomas Coram had established in 1741. Thence keeping along the outskirts of the town he would reach the southern end of Finsbury Fields, near the junction of the City Road and Old Street. He would, if it had been summer time, have cut through the wayfarers driving or walking up to Bagnigge or Sadler's Wells, some to improve their health, others only for enjoyment. As he turned southward on his left hand the houses of Hoxton village might be seen among the trees; while beyond the open space of Upper Moorfields, which was laid out with walks, a collection of unimportant streets and houses extended eastwards to a line of which the centre was High Street, Whitechapel. All beyond was a succession of green fields with a few houses grouped round Bethnal Green. The explorer would then come down Finsbury, past Bethlehem Hospital to the Royal Exchange. If minded to drive to the eastern termination of London, there was only a little over a mile to go; for when he reached the end of Whitechapel Street by the London Hospital, before him would have stretched the high road running through the villages of Mile End, New Town and Old Town, while to the southward was the quiet village of Stepney, whither the East-end Londoner resorted on Sundays and holidays to eat Stepney buns and drink ale and cider, and where the seaman ashore amused himself and his mistresses with cakes and ale. By the London Hospital he could take the turn to the right and drive along the New Road through open country. He would meet with some houses about Ratcliff Highway, and there he would

have seen orchards and market gardens till he reached Wapping, with two or three streets which ran parallel with the river, with its sailors and fishwives and drinking women. This maritime piece of London extended from Shadwell Causeway to a little east of the Tower. From a distance there were all the picturesque features which belong to a busy waterside district. In midstream were many ships, colliers, Dutch galliots, hay boats, and West Indiamen, discharging their varied cargo into barges, an animated and suggestive sight. But on the shore the foul streets were thronged with drunken women awaiting drunken seamen, their hair hanging over their faces in rat-tails, their bosoms bare or half hidden by a handkerchief, and on their feet long quartered shoes with great buckles, their heedless and immoral lives soon to end in the great churchyard of St. George, Ratcliff. Each tavern was filled with swearing seamen, some just paid off, a crimp or two and their half-stupid prey, and the streets were all mud and filth.

Tired, however, of sitting in his carriage, our friend takes a boat from Wapping Old Stairs (Thames Tunnel) to Tooley Stairs at the south end of London Bridge; he passes by Horsely Down with its houses and Savory Dock, and meets, it may be, the Lord Mayor in his state barge, takes his hat off to an acquaintance who is on his way down from Temple Stairs, and watches for a moment to see if the fishermen from Lambeth have had any luck and caught a salmon or two today. Arrived at this his destination, he drives through the Borough to the beginning of Blackman Street, where he again finds himself in the country, low, unhealthy, and disagreeable, so he returns through a suburban district to Blackfriars Bridge, and thence proceeds over familiar ground, passes

Fleet Street and the Strand, where quaint signs hang from the shops and taverns, to Charing Cross. West of St. James's Park with its canal is grouped Westminster with the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, bounded by the road from the Horse Ferry. There Westminster ended, and beyond it were orchards and market gardens; and so driving up Pall Mall and St. James's Street, the end too of that part of London on the west, for there were only a few houses, as now, between it and the Green Park, he would have continued along Tyburn Lane (Park Lane), noting as he passed the old house of the Earls of Dorset, which has been replaced by a magnificent Italian mansion, till he found himself again at Tyburn turnpike, now quite deserted by the crowds of the morning, after having covered a space of some thirteen miles.

If the visitor, whose travel round London we have followed, had chanced to conclude his journey towards evening, he would hardly have failed to take a boat at Westminster and so to visit Vauxhall Gardens, the most famous of the out-of-door pleasure resorts of the eighteenth century. They were opened soon after the Restoration, probably in 1661, and continued for nearly two centuries until 1859, but in the eighteenth century they were in their zenith, though long before they were very attractive to the pleasure-seeker. "Lord!" exclaims Pepys, when busy with his official work he meets two handsome women calling on his wife, "to see how my nature could not refrain from the temptation, but I must invite them to go to Foxhall to Spring Gardens!" This was in 1666, and thenceforward all through the succeeding century visitors, from the Prince of Wales to the City apprentice—for the entrance fee was only a shilling—from May to September crowded the boxes, the

leafy alleys, and the tree-shaded walks. Vauxhall was a mixture of Earl's Court of to-day and the Kurhaus gardens of a German Spa, and we can scarcely doubt that though, as will presently be pointed out, an inherent love in English people of fresh air and trees and flowers was one cause of the attraction of Vauxhall as of other out-of-door resorts, yet that another cause was the influence throughout the years following the Restoration, the Revolution, and the accession of the Elector, of foreign habits and customs among the more fashionable sections of society. The exiled Cavaliers had learnt to appreciate habits of life, the ideal of which we see depicted by Pater and Lancret, and the Dutch soldiers and courtiers set a fashion in England which they brought with them from Holland in 1689.

In some respects the Londoner of the eighteenth century was characterized by the qualities of the rural laborer of the nineteenth century, for he was a stay-at-home person. The difficulty and the expense of travelling made it impossible for him to go beyond the villages by which London was surrounded—Knightsbridge, Hampstead, Kensington, and Hoxton—for a long journey was not to be undertaken unless there was extreme necessity. Riding-horses, stage-coaches, wagons, and post-chaises, it is true, thronged the roads on every side of London. From the George and Blue Boar, Holborn, eighty-four coaches departed every day. Coaches left for Oxford four days in the week, and for Bristol twice a week, but a journey to York occupied thirty hours, and cost 3*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* These are but a few examples of the road traffic from London which enlivened the main English highways, or produced a picturesque bustle in the courtyards of the old inns of London and of country towns and villages, which have now disappeared. We are

generally accustomed to look at this particular form of travelling as pleasant and picturesque, and characteristic of eighteenth-century life, but if we regard it a little more closely we shall realize that it necessarily had a deep effect on the life and character of the Londoner. The difficulty of communication isolated him from the rest of the country and divided him sharply from his countrymen. London, in fact, in the eighteenth century was really the opposite of what it is to-day. Now it needs more of a corporate life, less cosmopolitanism, greater municipal individuality; then it was homogeneous, well defined, and proud of its importance as the chief city of Great Britain, and unembarrassed by a size to which no city has hitherto reached. Thus the Londoner of the eighteenth century, while he cannot be called provincial—for the influence of a widely extended trade and the effect of the connexion of Great Britain with European politics, of which he was constantly hearing, tended to enlarge his mental view—was yet essentially a city man.

The only persons who were in any way like the modern dwellers in the metropolis were a number—and a limited number only—of men and women who were clustered together in the West End, and who were the governing class, primarily politicians, noblemen, their relations, and their friends, the fringe of which comprised the fashionable frequenters of White's and Almack's. Of this select class we know a great deal, from innumerable biographies and selections of correspondence, towards the end of the century, from the letters of Walpole and of George Selwyn, who were types of some parts of this society, just as Lord North and Fox and Lady Sarah Lennox were of other sections.

This governing division of the socie-

ty of London in the eighteenth century was quite separate from the bulk of the inhabitants of the capital, was limited and exclusive, and was bound together by similar tastes. "The blue and buff junto meet in St. James's Street to fix upon the plan of operations for to-morrow," wrote Storer to Lord Carlisle, a month after the news of the disaster of York Town reached London in the autumn of 1781. It is a simple sentence enough, but it is singularly suggestive. We see the Whig leaders meeting in Charles Fox's rooms in St. James's Street, where soon some of the company are engrossed in faro or hazard, whilst others chat at Brooks's or White's, but the whole business was conducted in a street in the west end of the town, and the political campaign was arranged where gamblers lost their thousands. In many ways, too, this section of society was more nearly in touch with the country than with the city at the very time when it gave to London a conspicuous feature, and this gulf between the city and the West End makes more vivid the diminution of the political power of the city, the influence of which was becoming more purely commercial. The combination of statesmen, noblemen, men of letters, and men of pleasure, great ladies, and giddy women of fashion, commenced in the reign of Anne; it began to end when Lord Grey passed the Reform Bill of 1832, and the exclusiveness of the governing and fashionable section was broken by the invasion of the bourgeois politician and the city magnate, whose advent on the political scene had been heralded by the coming of the Indian nabob in the middle of the eighteenth century. The centre of this portion of London society was formed by the Whig and Tory peers, round whom congregated a remarkable circle of men and women, whose lives, from that of Swift to

Fox, have interested succeeding generations. It is a phase of national life which well deserves a lengthy and elaborate study, but here can only be viewed in its relation to the history of London in the eighteenth century; it is contemporary with the supremacy of the House of Peers as a deliberative assembly in the Constitution, and would have been impossible without a marked growth of a democratic spirit, which the political noblemen, so far from fearing, had the sagacity to utilize. It required also an awakening of intellectual activity, an appreciation of pleasure and luxury, a time of peace, and a great capital. The merchant from Lombard Street, who towards the end of the century saw Lord North and John Robinson or Rockingham and Burke driving down to Westminster, Selwyn and Old Q on a balcony in Piccadilly, or Mrs. Crewe and Charles Fox at an assembly at Almack's, did not perceive more than personages of whom he was constantly hearing. To us they are men and women typical of their age and of their class, whose true home was in a few streets in the west end of the town, and who were parts of a society which is a striking feature of London life in the eighteenth century. But of the plain, uneventful lives of the lawyers, the doctors, and the divines, of the merchants, the shop-keepers, and the great army of working people who formed the bulk of the population of London, we know much less, so that we have somewhat fallen into the habit of judging the life of London by the habits and the ideas of one class which was not representative of the people of London, and indeed regarded the City man and the tradesman with considerable contempt, a contempt which was exaggerated in their women folk, who threw up their heads and made rude remarks about the ladies who were not of the *ton*.

The Londoner of the eighteenth century, of whatever class, was the type of the Englishman as he appeared to foreigners, and as he has remained to this day; it was from him that Arbuthnot drew John Bull in his famous satire, "Law is a Bottomless Pit." He was sensible and unemotional, honest and rather coarse-minded, clear-headed and persevering, and he was practical and independent in his religion and his politics—"un Anglais, comme homme libre, va au ciel par le chemin qui lui plaît," wrote Voltaire in his "Lettres Philosophiques." He had no ideals, and his creed was summed up in the phrase that he tried to do his duty in the station in which he had been placed. Piety, prudence, courage, and honesty were, we read on the quaint monument in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, to Martin Bond, citizen and soldier, and captain of the trained bands of the city in 1588, the marked qualities of this ideal citizen. They were also those which predominated among the merchants of London of the eighteenth century, who were the backbone of the population. Their piety was unquestionably superficial from the point of view of subjective religion, but the practical fruits of it are visible in the numerous benefactions of which the walls of the City churches bear record and the muniments of the City companies give abundant evidence.¹

His characteristics are reflected in the philosophical and the religious works of his age, from which, rather than from individuals, Voltaire and Rousseau have drawn their pictures of the Englishman. For two centuries and a half England, and London especially, had passed through momen-

tous constitutional changes, had influenced the course of continental affairs, and had commercial relations with every part of the globe. Thus the London merchant, homely and unassuming, had also a fixed and undemonstrative pride and a confidence in himself and in his city, which arose from considerable achievements and from a state of individual freedom.

Young men came up to London in the eighteenth century as they had done for centuries and as they do today, but in numbers so small as to make little impression on the general body of town-born citizens; but the country gentleman, whether nobleman or squire, had ceased not a little to send his younger sons to seek their fortunes in the City. "It is without possibility of dispute that the City was no longer recruited from the class called gentry; that the number of 'gentlemen,' using the old sense of the word, who held office in the City was extremely small; that, for causes which can be explained, it was not only possible, but common, for quite poor lads to succeed in business and to amass great fortunes." But poor lads had always been able to come to the front in the City of London, and Sir Walter Besant does not attempt to explain why the son of the merchant, or, as often as not, of the small shopkeeper, was then monopolizing the commerce of London and creating a class which has had special characteristics down to our own day. The real cause was the increasing size of the standing army, and the innumerable opportunities given to the younger sons of the nobility and gentry to fulfil their ambitions by military service. The victories of Marlborough gave immense popularity and glory to military

¹ The records of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, show sixteen benefactors to the parish in the eighteenth century. On the north wall is a tablet telling how Francis Bancroft (1727) gave all

his property in London and Middlesex to the Drapers' Company for the purposes of charity and education. These instances might be indefinitely multiplied.

life, and from the death of William III. to the day of Waterloo there was year after year constant employment for the young Englishman in the army—employment which might make his name famous from Edinburgh to London. And so he was withdrawn from commerce—the commerce which had been patronized by Prince Rupert, who had been one of the founders of the Hudson's Bay Company, and shared in by Prime Ministers, for Harley was a director of the South Sea Company, and the shares had been squabbled over in the royal anterooms at Kensington Palace. Consequently the Londoner who made his livelihood in the City was born, educated, bred, lived, and died within the sound of Bow bells. The infant who was born into the world in the eighteenth century was—if life was worth living—fortunate if he survived to boyhood. Maitland put the mortality of those five years of age or under at 47 per cent. Sir Walter Besant, taking the registers of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, for his data, but for a few years only, finds that the proportion in that parish was 59 per cent. These figures are, doubtless, not altogether accurate, but they show sufficiently clearly the dangers which surrounded child life from the accumulated effects of "bad air, bad drainage, and bad food," and, we may very well add, indifferent medical advice and complete ignorance of methods of nursing. The good old times in London were, indeed, fatal to human life, as can well be realized by a comparison of the figures of the Institute of Actuaries. According to the tables of this body to-day, out of 100,000 who are born 38,124 are alive at the age of seventy. According to Maitland's figures in the eighteenth cen-

tury, there were but 13,300, and according to the register of St. Botolph 14,571.

If the chances either of attaining to boyhood or of living to old age were against the Londoner, the possibilities of obtaining a good education were not much greater. A boy of well-to-do parents had open to him one of the public schools—St. Paul's, Charterhouse, Christ's Hospital, Merchant Taylors', the City of London, or, outside London proper, Westminster. But if a parent could not send his son to one of these great foundations, his children must be taught at a charity school attached to a parish; outside these schools² elementary, hornbook, or dame schools were to be found in different parts of London, and for higher education private schools, from the academies carried on by broken-down craftsmen to the more pretentious establishment belonging to some clergyman who had taken a degree at a university. If, however, a boy had learned to read, to write a good hand, and understand arithmetic, he had done well; for

the middle-class education was principally carried on in "academies" kept by men, broken-down, bankrupt or turned out of some other employment. The master could teach nothing more than writing and arithmetic; he could also hear lessons learned by rote; he pretended to teach French, and had a Swiss retained on the establishment; needless to say that the boys learned no more French in the eighteenth century than they do at present. The usher taught Latin to those boys who learned it; there was also a dancing-master on his staff.

From the moment, however, that a young man began his life's work in

² According to Maitland, there were (1772) 37 free schools—which included the great foundations of St. Paul's &c.—containing 3,173 scholars. The parish and other schools sustained by voluntary contributions were—boys'

schools 75, girls' 53; some of these were both for the education of boys and girls, and were not separate. They contained 3,458 boys and 1,901 girls.

London, whether it were professional, commercial, or manual, he could only look forward to a much briefer span of existence than the Londoner of to-day, an existence unvaried, simple, and rather brutal. The Londoner of the eighteenth century was indeed an elemental person. The objects of past political contests from century to century had been for individual freedom. Most men had then no lofty ideas of patriotism or abstract views of human rights; they wanted only to be allowed to go their own way without hindrance from king or parliament, bishop or nonconformist preacher, and they were less connected with the central administration. By the middle of the eighteenth century this freedom had been to a great extent obtained, and the Londoner could eat, drink, work, play, and pray much as he liked, and his likings, as was natural, were somewhat gross—sensitiveness, delicacy, often decency, were qualities which he did not possess. The characteristics of the people were shown in their amusements. They loved anything in which was the element of combat, but at the time they could not join in it themselves; physical training, asceticism for the purpose of fitting men to take part in athletic contests, systematic participation in games which required prolonged exertion, were unknown. The Londoner, however, showed in a rudimentary form a liking for outdoor pleasures, but the fact that they were of an unorganized holiday kind has caused this trait to be somewhat overlooked. "Many of the citizens," says a contemporary writer, "take delight in sailing, swimming, and fishing in the River Thames, &c., whilst others in the circumjacent fields, bowling-greens, &c., divert themselves with horse and foot races, riding, leaping, wrestling, cricket, archery,

cudgels, coits, bowling, skittles, nine-pins, and bull and bear baiting."^a This is a goodly list, and shows that large numbers in a rough way were partaking of physical exercise. But though the Thames was thronged with boats, they were chiefly rowed by watermen; towards the end of the century here and there an amateur would walk a match for a wager. In the winter, if there were sufficient frost, skaters, chiefly of the more fashionable class, could be seen on the ornamental waters, and driving was the hobby of young men who would now have their hunters, their racehorses, or their grouse moors. Sir John Lade just at the end of the century was a famous whip, and instructed the Prince of Wales in the way to handle a team, but driving as a sporting art was not the amusement of the middle-class Londoner. The easiest and least costly manner in which the love of combat could be gratified was by witnessing cockfights, and so cockpits were to be seen all over London. It was a national sport; men of all degrees delighted in it. There was particularly a famous cockpit behind Gray's Inn, another in Drury Lane, which the apprentices of London, by way of a quiet amusement on Shrove Tuesday, annually wrecked. If any more ferocious manner of gratifying this instinct could be found, it was not neglected, and animal suffering only added to the pleasure of the afternoon. Fighting with fists, single-sticks, and quarterstaves or broadswords was common, but if the combatants were sparing of their blood, "blasphemy, cursing, and reviling" were heard; if, however, "they hack and hue one another pretty heartily, insomuch that the stage runs' with their gore, nothing can be more satisfactory to the spectators, who are then generally sure to reward them very bountifully."

As men become older their desire is

^a Maitland, "History of London" (1772), p. 1327.

for tranquil pastimes, but this fact does not alter the effect of such amusements as we have described on the general body of youth, young men, and men in the prime of life, or obscure the reason for them—an almost unrestrained fundamental love of ferocious combat; for all of these amusements combat was an essential part. Oftentimes in the streets among the common people "assailants begin with running against each other heads foremost like rams, and afterwards come to boxing," and then a ring was formed and the people ran out of their shops just as to-day they gather round a fallen cabhorse. Yet in all this brutality there was a sense of fair play and of justice; the rules of the game must be observed; the Londoner meant to enjoy without affectation the amusements which pleased a nature in which we see the fierce qualities of his Teutonic forefathers combined with a sense of justice which had become equally characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The moment that we clearly perceive these particular qualities, combined with perfect individual freedom, so that full play could be given to them, the basis of the whole social state of London in the days of which we are writing is perfectly clear. Filthy streets, noisome prisons and mad-houses, unconcealed vice, were the necessary results of this combination of character and circumstance. To a high-minded despot much that was common in London in the eighteenth century would have been intolerable, and would unquestionably have been swept away with a high hand; but the Londoner had attained to a state of individual freedom without yet having learnt to seek for a single ideal by which society or his city should be cleaner and purer. It was from necessity rather than pure choice that the Londoner took the air in a leisuredly

and unexciting fashion, but in his own way he had more open-air pleasures than those who have come after him. London and its outskirts were full of gardens. In the evening at Ranelagh and Vauxhall he could see Lord Orville and Sir Clement Willoughby, as well as friends from Holborn or Cheapside, but with these places must be grouped Marylebone Gardens and Cupers Gardens on the Surrey side of the Thames. These four were the resorts of rank and fashion as well as of more humble folk. The entrance fee was small, and their popularity arose very much because they provided concerts and spectacles, fêtes, and dancing, and so became from May to September in fine weather extraordinarily popular. A second group of gardens afforded much simpler pleasures and less aristocratic company. These were attached to the medical wells—Islington Spa, Pancras, and Bagnigge Wells, and many others, and they attracted persons from the mixed motives of improving their health and of enjoying fresh air and usually quiet amusements—a ramble in the maze, perhaps a game of bowls or skittles. But when the Londoner was in a thoroughly domestic mood he could take his wife and children to some tea-gardens pure and simple, and have his tea in an arbor as Moreland has depicted him, perhaps to the White Conduit House, where cricket of an embryonic kind could be played when he chose; or to the Three Hats, Islington, a favorite Sunday resort, which was made more lively on weekdays for a large part of the last half of the century by a band of music and equestrian performances; or Hornsey if he wanted to go quite out of town; but he had an ample choice of resorts on both sides of the Thames. Gambling was not unknown at some of these resorts, and disreputable women sometimes found admittance, but gen-

erally in the public gardens of the eighteenth century we see the Londoner at his best, with his wife and his family, sweethearts and lovers, friends arm in arm, enjoying life without excitement in a simple and natural manner, satisfied with the good that Providence had provided. Sometimes, however, the brutality of the age showed itself even at the tea-gardens, especially in the cruel and childish amusement which was known as duck-hunting.

To the citizen the gardens of London were of the first importance. The difficulties of travel prevented frequent movement from place to place, and so for him they were at once seaside and Alps, trout stream and golf links—they represented almost entirely the whole out-of-door existence of men of every calling—the merchant, the lawyer, the small tradesman. But wherever the Londoner went he went staidly, in a stiff dress. The result of this inertia was a complete absence of a knowledge of country life and of landscape; it made the most ordinary aspects of the country unfamiliar and even extraordinary, and it is from this fact that we find the almost ludicrous descriptions in diaries and correspondence of natural features which to-day the Londoner would scarcely notice. Dr. Johnson, who was a typical Londoner, regarded the Hawkstone Hills in Shropshire much as a City clerk might to-day look upon the High Alps. Indeed, this circumstance makes Johnson's tour to the Hebrides very remarkable; it was a quite astonishing feat of travel for a Londoner who was most at home in Fleet Street.

The Englishman has always had a love of the country; it is the result of social features, of the smallness of his land, of its quiet beauty, and of its homely character. It is praised alike by Herrick and Cowper, but in the literature of the eighteenth century the

love of form and of literary art concealed it. London, small as it was compared with the London of to-day, had grown sufficiently large to be a great city, with all the features of a city, and its inhabitant was essentially a townsman. But the inborn appreciation of the country is discovered in the Londoner's liking for his tea-gardens, many of which appealed to him by their rural charms, showing that under all the formalism and artificiality of the eighteenth century there existed that same love of the fields and flowers and of the changing delights of nature which can be seen to-day in innumerable shapes, which probably may be traced to the influence on generation after generation of Englishmen of the picturesque grouping of church and manor house, of fields and woodlands, around the village, with which he was familiar from boyhood to old age.

But for the men of London the coffee-houses, uncomfortable though they were, with their wooden partitions and often narrow passages, were of far greater moment than the tea-gardens; for at least nine months of the year they were their main resort. The importance of these places in the eighteenth century cannot be exaggerated. The West-End beau, the merchant, the lawyer, and the shopkeeper, each had his favorite coffee-house; it was the exchange, the club, the circulating library, the modern man's daily paper; it touched almost every social or business want. In their number—in the first quarter of the century there were more than two thousand—and in the manner in which they met many demands of a generation which, intellectually and commercially, was growing more and more active within the bounds of seventeenth century limitations, the London coffee-houses filled a place which has given them unique historical importance. If the Londoner

was a divine he could discuss the latest sermon of Clarke or Romaine at Truby's or Child's in St. Paul's Churchyard, while the lawyer talked of the decisions at Westminster Hall at Nando's in Inner Temple Lane, or the Grecian in Devereux Court. George's coffee-house, a little to the west of Temple Bar, was patronized not only by Templars but by many others. "My company," writes Shennstone in 1739, "goes to George's coffee-house, where for that small subscription [one shilling] I read all pamphlets under a three-shilling dimension, and indeed any larger ones would not be fit for a coffee-house perusal." Actors, dramatic amateurs, authors, and wits could be seen at the Bedford, beneath the piazza of Covent Garden; indeed, one might have walked through London in those days and have constantly met with some coffee-house which had usually its particular set of patrons, where it was not so much the twopenny dish of tea or coffee which was actually consumed, as a large space of time, for the purpose either of pleasure or of business.

At Lloyd's coffee-house in Lombard Street shipowners and merchants used to assemble. It was there that the famous Lloyd's List was published and purchased. "Subscriptions," it was headed, "are taken in at three shillings a quarter at the bar of Lloyd's coffee-house in Lombard Street," and it was there that the system of private underwriting of vessels, as opposed to the business of the London Insurance and the Royal Exchange Corporations, was carried on and developed. The insurance business transacted at Lloyd's coffee-house was transferred to the Royal Exchange in 1754, and the results of the gatherings inside its homely walls are to-day visible wherever merchant commerce extends, while its history affords perhaps the most striking example of the fact that these

places of entertainment were patronized from no mere fashion of the time. They supplied a distinct want, and they disappeared not because men were tired of them but because society had outgrown them, and, whether mercantile or fashionable, had worked out more convenient means of supplying its several wants.

An avidity for news and for criticisms of social and political events helped to supply the coffee-houses with customers and newspapers with readers. "Many a man," said Johnson, "who enters the coffee-house in his nightgown and slippers is called away to his shop or his dinner before he has well considered the state of Europe." The increasing desire for something fresher and larger than the slow newsletter had been ministered to most conspicuously when De Foe, with his marvellous insight into public opinion, started his Review. Other sheets, such as the "Daily Courant" and the "Post Boy," met the same need. The newspaper tax of 1712 did not prevent the multiplication of journals, and in 1776 the number of newspapers published in London had risen to fifty-three.

The arrangements for their distribution were imperfect, and therefore most readers found it cheapest and quickest to peruse them in a coffee-house, a plan which enabled the reader to comment on them to a friend, or to argue with a neighbor on the state of affairs, a piquant addition—so some would think—to the perusal of the news of the day. This desire for information and the consequent supply of journals, combined with the need for association for the purpose of business or pleasure, produced a remarkable number of coffee-houses with their varied purposes, where we observe more vividly than in any other places the forces which underlay the daily life of the Londoner. Nearly every important provincial town had, too, its

single newspaper, but in London only was there a constant current from all parts of the world, conducting and ministering to an intellectual activity in singular contrast to the political apathy which predominated, in spite of European wars and the Middlesex election, until the end of the century.

The taverns of a town have in all ages been a noticeable feature of the social life of the time, but many of those of London in the eighteenth century are remarkable because they were the complement of the coffee-houses and gave opportunities for association of a more general character. The Londoner, whether he were a politician at the West End, a man of letters in Fleet Street, a merchant in Bishopsgate Street, or a mere tradesman in Cornhill, was almost certain to belong to one or more clubs which met at some tavern. The Brothers Club—as it is called—which in the beginning of the century was brought into being by Bolingbroke and Swift, often dined at Ozinda's, in St. James's Street. No events in Johnson's life are more characteristic of him than his creation of the Ivy Lane Club in 1746, at the King's Head in Ivy Lane, of *The Club* in 1764, which, commencing its meetings at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, moved in turn to various taverns in St. James's Street; while just at the end of his life he brought together a little evening club at the Essex Head in Essex Street.

In fact the Londoner in the eighteenth century passed the largest part of his time in coffee-houses and taverns, and when one seeks for him after midday he will probably be found in a tavern. No habit was so universal in every class as this of association in some place of entertainment; it was part of the life alike of the nobleman and the tradesman. While the former enjoyed himself in one of the numerous houses in the West End, the latter

was surrounded by his business rivals and his business friends at the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street or at the Sixpenny Card Club or at the Free and Easy at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. But when we go with the Londoner to his coffee-house or tavern we should not think too much of the place, for coffee-house and tavern were each only a building which by reason of its existence was the most convenient for the purpose of assemblies, whether of business or of pleasure. The important fact is the remarkable and constant and often informal association of men of like interests, tastes, or occupations for purposes political, commercial, literary, or social. These associations, every one of which is usually called a club even if it was without rules or officers, sprang rapidly into being from the beginning of the century, so rapidly that places by no means always suitable had to be used for their meetings. Very often those who came together assembled round a dinner table. It is said that the Englishman must celebrate any event by a dinner. This, though regarded somewhat as a joke, tells of an almost national characteristic which arises from his much-abused climate. The Londoner of the eighteenth century had to meet his friends and associates within doors, and the climate also had made a hearty meal necessary. Thus the dinner table was obviously the place where he could most conveniently consort with men of like mind or interest with himself. But the innumerable associations in coffee-houses and taverns for every conceivable purpose could not have taken place except in a city where there was complete individual freedom, an entire absence of governmental suspicion or supervision, and where, in spite of some class differences, men of different grades and occupations consorted with-

out ceremony. The political clubs of the age of Anne brought together men of the highest and lowest birth; the Duke of Ormond sat at the same table with John Gay, who had once been a silkmercer's apprentice; and Johnson's club, *The Club*, which was established in 1764, was equally marked by its tone of social equality; and though the City man was to some extent looked at with disdain by the beau from St. James's Street, there was in London in the eighteenth century far greater association between men of all degrees than in any other city at this period in any other country in the world; in other words, the modern democratic spirit was to be seen beneath all the ceremonious phrases, the differences of dress, and the external appellations of the men who were gathered within the metropolis from St. James's Street to the Royal Exchange, and in the meetings in the coffee-house and the tavern is visible more than in any other place the growth not only of the democratic spirit but of the mental activity, in fact of all the forces which go to make up life as we understand it in these days.

The theatre was the sole place of rational amusement where all classes met, and it was only at the theatre that human passions and the tragedy and comedy of life could be perused, for the novel had not yet supplied men and women with an inexhaustible mass of imaginative literature dealing alike with romantic and commonplace stories. Indeed, even if books and newspapers had been in abundance, the possibilities of reading at those times when the modern Londoner chiefly enjoys it in the short and dark winter days were small. For in the eighteenth century London was a city of darkness; it was the absence of powerful artificial illuminants that made the Londoner of every class an early riser, which forced him to

his bed at an equally early hour, deprived him not a little of the pleasure of reading when he had most leisure for it, and made his streets unsafe after dark. It was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century (1807-1810) that gas began to be introduced for the purpose of lighting the streets and houses. Before that time, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, London was lit by candles, and after eleven o'clock the city was in total darkness; later, feeble oil lamps flickered here and there in the streets. To us living in days when darkness can be dispelled in a moment it is scarcely possible to realize the plight of the Londoner, especially in winter, when the short day had come to an end; nothing was left for him but an early departure to his bed, for the absence of light checked the interchange of society, and prejudiced rational amusements, it tended to mental ignorance and to social disorder, and it was a strong barrier to the improvement of not only the London streets but the general condition of the Londoner himself. Light, indeed, has been one of the most improving influences of the nineteenth century, and its increase within and without the buildings of London has done not a little to mark the distinctions between that and the preceding century.

If the Londoner was coarse, brutal in some of his tastes, and rather illiterate, he was at any rate outwardly religious; but his religion, like everything about him, was practical and unemotional, he had a horror of Popery, which he regarded as the cause of not a little of the constitutional disturbance which culminated in the Revolution, and of the disagreeable uncertainty which agitated the kingdom before the death of Anne. He went to church not only on Sundays but also on weekdays. Out of the 111 churches in London in 1733 forty-four had a

daily service, in most instances both in the morning and the evening, while in some churches there were more than this number. In addition, 120 congregations of Nonconformists worshipped in their own fashion. These churches were, with the exception of those in Southwark, Westminster, and the parts immediately adjacent to the City, actually in the City itself, and the merchant or the draper walked with his family from his home in Lombard Street or Wood Street to and from St. Bartholomew's or St. Alban's.

In the most of the London churches an organ was not to be heard, and they were filled with ugly pews dominated by a high pulpit from which a divine preached an unimpassioned sermon to a congregation which regarded church-going as one of the recognized proprieties of existence. The London clergyman was well paid and well read in his own subject, and was often the holder of a degree in divinity; he typified exactly the divine of the eighteenth century who discoursed to his audience with a large proportion of abstract reasoning and common sense. He had, says Sir Leslie Stephen, "to stock the ordinary mind with a due provision of common-sense maxims which might serve to keep its proprietor out of mischief and make him a respectable member of society." The eighteenth century was without ideals; emotional religion, the intercourse between a personal Deity and humanity, was entirely foreign to the minds alike of preacher and congregation, and preacher and layman in London were alike satisfied with the existing order of things. Theological reasoning was intended to reconcile religious theories with the Church as it then existed, and the worthy merchant who lived a sober, charitable, and not profane existence might regard himself as on the high road to salvation. He was an object worthy of imitation,

and the occupier of the City pulpit, when he left questions of theology, was far from reproaching the sinfulness of the world in general and of his congregation in particular. Rather he desired that his flock should follow the example of the most respected of their members, and lead an honest and respectable life suitable to a citizen of no mean city.

Nothing was more disliked than enthusiasm, and in discussions on the principles and grounds of a religious belief, discussions which raised ethical questions which were argued in a language often scarcely comprehensible to the ordinary layman, the vitality of religion was lost, and the whole mental atmosphere of the men of the time became more and more tranquil. Thus the Londoner, untroubled by thoughts of a Popish prince and of a religion of which he was afraid, with Churchmen and Nonconformists comparatively at peace, found the political and social characteristics of the time accentuated both in his church and his meeting-house.

The formalism which is so marked a feature in the religious observances of the Londoner is visible in his marriage ceremonies. They were a curious mixture of revelry and religion, but the latter was superficial. There must be a religious ceremony, but if it were performed by a broken-down parson in a tavern off Fleet Street, much more in a West-End chapel, this was quite sufficient. The idea of anything in the nature of a sacrament, of any divine binding of human ties, was wholly absent. Sir Walter Besant suggests that the Fleet and other marriages were the consequence of a desire to save expense, because special licenses were costly and banns were regarded as coarse; but the latter reason hardly fits in with innumerable features of the Londoner's daily life, and he did not begrudge his money on the fes-

tivities at home, which lasted for two or three days. The real reason was the attitude of the Londoner towards religion, which he regarded as part of the British Constitution. These formal and irreligious weddings were ended by Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act of 1753, which required that the marriage should be preceded either by the publication of banns for three successive Sundays, or by a license, which could not in the case of minors be granted without the consent of parents or guardians. It put an end to innumerable scandals—the marriage of men who were so drunk that they were married without their knowledge, the clandestine taking away of young girls—but it also terminated a practice which was found convenient by all classes of the community. Nearly three thousand Fleet marriages had, it was shown by a Parliamentary return, occurred in four months, and one Fleet parson had married 173 couples in a day. Allowing for all the sham and immoral and fraudulent marriages, the number of these ceremonies was far in excess of anything which could have been caused by fraud and debauchery alone. Though this Act not only increased morality, and improved society, and altered fundamentally the conditions necessary for the validity of a marriage, and thus put an end to a travesty of a religious ceremony, it did not make the Londoner more sincerely religious.

We must date more serious ideas of the marriage ceremony from the religious reaction which began with the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield and produced the evangelical revival in the Church of England after the middle of the century, the consequence of which on the general body of the inhabitants of London was not visible for many years. For they were far less susceptible to the emotional addresses of evangelical preachers, cler-

ical or lay, than were the people of the country towns and the ignorant dwellers in remote villages, and the preaching of Romaine, who week by week taught justification by faith from the pulpit of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, and then of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, was altogether exceptional, sometimes meeting with opposition, and sometimes causing large numbers to attend, many of whom, it may be suspected, listened to him only from curiosity or excitement.

A wedding, as has just been hinted, was not the affair of a morning or an afternoon—holidays in London were very few—and unquestionably a wedding was seized on as an opportunity for merry-making. In these festivals the London of the eighteenth century retained a good deal of the customs of mediæval England. They "lasted two or three days, there was no honeymoon, no wedding journey, the young couple remained in their own house; the wedding tour, with the bridesmaid for companion, came later." That a wedding journey as we now understand it should be uncommon was a necessity of the time when travelling was difficult. "After the celebration in the church there was a great banquet given by the bride's father; there was dancing and music after the feast; outside the butchers performed with their marrow-bones and cleavers; the bridegroom, whose duty it was to wait upon the guests, gave the broken meat to the poor." Everything again is typical of the age—individual enjoyment after a purely formal religious ceremony.

In none of the events of human life has ceremony played so large a part as in funerals, and in a period such as the eighteenth century, marked by the absence of simplicity and by an exaggerated decorum, which was in contrast with a frequent coarseness of speech and action, it was certain that

funerals would be noticeable for their artificiality and ostentation. This aspect of a melancholy rite was more especially prominent in London, where men were wealthy and well-to-do, and where all the trappings of woe were at hand. To meet the requirements of the parishioners many of the London churches kept handsome velvet palls; the smallness of the parishes enabled mourners to walk to church, and the procession moved over the short distance from the house to the grave headed by one or more beadles, with twelve or more pall-bearers; the mourners followed two by two; the church was hung with black, and plumes were borne before the coffin. It was a time when the wealth and respectability of the merchant or the lawyer could be shown to the world. This panoply of woe, this complete hiding of natural human feeling under a mass of ceremonial, among the middle and upper sections of society, had its effects for many years, and is still apparent and remains a marked instance of eighteenth-century formalism, a formalism which was most remarkable in the cities of London and Westminster. Nor was ostentation at funerals confined to the upper classes: the mechanic paid part of his earnings in his life-time that he might be glorified at his death. For this purpose he belonged to a burial club, the usual form of subscription being a shilling from every living member on the death of one of their fellows. Thus a good coffin, black cloaks, hoods, and scarves could be furnished; large numbers of the trade then followed the body of their comrade to the grave, usually during the night, and the ceremony ended with a feast of cake and wine.

While everywhere in London we observe in the man evidences of what may succinctly be called its expansion, differentiating the man from the dwell-

ers in country towns and rural parts, the women will be found to be in a more stationary state. The mediæval woman was essentially a housewife and a nurse; the enormous families which she produced and but seldom reared caused her time to be occupied with her children, and gave work to those who could care for their younger brothers and sisters. When she was not a nurse she was a housekeeper.

The woman's life was little different in the town or the country, in or out of London. In the eighteenth century in London in essentials she was the same as in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though here and there we observe indications of an increasing mental range and activity and of an improved social condition. The wife of the tradesman, it was complained, "must have her fine clothes, her chaise or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a week to public diversions." In other words, she was not content merely to sit at home and make her clothes. They could be bought and she had money with which to purchase them, and she was not going to remain a mere drudge, when her husband went to his club and her son to Ranelagh. In her, too, the modern spirit of individuality was working. If Genoa velvets and mantua silks were exhibited in the shops of Ludgate Hill, why was she not to buy them and wear them and show them to the world? Money was plentiful, opportunity was at hand, and the woman of the eighteenth century was not going longer to remain a mere housewife. A few women had begun to attract attention by reason of some mental activity, and those whose minds had vitality were stimulated by their example. "Mrs. Montague," enthusiastically exclaimed Fanny Burney, who is more interesting as an example of a quick-witted young woman of London than as a

writer of fiction, "is our sex's glory." Mrs. Thrale and her coterie worshipped brightness, they were always looking for it, and they exaggerated the least departure from dulness into wit. Spasmodically and partially, the mind of women in London was awakening, showing its activity sometimes in the production of books, in association with men of ability, in the search after bright verbal expression, in contempt for the country cousin. "His daughters," wrote Fanny Burney of the children of Robert Raikes of Gloucester, the philanthropist, with suggestive contempt, "are a common sort of country misses."

Though the woman of London was thus beginning to emerge from the servile position of past centuries, she was not in the matter of education a bit better than her country cousin. Of education, as we understand it, she had next to none. She was taught to read and to write, and useful and ornamental needlework, when she was in her teens; when she grew a little older she learnt to dance, to play on the piano, the harpsichord, or the guitar, perhaps to speak French and to play cards. Women who had been ladies' maids, or some poor creatures who had no other means of livelihood, were the teachers; system was entirely absent, the subjects taught were few, and the instruction was quite superficial, so that any mental cultivation came from the pupil herself—from picking up her father's books, from mere intellectual interests casually excited and equally casually directed to some particular subject.

But though the interests of the women of London were becoming less narrow, and their lives were enlarging, they were yet very monotonous. Monotony is not wearisome to those who have never felt the need for variety, but at this time the greater activity of men necessarily reacted on the wom-

en of the age, who found the chief antidote to the dulness which they began to realize in cards. When card-playing is general it necessarily follows that among those who are heedless the pastime will develop into gambling. But gambling among women in London in the eighteenth century was certainly not extensive; indeed, it was confined to the more fashionable women at the West End. Card-playing was, however, more common even among women than among men. While these were talking at their taverns, the women were passing the time at the card-tables. It is an example of the way in which the life of a section of the community is regarded as representative, that the doings in St. James's Street have caused the idea that gambling was general in London. Fox at his faro bank; Selwyn forming what he called a tie—in other words, arranging to pay to some friend twenty guineas for every ten which he should lose above fifty guineas in order to prevent himself from playing at high stakes; young Lord Stavordale losing eleven thousand pounds at one sitting; Lady Mary Coke carefully adding up her modest losses of seventy or a hundred guineas at "lu"—were the leaders of a small though conspicuous coterie. The man of business and the lawyer did not gamble and did not play cards so largely as their wives and daughters, who turned to the cards to break the monotony which was yet unstirred by novels, by many places of amusement, and by facility of locomotion, which more than anything else has changed the course of women's lives. Cards, the tea-gardens, shopping, seem but a poor antidote to the dulness of making jams and pickles, getting up linen, or pulling silver-thread in the parlor. But all the thousand and one occupations of a purely domestic life required some personal

activity and represented part of the round of a wholesome home-life, and this, after all, was the essential feature in winter and summer, in youth and age, of the woman of London as of her country sister. It produced no little activity and some independence, and unquestionably an ordered freedom. It probably accounts for the marked difference between the efforts of the French and the English women at this time, for the intellectual woman of London was not in the least subjective. She was quiet and tranquil, and rarely reigned over a brilliant *salon*. The girl of London, if she learnt less than the child who in Paris passed her days in a convent, was brought up, if in ignorance, yet in freedom and in contact with boys and youths, so that, if her interest were chiefly engrossed by clothes and cards, she developed into a free and healthy creature.

The coarseness and brutality which marked the lower classes of Englishmen in the eighteenth century were equally noticeable among the poorer women of London. It is a sign of increasing civilization when physical work is more and more allotted to men; in the times which we are considering much was done by women which is now wholly the task of men. It is startling to observe how many women enlisted in the army or volunteered into the navy, and instances of women disguised as men being engaged in some civil occupation are frequent. Much of the work about the Thames side was done by women, and they cultivated most of the market gardens by which the metropolis was surrounded, carried the produce to market on their heads, and hawked it through the streets. Everywhere the courtesan was seen—banned in theory by the law she was still found all over London, only the poorest, who could not bribe the constable, being hurried to the Bridewell.

Self-respect and education were not yet universal among the middle and upper classes, and so it was inevitable that large numbers of the poorer women of London should be both coarse and degraded. But unquestionably their condition was, in spite of these failings, improving in a marked degree. We see this by the fact that the London housewife of the eighteenth century was already beginning to complain bitterly of her servants. They were said to be exorbitant in their demands for higher wages, which, from thirty to forty shillings a year at the beginning of the century, had towards the middle and later period of the age increased to six, seven, and eight pounds. The mistress, too, complained that her servants were too well educated, too independent, too fond of fine clothes: "scarcely a wench," complains a lady in Johnson's paper in the "Idler" (1750), where Betty Brown tells the story of her life, "was to be got for all work, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles and to sit at work in the parlor window." And, says another contemporary writer, "plain country Jane is changed into a fine London madam." These and many similar facts are interesting because they are striking evidence of the change for the better in all classes of society, marking in regard to servants an advance, broadly speaking, from the old mediæval condition of slaves, speaking popularly, to that of free individuals giving their services in exchange for a fair return of money. It means that servants were obtaining a better remuneration; that locomotion, in spite of bad roads and many difficulties, was becoming more easy, so that the rural districts could supply the capital with workpeo-

ple—the beginning of a movement which to-day is one of the most conspicuous features of English social life. It means, also, that the interests of daily existence were becoming larger, and that the difference between the several classes of which society is formed—differences which can never be wholly swept away—were becoming less marked. In other words, to repeat the same point, we are on the threshold of modern English life.

Of this feature of the age we have yet another instance when we note how towards the end of the century the City was becoming less alike a business centre and a home of the merchant. For the man of business was beginning to live in the West End, and to have his cottage in the rural districts close to the metropolis in what are now parts of the town or its suburbs, and town houses of the Londoner were beginning to surround the mansions of noblemen—Powis House in Great Ormond Street, Burlington House, Leicester House, Dorchester House, which had hitherto been in fact country houses, bearing some resemblance to places such as Osterley Park is to-day, and Holland House was to the men of the thirties. This change had many results; among others it lessened the attendance at the City churches, which we notice here because this falling off in the size of the congregations has been regarded as showing a less religious spirit. It tended also to destroy the homogeneity of the City, except as a business centre, and to minimize the differences which existed between the citizens and those who came from the west side of Temple Bar. The City man, whether in business or in an office, unless he was a member of Parliament, or held some exceptional position, was regarded as an intruder outside his own boundaries. To this exclusiveness the movement westwards helped to put an

end. In the villa, whether it was Mr. Thrale's near the quiet village of Streatham, or Sir Joshua's at Richmond, or Garrick's at Richmond, is visible, in some form or other, a love of quiet and of a country life not too far removed from the centre of national affairs. Even Lord Chesterfield had his villa at Blackheath—to-day the last place in the world one would fix on for a rural retreat—which he called Babirole, in compliment to his friend Madame de Monconseil, and where he cultivated melons and pineapples with something akin to enthusiasm. These villas must not, however, be regarded as suburban dwellings; they occupied the place of the country house of to-day which is conveniently reached from London for week-end visits and longer stays in summer and autumn. The gardens by which they were surrounded were, it is true, often disfigured by artificial ornaments of a pseudo-classical style, faint imitations of the extraordinary collections of temples, alcoves, and statuary which were placed all over the immense pleasure-grounds of Stowe. But the basis of the taste was the appreciation of nature, which in all sorts of ways has always appealed to the English man and woman.

It is fatal to a proper appreciation of the past to consider it from a modern point of view. Neither the agreeable nor disagreeable aspects of the eighteenth century gave as much pleasure or as much pain to the men of the age, we may be sure, as they appear to do to us. Put a modern Londoner on the top of a coach for a drive to Oxford; if the weather and company be agreeable, he will probably say he had never spent a more enjoyable day in his life; if circumstances are adverse, his comments on his day's expedition will be equally adverse. But the man who in 1750 set out from Holborn to drive to Cambridge took the good and the bad

of the time with an equal mind. Will Marvel's imaginary adventures in his journey to Devonshire were, after all, only pleasant exaggerations of the common vicissitudes of rain and sunshine, and many social and natural features, which seem to us intolerable, were usually passed over with scarcely a complaint. To us, with modern London extending for many miles from its centre—a series of unsightly streets—the numerous public gardens of the eighteenth century, the rural aspect of the parts immediately around London, the clear and stately river with its ships and boats, appeal with singular force; to our forefathers, they were part of their ordinary existence. But unquestionably they made London very agreeable, and even allowing for many obvious defects, London in the eighteenth century must have been an uncommonly enjoyable place to its inhabitant. We may admit that he had no ideals, that the political state was torpid, that he was sunk into a cyni-

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cal conservatism, that society was gross, and that the lives of most women were unendurably monotonous. The Londoner was, however, as we have said, enjoying the singular experience of religious and political peace; it was an age of quiet, silent movements of scarcely perceptible forces; for all the intellectual activities which have characterized the nineteenth century were germinating. In the avidity with which news and comments on events were read and discussed in the coffee-houses, in the political literature, in the association of men of all kinds in coffee-houses and taverns for commercial, social, or literary purposes, we see in embryonic form all the elements of the next age—"ce siècle a engendré le notre"—and it is because of the circumstances of this interregnum between two epochs that London in the eighteenth century is so full of interest, for there, more clearly than elsewhere, the evolution of the modern Englishman can be studied.

THE SMALL FAMILY AND AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Governments dependent upon militarism, also colonial and territorial communities, naturally set a high value upon large families. Early and mediæval teachers, apart from social and political reasons for the spread of Christian population, insisted upon an other-worldly motive for it. Life, under whatever disadvantages, was to be held a precious boon as a probationary field of endeavor, and children were to be desired as heirs of heaven and immortality. No discouragement was felt from the belief that the opposite theological pole to heaven, the literal, incandescent hell, was for ever burning without consuming the black sheep

that fell into the lake of fire and brimstone; yet, the larger the flock, the greater surely was the risk that one or more black sheep would be found in it.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the most extraordinary product of modern times, contributed extensively by his wars to the population of the unknown world beyond the grave. It was not religious considerations that made him adhere to the old valuation of woman which bore a distinct ratio to her fertility. His own power depended upon the number of soldiers he could bring into the field.

In the last two or three decades the

vanishing of the large family as a characteristic feature of our refined, educated, and law-abiding citizens has been loudly deplored by sociologists and moralists as a menace to domestic happiness and to future civilization.

It is alleged with truth that certain butterfly and moth women consider maternity a disagreeable interruption to their round of pleasures. They prefer the fond companionship of an ugly bull-terrier to that of a beautiful babe because it is not so helpless and exacting. These partially developed females, however, constitute too insignificant a minority to endanger the survival of parental instinct in our affluent classes. Nature takes care that this instinct shall remain tremendously strong in every class. Even in childless individuals there is seldom a real decay of it. For proof of this statement, note that in every civilized community the persons who love best and work most for other people's children are mature single women.

As a rule it is the mother of a few children who develops the maternal instinct most fully and most admirably, for she has time to realize and to follow out its manifold bearings. The sorely pressed mother of a swarm is forced to be content if she can fill their clamorous stomachs, keep decent clothes on their backs, and send them abroad with tolerably clean faces. If she thinks sometimes of the finer spiritual and mental influences of a complete motherhood, it is with a despairing sigh, for her head, heart, hands, and pocket-book are not equal to the whole figure.

Motive is composite. This growing disinclination towards the large family has various sources, and they are deep, not shallow springs.

To begin with: underneath the boundless activity, the feverish energy of this period, there is a pervasive, ill-concealed uncertainty with regard to

the outcome of it all. Unquestionably the change from a blind belief in traditional and sacerdotal authority has had a subtle effect upon the educated estimate of life itself. Many thoughtful men and women, while agreeing with orthodox believers that this sphere, viewed in the light of a finality, is a ghastly failure, yet need scientific proof for the assurance of a compensating personal existence hereafter. It is easy to understand that they hold almost an apologetic attitude towards their offspring for having awakened them to the conscious heritage of a doubtful blessing. This compunction ramifies in other quarters; the elderly spinster often feels it when she meets the fathomless blue eyes of an infant. Along with a dimmed yearning in her own eyes rises a distinct self-congratulation in her heart that she has brought no one here to suffer after her death. Childless couples often outlive their early desire for offspring, because of the sorrow and trouble they have seen friends suffer through undutiful or unfortunate children, and become resigned to the loss of many joys because of their escape from the risk of terrible disappointments. They, too, end by interesting themselves actively in the children of others, thus following the natural law which impels those advancing in years to seek a renewal of hope and promise in the fresh growth of humanity that is ever springing up to inherit the earth.

The truth is that, while there is a diminution of parental severity among the reasoning, well-bred class, the sense of responsibility, of obligation, extends over a widening area. Life is broader from every standpoint than it used to be. Refinement and cultivated tastes prevail not alone among the wealthy. Never on this planet were so many persons liberally endowed in these respects so inadequately provided with the means of gratifying these tastes—

and this in spite of all the modern facilities.

Nobody will deny that the actual necessities of human life are simple. Add a scanty article of clothing and a club to the *ménage* of one of the larger apes in a zoo, give him a fire along with his rations, and the needs of a primitive man are supplied. Three or four days of hunger in an open boat will bring the most highly civilized man to accept with avidity food that the ape would reject. The matter of requirements is not an exact science: it is altogether dependent upon the point of view.

Cultivated parents, whether their incomes be large or small, are all making a constant effort to give their children comforts and the degree of luxury which appears necessary for their own standpoint. They are instinctively seeking to develop in them an appreciation of all that is finest in every department, and this appreciation begets a desire of possession on the part of the children. These are more highly organized, more sensitive, than the young denizens of slum districts. Experiments in some of our public schools have demonstrated this. The rearing of sensitives to the full use of their faculties is a more intricate problem than the mere question of muscular endurance for honest toil.

A lawyer, a physician, the cashier of a bank, who earns but a few thousand a year, wants to give his sons a college education if they evince a capacity for it. He would respect them more for breaking stones in the street than for looking to him for support after they have reached adult years; but he aims to equip them for some occupation or profession that will prove more lucrative than breaking stones, more in harmony with the social environment of the family, with their inherited tendencies, and above all with their individual talents and

proclivities. In order to do this he must make sacrifices which will prepare and establish two sons, but not four or five.

And then come the daughters. Their mother best understands what these require. In consideration of their father's moderate income, the girls as well as the boys should be fitted to earn a livelihood later on; but, while encouraging them to assimilate all the technical instruction necessary for this object, is that mother really desirous of their putting it into practice for any length of time? No, she wants her girls, every one of them, to find—or, to express it more acceptably, to be found by—good husbands; for, with all the defects of the institution and all the burdens consequent upon it, she is aware that no career will serve as a full and satisfactory substitute for a suitable marriage.

And on what does this suitable marriage depend?

Undoubtedly there are chance travelers, dauntless explorers, who discover and wed maidens in an unknown social desert; but the maidens are very fair, and the explorers are very rare. The average girl in the families referred to meets her elect suitor through the regular working of affiliations which her parents established years before her *début*. If they have always tried to fulfil "the cardinal law of society, a cutlet for a cutlet," if they have kept up their visiting list and rendered their home attractive, their grown daughters, through the consequent interchange with the daughters of friends, will be likely to make the acquaintance of at least a few desirable candidates for matrimony. A summer outing of a few weeks at the seashore or in the mountains will be considered almost indispensable. The blossom-time is short, and parents should not be censured for wishing to render it bright and happy, a beautiful

memory in afterdays of care and responsibility. If the bud is frostbitten and blighted, the fruit will be sour and shrivelled.

Old ladies tell us that their grandmothers' outfits as *débutantes* often consisted of two cotton prints for morning wear, a woollen afternoon dress, with the addition of a bonnet and pelisse for visiting, and one or two white muslins for evening parties, ribbons and natural flowers of different colors giving variety to the costume. Buoyant young belles from the best country families spent gay winters in Washington content with such an outfit.

The daughter of a twelve or fourteen-hundred dollar clerk in one of the departments there would disdain it now, for it would place her on an unequal footing with her companions. She could not bring in her young friends to a dance, and follow it with an impromptu feast of gingerbread, apples, nuts, and cider, in a basement dining-room, minus embroidered centrepiece, flowers, and bonbons.

A watchful, ingenious mother may clothe her *débutante* daughter from bargain counters, but she cannot feed her and her associates from them. Bargain counters in the markets would be dangerous to the public health.

It will be urged that girls should adjust their costumes, entertainments, their outlay *in toto*, to their resources. As a matter of fact they are obliged to do this, but they are excusable for aspiring to the best things within view, for this sort of emulation is atmospheric, it is the very ozone of republican institutions. It is plain that a young lady's chances are influenced to a considerable extent by the rate of expenditure her parents can afford. At best a suitable marriage cannot always be effected. Opportunity along this line is pre-eminently coy and elusive. It is far wiser for her to remain

single to the end of her days than to mate recklessly.

Opportunity is elusive also in the line of the art, business, or profession the girls have studied for the purpose of maintaining themselves. Never before were there so many openings for women, and never did such a throng of eager applicants stand around, about, athwart, before, behind, and between one another at each open door. The excellence guaranteed by certificates, diplomas, and civil service examinations must be reinforced by the same amount of influence and patronage that was indispensable before these latter-day credentials of fitness were exacted.

Never were the lunatic, the epileptic, the incurable so humanely housed and tended; but charity does not embrace the weak, the inefficient, the mediocre. Never in the history of civilization were so many weak, foredoomed contestants for a livelihood brought into battle with the strong. Advanced medical science and improved sanitation are preserving the unfit to be subsequently pushed to the wall.

By the finest law of equity women should receive equal wages with men who are doing the same kind of work. When this law is recognized competition will be rendered all the fiercer. Many women are employed now for economical reasons. When wages become equal the average female employee will be dismissed if as useful a male be available to take her place. Women who are superlatively useful will be retained, and their less capable, more indolent fathers, husbands, and brothers too often will lie back and rest on their oars. Thus a full recognition of the claims of the female sex will increase the pressure upon it. No one would wish to see woman relegated to her former place in the working world. Progressive experiments must be carried out to their logical se-

quence, and in course of time demand and supply will come into more harmonious relations. For several generations, however, the process is bound to cause strain and suffering, to involve the ruthless sacrifice of delicate frames and still more delicate instincts, of artistic tastes and soulful longings. Born race-horses will perforce turn themselves into dray-horses, their fire and mettle at the start not availing to save them from sinking under the heavy load and the crushing wheel of routine. Meanwhile is it surprising that far-sighted, sympathetic mothers with small incomes should not pray that they may be given six lovely daughters to precipitate into this *mêlée*?

Wedded pairs deemed "rich" by fellow-townsmen who have nothing share this feeling of insecurity to some extent. The difficulty of making safe investments, the reduced interest paid on capital, the daily news of deterioration and loss of fortune in unsuspected directions create a fear of insufficient provision for a numerous progeny.

Millionaires with few or no children of their own have contributed incalculably to the advance of civilization by the endowment of hospitals, colleges, and libraries for the benefit of the children of their fellow-citizens.

It becomes evident that the self-preserving instinct, the necessity for concentrating advantages, is the chief factor in this noticeable appreciation of the small family on the part of our most refined and best-educated citizens.

The modern tendency in all grades is towards the development and elevation of the individual as a unit. It is the individual that counts in the business world, which has to do solely with the unit.

The small family is more favorable than the large one to the production of

the unit, because it gives a better training for the order and system which bear so directly upon success in business, nor does it lack the opportunity for improving other sides of personal character. In a widespread band of brothers and sisters the suppression of some member's interests too often becomes inevitable, and unselfishness carried to the superlative degree amounts to suicide.

If civilization in the future is to depend solely upon the *numbers* of its present exponents, it cannot be assured, for the Washed will always be outnumbered by the Unwashed. Quality rather than quantity is the assurance each generation, each family should endeavor to give to the future, and the duty to the near should always take precedence of the duty to the far. More vital energies, moral, mental, and physical advantages, in all probability, will be transmitted to posterity by three or four highly individualized, well-equipped representatives of a family, than by eight or ten poverty-stricken weaklings and degenerates.

Apparently our more recently adopted citizens, the ever-landing Celt, Teuton, Slav, and Latin, are not discouraged by difficulties in rearing large families on slender incomes, hence the ultimate passing of the Anglo-Saxon as a ruling factor in this government is confidently predicted. The framers of our Constitution, in their spirit of boundless hospitality, paved the way for the displacement of their own descendants, and in doing their utmost to prevent the monopoly of power by an oligarchy or an aristocracy the decline of family prestige and influence became a foregone conclusion. The Adamses of Massachusetts gave two Presidents to the young Republic, and have continued to enjoy social prominence, at one time sending a minister to the Court of St. James's. The

Lees of Virginia have contributed a dominant figure to the field of American history in every generation from the colonial to the present period. But these are rare instances. More and more new names are heard in official places. More than twenty nationalities are represented in our army and navy. After a while the term "American" will convey the idea of a mixture.

There are still a good many unadulterated Anglo-Saxons, however. In the New England States there has been but little mingling with foreign blood, and the English Puritan is distinctly visible as a prevailing type among the educated classes. But in Boston, their metropolis, an incongruous spectacle is presented: Puritans in blood and the Protestant instinct are living under a city government that is administered by Irish Catholics.

In the Southern States also there is no appreciable evidence of foreign admixture by marriage with the Anglo-Saxon until we come to the Gulf, save for the strain of French Huguenot blood in South Carolina. In the Gulf States the French and Spanish ancestry of a large proportion of the residents becomes decidedly marked.

Owing to altered conditions in the South, an English type formerly prominent through vast areas is rapidly disappearing. "Taps" has sounded for the landed proprietor, a hospitable country gentleman at home, a brave knight on the field of battle. Peace to the generous soul of the Cavalier! The reverent throng of twenty thousand that not long ago followed the bier of General Wade Hampton was paying tribute, not only to his fine personality and honorable record, but to the vanishing of an old influential order.

A very different Anglo-Saxon type persisted in the more limited area of

the city of Philadelphia from colonial times up to our Civil War. The Quaker merchant was an object-lesson in honesty and thrift to the business circles of the nation. Though declining to fight, he was ready to die for his principles. Frugal and saving, he loved money well, but he loved honor more, for he refused to profit by the bankrupt law when he failed in business. This respected figure in a plain gray coat and broad-brimmed hat, whose yea and nay were worth more than many an oath, left a stable impress on Philadelphia. Solitary specimens of the genus may still be discerned in the old haunts.

The Anglo-Saxon stamp will be retained on our language, customs, laws, and literature. In other directions we cannot keep what we have, but "we can transmute the things that we have into the things that we are." This transmutation is going on all the time. There have been many apparent wrecks; the disintegration of estates, the impoverishment of clans, the deflection of trade currents, the losses by storm, pest, and warfare, the absorption through intermarriage have wrought radical changes, yet up to this date we remain fairly civilized as a nation, except for occasional lapses into savagery when lynching criminals at home and torturing Filipinos abroad.

There are prophets who even fear that our conglomeration of white nationalities will be extinguished in the end by a Black and Yellow overflow.

Without doubt the locust, the potato-bug, the army-worm, even the insignificant house-fly, coming in vast incalculable hordes, could succeed in crowding out human life. If such a catastrophe could be averted at the time of imminent danger, it would only be by a supreme exercise of the highly-organized human brain as an

offset to the persevering destructive instinct of the lower organism.

It being generally admitted that no special class or nationality among us can expect to remain dominant, it is also generally desired that the race we all hold in common, the White, should continue at the helm. In furtherance of this aim it becomes imperative that every white citizen should preserve a superiority in something deeper than skin, as he cannot trust to numbers. He must seek to exercise and to develop the native endowment of faculty which he owes to his highly-organized race, an endowment superior to the inheritance of other races. The aggregate of this endeavor and accomplishment should suffice for the retention of a now undisputed sceptre. As each new generation takes up the rule it should make and enforce laws on a sound sociological and economic basis, and these will promote true and legitimate progress in all directions. Let no reckless legislator attempt to break down the long-standing embankment between the white and inferior races who are dwelling within our gates. Along the Mississippi "cutting the levee" is counted one of the worst crimes against the State. Communities having only a tiny stream to fear can better afford to neglect precautionary measures.

In face of all prophecy and speculation, however, the Whither remains as impenetrable as the Whence. No generation can discern its evolutionary

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trend and bearing upon its own or any other race. Evolution is always an unconscious process to the participants therein. The remnant of despised Israelites fleeing to the desert from the tyranny of Egypt looked hopefully towards a Promised Land which would be walled in from the outside heathen by separating rites and strictest regulations. The wandering Hebrew did not suspect that his grandest prerogative was to be, not the exclusive ownership of an earthly paradise, but the transmission of his monotheistic conception of the Deity to alien races until finally it should encompass the globe. When the African savage crossed an unknown sea, mourning his dusky brood, his sun-baked hut, the idea could never have entered his thick skull that a cruel wrong to himself and his countrymen would be overruled in the end by the benefits of a civilization attainable in no other way.

It is only long after a series of events that the thoughtful philosophical student of history comes upon an evolutionary trail and begins to understand the making of an epoch. A peculiar thrill often attends such a discovery, for in that trail something becomes manifest to him that he can attribute neither to accident nor coincidence, only to design. This leads up to a great Designer by a logical argument that cannot always be traced in the story of an individual or of a generation.

Frances Albert Doughty.
Baltimore, Md.

ELIZABETH'S ROOINEK.

Elizabeth came out on the top of the kopje; and while Kess, her one-eyed bony steed, cropped with a somewhat malignant joy the few blades of the only tuft of grass which survived on the bare, baked crown, she tilted forward the brim of her soft hat, shapeless and drab from rain and sun, and scanned anxiously the riband of road which ran straight across the veld and turned along the kopje's feet to the north. Her eyes brightened slowly; for, far beyond the range of European sight, they marked a thickening of the haze which meant a cloud of dust, and saw that it was moving towards her. That dust-cloud meant news; news of battle and siege, ambush and skirmish, news perhaps of her father fighting with Cronje. She came slowly down the kopje, holding back Kess who was greedy for the grass at the bottom; for in spite of his fine show of ribs, of all his ribs indeed, it was his custom to eat steadily for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. At the bottom she slipped out of the saddle, loosed him, and sat down, with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, waiting for the dust-cloud to draw nearer.

After a little idle wonder about the news that was coming, whether the Kaffirs were right in their story of a great Boer victory, her contending feelings about the war began their undying, harassing conflict. On the one hand her mother was an English-woman; and, since she had always been brought up among the Boers of her father's kin, with a natural womanly contrariness Elizabeth had clung to her mother's people, proclaiming herself in and out of season, above all out of season, English and not Dutch. It was the nearer the truth and the more

natural in that she had been not only her mother's pet but her intimate companion till her death six years ago. On the other hand, during those six years she had been as close a companion of her father as she had been earlier of her mother, sharing with him as a son might have done the life of the veld, going with him even on his far-away hunting expeditions. She loved the grave, silent man dearly; she admired him greatly; she had wept for the first time since her mother's death when he rode away to the war at the head of his commando of kinsfolk and neighbors. She could not wish him worsted; and yet with a stubborn sentimentality she could not wish him victory at the expense of the English, her mother's people.

A faint creaking out on the veld roused her from her reverie; she brushed her hand impatiently across her eyes, thrusting away the conflict, whistled to Kess who trotted up to her at the call; mounted him; and cantered to meet the wagons. It proved to be but one wagon, though its wheels kept up a chorus of grinding squeaks and its tilt and body creaked enough for a dozen; and in it smoking stolidly sat Piet Stockvis and young Piet Stockvis his son, neighbors, and members of her father's commando. She greeted them, and turning Kess walked him beside the wagon, clamoring for news. She dragged it out of them piece-meal; they were willing enough to give it, indeed, but did not know how. Her father was well, and the war was over; Cronje had beaten Methuen, and driven the Rooineks into the sea; the Rooineks had been beaten at Stormberg and driven into the sea; Joubert had beaten Buller, and driven him into the sea; Ladysmith had fallen;

Mafeking had fallen. For all the good news of her father, Elizabeth's heart was heavy within her.

She had walked beside them two miles, right to the kopjes, when of a sudden there rang above the squeaking and creaking a loud burst of English talk. She knew that it was English, though she did not understand the words, as was not unnatural seeing that the speaker was coaching an eight from the tow-path of the Isis, and his language was exceedingly technical and bad. She pulled up Kess, wondering, and saw walking, or rather staggering, behind the wagon, tied to it by a rope round his waist, a tall, slim man in a torn khaki uniform, the matted hair on his bandaged head, his face, his moustache, and stubbly beard caked with blood and mud and dust, his wild eye fixed on an imaginary crew at which he roared without ceasing. Elizabeth would have seen a Kaffir in that plight with a faint annoyance and possibly a faint pity; the sight of an Englishman, one of her mother's people, so treated scandalized her beyond words, outraged all her womanly ideas of the conduct of war between white nations; and she rode to the front of the wagon in a flame of rage. "Who's this you've got tied to your wagon?" she cried imperiously.

"That's our Rooinek," said the elder Stockvis, his simple, stolid face breaking into an expression of gentle pride. "We found him wandering on the veld, and we're taking him home to show to the little ones."

"Unloose him at once! Take him into the wagon! He's wounded! He's very ill!" cried Elizabeth.

"Take a cursed Rooinek into the wagon! Not I!" cried Stockvis in the liveliest surprise and disgust at the suggestion.

Elizabeth protested, argued, entreated, and raged without stirring him from his stubborn resolves. At

last she said firmly, "Very well, either you take him into the wagon, or you stay here." She rode to the head of the long span of oxen unslinging the little Marlin repeating rifle from her back; reined in Kess, and with the rifle ready on her arm, sat facing Stockvis smiling unpleasantly. Stockvis fumed and raged, swearing softly to his son, grasping slowly the fact that he was helpless. He dared not touch Gerrit De Ruijter's daughter; it would mean shooting the four Kaffirs with him who stood around grinning at his discomfiture. Indeed, he had no great desire to harm Elizabeth; only he was used, in his patriarchal fashion, to having his own way, and was loth to go without it. His son growled to him to yield, and take the Rooinek into the wagon; but that he would not do. Elizabeth smiled at his fuming, and told him what she thought of his Christian charity; he told Elizabeth what he thought of her and her upbringing, and dwelt at length on what would happen to her if she were his daughter. At equal length Elizabeth thanked the Fates that she was not his daughter; and all the while they rated one another, the Englishman behind the wagon coached with a noisy vigor his imaginary crew.

At last it flashed upon Stockvis that his furlough only lasted ten days, and at the same moment he remembered that he was not bent with any great seriousness on taking his captive home to show to the little ones; and he roared, "All this fuss about a very-damned Rooinek! Take him yourself! And much good may he do you!"

"Very good," said Elizabeth, throwing her rifle over her shoulder, and moving towards the wagon. The Kaffir drivers, rejoicing at the defeat of their master, ran to loose the prisoner; with a shriek of agony the wheels turned, and the wagon moved on. As he passed her, Stockvis hit Elizabeth hard

with a misogynistic proverb of Solomon, and a text from the writings of St. Paul; and in two minutes she was left alone with the prisoner. Without a glance at her he coached away at his eight. She looked at him with a knitted, puzzled brow, as the greatness of the task of getting him the fifteen miles daunted her; and while with half a mind she considered how she was to do it, with the other half she tried to understand his oarsman's gibberish. There was nothing for it but to mount him on Kess, and she slipped out of the saddle, and bade him get into it. He mounted readily enough; and she was pleased to see, though she thought very little of his seat, that he could ride. With a heavy heart she started to lead Kess. She could have ridden a hundred miles and suffered little more than a pleasant lassitude from it; but she could not remember ever in her life having walked four. Her heaviness of heart proved well founded: the ascent to the nek between two kopjes tried her muscles; the descent jolted her; but it was only when she came to the heavy going of the karroo that she understood the greatness of the task she had set herself. Presently she found also that the homing instinct, so keen in her on horseback that it would bring her straight across thirty miles of the veld, was by no means so keen on foot, and that she had no chance of moving on a bee-line. Her spirit, however, was stiff with the resolution of two dogged races, and for all that her calves were aching before she had gone a mile beyond the kopjes, and the sweat was pouring down her face, she plodded on with set teeth, her patient eyes only raised from the ground now and again to mark her course. All the while the Rooinek talked. He had given over coaching his crew, but had fallen to talk no less incomprehensible golf-gibberish. He spoke to her now and again, calling her Muriel,

and reproached her bitterly for her inattention if she did not answer. Her head was in a whirl with the effort to follow his strange talk; and the effort seemed to increase the weariness of her legs. At the end of five miles she was for the while beaten; she helped him to dismount, and threw herself down beside him. They rested for half an hour, and then set out again. For all that her riding-boots fitted her admirably, her feet were blistered.

Suddenly her companion cried, "I've a guinea thirst on me! Bring me some whisky and potass, Tomkins! Bring it in a bucket!" She understood him, roughly; but the nearest spruit was at least two miles ahead; and she bade him be patient in vain. He kept crying, almost in a wail "I'm so thirsty!" or angrily, "Hang it all, Muriel, you might get me a drink!"

She gave him soothing words, and made all the haste she could, with the result that she reached the spruit and the end of her forces at the same moment. They climbed painfully down to the water: recent rain had swelled it to a fair stream: he tumbled out of the saddle, and drank like a horse. She was sure that it was bad for his fever; but she was too weary to stop him. She washed the dust out of her mouth and eyes; made up her mind that the delirious Englishman did not matter, and pulling off her boots let her feet dangle in the rushing water. Then she considered what to do: she was seven miles from home, her legs would not carry her another mile and night was not an hour off. There was nothing for it but to leave the Englishman, ride home, and return with another horse. She must chance his wandering away. No: she would not chance it; she tied him to a tree.

In a trice she was in the saddle; Kess, assured that he was galloping towards mealies, stretched himself out; and in less than half an hour she

reached Vrengderijk, her father's homestead. In a few minutes she rode out of it on a fresh horse, leading another, and three long-legged Kaffirs came pelting after her at their amazing speed. She galloped hard till the sudden night fell; and then through the deepest darkness of the night, the hour after sunset when the black veld veritably soaks up the starlight, she rode very warily, letting the horses smell their way past the ant-hills which are so much more dangerous than any rabbit-hole. Now and again she cried back a long ringing cry; and after a while the panting Kaffirs came up. The darkness was nothing to them: in half an hour they brought her to the spruit; and they had not moved down it a quarter of a mile, when they heard the Rooinek singing *John Peel* cheerily. She sent the Kaffirs down to bring him up; and in an hour she had him safe at Vrengderijk.

For the next ten days she fought an untiring battle against his fever: a bullet had ploughed a neat furrow along the side of his skull a full sixth of an inch deep. Day and night she nursed him, aided only by two stupid Kaffir women who watched him during her brief snatches of sleep. And when on the tenth day his fever left him, Elizabeth cried. He was quick in recovering from his weakness; but during the first days of it Elizabeth hung over him as a mother over her child. She felt, indeed, that he belonged to her; and in truth she had snatched him from his enemies, and by the most painful, prolonged efforts had dragged him back from more than half-way down the path to death. This illusion of maternity was strengthened by the fact that the Mauser bullet which had furrowed his skull had dashed more than twenty years out of his life. His first utterances were those of a child of seven, his chief emotion was the vivid, changing curiosity of a

child among strange surroundings. When he came to his senses, Elizabeth's first question—and she held her breath when she asked it—was, “Who is Muriel?”

“I don't know,” he said, after thinking a little while. “I never heard of him.”

Elizabeth's gasp of relief was almost a groan. Then she drew from him a child's account of himself. His name was Antony Arbuthnot. He lived in a house in a park with papa and mamma and sissy. He had a pony called Taffy, a dog called Gyp, and four rabbits. He did not know the name of the house; his papa was called Antony, his mother Hetty. Every fresh gap in his memory warmed Elizabeth's heart with a fresh joy: it seemed to make him more her own.

She set herself to teach him with a mother's zest; and out of a curious jealousy of his past she taught him for the most part Dutch. He was quick to learn: with the ignorance of a child he had a full-grown brain. His memory worked in strange ways: he did not know the use of a rifle; but when he had seen it fired he proved himself an adept in its use. The first time a horse was brought round for him to ride he was frightened of it, and clutched Elizabeth for all the world like a terrified child; but no sooner had she coaxed him into the saddle than his fear vanished and he showed himself an excellent rider, for all his English seat which she so despised. He began very soon to ride with her about the business of the farm, seeing to the proper grazing of the sheep and cattle and horses, the cultivation of the mealies, the plucking of the ostriches. Sometimes he would seem to grow aware of the gaps in his memory; and of himself, assuredly at no prompting of hers, would strive painfully to fill them. He paid always for the attempts in racking headaches. In a few weeks from

his recovery from his wound his mind had grown to man's estate.

Then they fell in love with such a love as might have brightened Eden before the fall. Their passion was the natural fusion of two tender, ardent natures, quickened neither by vanity, jealousy, nor the desire for mastery. Elizabeth had grown up as innocent as Eve; for since her mother's death she had enjoyed the companionship of none of her own sex; and she was not the girl to let the Kaffir women talk to her of any other than household affairs. Her cousins of Weltevreden and the Schommels of Rusthof, the only near farms, were all men or boys; and her father had discouraged them from hanging about her, as they were ready enough to do, for he was resolved to keep his daughter as long as he could. She had then scarcely dreamed of love; and marriage, the fixed fate of all women in that patriarchal land, seemed to her but a far-away thing. And Antony, owing to the happy loss of twenty years of his life, could have walked an equal with the sinless Adam. Its very vagueness probably deepened their passion. Elizabeth was dimly aware that it was love that troubled her, but always she thrust away a clearer knowledge in an inexplicable faint fear born of some elemental instinct; Antony lived in a bewilderment that was half a delight. Their days were pleasant enough: there was much to do and to talk about. Their trouble came on them in the evenings, when they sat on the broad verandah, looking over the dark veld. Their talk of the doings of the day would die down, and they would sit in rich silences filled with half-seen visions, broken by rare murmurs. Either was happy in the sense of the other's nearness; the eyes of either wandered always from the veld and the stars to the other's obscure face; but both were oppressed by the desire

which sometimes grew an aching, to unburden their loaded hearts of feelings utterly beyond their power to express.

There is no knowing how Antony was inspired to kiss her: it may be that some memory of kissing his mother in his childhood taught him; it may be that some strong desire for the touch of his lips, deep down below knowledge in Elizabeth's heart, infected him; it may have been a sudden whisper of nature herself. But one night after happy, troubled hours on the verandah as they rose to go to bed, in the darkness she stumbled against him. On the instant he threw a clumsy, trembling arm round her, and touched her cheek clumsily with his lips. For a breath she leaned against him, inert and quivering, then without a word she broke away, ran to her room, and threw herself on the bed, sobbing in a tumult of joy, amazement and fear. He dropped back into his chair in a bewildered trouble hardly less than hers.

When they met next morning, they were indeed ill at ease. Neither could meet the other's eye; Elizabeth's face was a flame of blushes, and Antony's tan was deepened to a brick-red. Their words halted on their tongues, and died away. Their uneasiness with one another lasted through the day; but as they came riding home at sunset, their eyes were shining, Antony's very brightly, Elizabeth's with a lesser light, at the thought of the coming hours on the verandah. But even there, in the heartening darkness, they were ill at ease for a while. Then Antony's courage came to him, he drew his chair to hers, and put his arm round her, and kissed her again. Elizabeth trembled; but she did not shrink from his lips; and he lifted her on to his knee, and kissed her again and again. Presently they were babbling like children over their wonderful

discovery; and the feelings of their hearts found at last something of an expression. The next day they rode through a new world stamped afresh in the mint of its maker; and that night Elizabeth prayed that Antony might never remember his past, or Muriel.

For a few days they lived in this golden world, mapping out a golden future when Gerrit de Ruijter should come back from the war, and they should marry. At times the dread of his remembering a past that would tear him from her, would chill for a breath Elizabeth's glow; but on Antony all skies smiled. No faint distant thunder of the war marred their serenity; for Elizabeth rode no more for news to the track of the world.

Then the world found them out. One day as they were driving a herd of sheep to fresh pasturage, they saw a horseman riding towards them across the veld, and as he came up to them Elizabeth recognized in the squat, square-faced, pig-eyed boy of fourteen, who belabored cruelly his jaded mare, Frits the youngest of the Schommels. He reined up twenty yards from them, looked them over with an impudent stare, and said with a malicious laugh, "So that's your Rooinek, Betje! You won't have him long. We're tired of your disgracing the country side riding about with a cursed Englander; and tomorrow we're coming, I, and father, and Hans, and all of us to hang him. And Hans is going to marry you. He'll sjambok your cursed English notions out of you: he says he will!"

Elizabeth was white with anger and sudden fear, but she cried fiercely enough, "The Schommels have interfered with the de Ruijters before now, and it was the Schommels who were hanged!"

"Times are changed, Betje!" cried the boy with another laugh. "You haven't heard the news; Cronje is cap-

tured, and your father and your cousins are prisoners. Hans is going to marry you—after we've hanged that cursed Rooinek—whether you like it or not; and Vrengderijk will some day belong to the Schommels. We've wanted it long enough." Then Elizabeth's face frightened him; he swung round his mare; and rode for all he was worth. She was in two minds whether to ride after him and thrash him: indeed, she sent Kess a few strides after him, then pulled up, and turned him homewards.

She rode home with her head high, but with fear knocking at her heart. The Schommels were the black sheep of the country-side. Their long record of atrocious brutalities to the natives, their slaves or the tribes who had once lived near them, appalled even their neighbors, tolerant as they were in such matters. What was worse they were incurable horse-thieves and cattle-thieves, crimes unforgivable in that pastoral land; and no decade during the last fifty years had passed undistinguished by the hanging of Schommels by their goaded neighbors. She knew them to be as good as their threats; and knew very well that she must die sooner than fall into their hands.

Antony listened with a very grave face as she told him of their danger; but when she had done, he only said with the cheery air of an older man, "It was a good thing that that boy must brag of what they were going to do. We will fight them." And for the first time Elizabeth knew that he was stronger than she; and the knowledge warmed her heart.

As soon as they reached home, they set about turning the house into a fort; no very difficult matter, for the Bechuana border was not far away, and it had been built in the days of many raids. Antony's cheerfulness, his boyish joy at the prospect of a fight kept Elizabeth's courage high; he

helped with the defences: and it was on his suggestion that she despatched a Kaffir to Weltevreden with a letter asking help on the chance that one or more of her cousins might be home on furlough, looking after the farm. Later three more Kaffirs followed him driving thither the best of the cattle and the horses. But, when all their measures had been taken, in the reaction from the bustle Elizabeth's heart began to sink. She and Antony supped in the big kitchen, and he saw to it that she made a good supper. They talked for a while after it of her father and cousins, prisoners of the English: their fate touched her but little; Antony filled all her mind. Soon, seeing how weary her forebodings had made her, he sent her to bed: and as she bade him good-night, she clung to him as though she would never let him go.

They were about betimes, looking to the defences and instructing the defenders. They armed seven Kaffirs with old weapons, Enfields, Sniders, and the like. There was little likelihood of their hitting anything; but they made a show of strength, and their guns would make a noise. They relied on his Martini and her Marlin. After daybreak Elizabeth kept an eye towards Weltevreden; but no succouring hoofs stirred the dust. An hour after dawn they saw a dust-cloud on the Rusthof side. For a while it drew near very slowly; then of a sudden it quickened; and at a mile away a band of horsemen burst from it, and rode hell for leather for the house. In three minutes the Schommels and their Kaffirs galloped whooping into the garden, and pulled up before the door.

Their whooping ceased suddenly at the aspect of the house. They had looked to surprise it; for Frits had far too accurate a knowledge of the temper of his family to tell them of his warn-

ing indiscretion. But Vrengderijk with its closed door and heavily shuttered windows showed no fluttered air. They drew together muttering their wonder.

Antony and Elizabeth were looking down on the frowsy, unkempt, pig-eyed crew from an upper window, and he was asking eagerly which was Hans. "The man on the right of the old man," said Elizabeth, and threw back the shutter.

At the sight of her the Schommels cried out with one voice; and Hans, their humorist, sent them into hoarse bellows of laughter by roaring, "Ach! My beautiful bride!"

Elizabeth waited till the din died down; then she said, "What do you want?"

"We've come for that very-damned Rooinek of yours," said old Schommel, a bleary-eyed old rogue with the brutal face of a buffalo bull.

"Well, you won't have him," said Elizabeth quietly.

A sudden sense of unlooked-for difficulties suffused the wits of the old man; he swore savagely; and yelled, "Open the door, you jade! Open at once, or it'll be the worse for you!"

"Open the door, or you'll taste my sjambok before we're married as well as after!" roared Hans.

Elizabeth's clear laugh cut like a whiplash. One cried to burst in the door, another to shoot the jade, another to shoot the Rooinek; then all suggestions were drowned in a storm of cursing. In the midst of the uproar the ingenious Frits slipped off his horse, and screened by his excited family, fired at Antony. The bullet ripped a piece out of his tunic; on the instant he fired back, and smashed Hans's right arm just below the shoulder, as Elizabeth slammed to the shutter. The Schommel Kaffirs, headed by old Schommel, bolted for the trees; his slower offspring were staring

at Hans writhing and shrieking on the ground, when four horsemen came quietly but swiftly round the corner of the house, and a stern voice roared, "Drop those rifles!"

The slow Schommels swung round to find Gerrit de Ruijter and his three nephews from Weltevreden looking at them down their rifle-barrels: they had acted on inaccurate information. Their mouths opened slowly; then with one grunt they let their rifles fall. There came a curse from old Schommel among the trees; and in a breath he was clattering over the veld, his Kaffirs after him.

Elizabeth and Antony ran down and unbarred the door; the Kaffirs ran out and pulled the young Schommels off their horses; and she had her arms round her father's neck, and was kissing him. While the Kaffirs bound the Schommels, they went into the house all talking together. Gerrit listened to Elizabeth's story with a very angry face; his nephews with the impetuous generosity of youth were for hanging the Schommels then and there; but presently they agreed that they had better breakfast first, and occupy their cooler hour of digestion dealing with them. It was a pleasant meal: the returned warriors had their fights to tell of. They had left Delarey's force after his failure to relieve Cronje; they seemed far more incensed against the Transvaalers and the Hollanders than against the English; and declared that they had come back to abide peacefully on their farms, weary of playing the catspaw to leaders who had everything to get out of the fire. They heard with simple wonder Elizabeth's story of Antony and his loss of memory; her father treated her foundling with a kindly courtesy; only Dirk de Ruijter, who had always seen himself her natural husband, grew a little sullen when he saw how her eyes rested on the stranger.

Humanized by the abundant breakfast, they were more inclined to leniency with the Schommels. They were tied up one by one, and a stout Kaffir gave them fifty lashes apiece with a sjambok. Frits in consideration of his attempt to murder, enjoyed an equal punishment with his brothers. Then escorting the wounded Hans, mounted on Frits's old mare, they started on foot for Rusthof, a sore, dejected band, bearing word to their father that Gerrit de Ruijter would hunt him down as soon as he had the leisure. Their rifles and the other horses were confiscated.

In the afternoon his nephews rode away home, and Gerrit and Elizabeth rode round the farm, for he was eager to learn how it had fared during his absence. As they came back, she told him of her love for Antony. He heard her gravely, and said that there was no reason for haste, that he must consider the matter; but she had made it clear to him that her love and her happiness were one. Her confession distressed him, for he had looked to have her to himself for some years yet. Again the notion of her marrying an Englishman was strange and discomfiting to him, since he had always looked upon her as sure to marry her cousin Dirk. Seeing her with this foreign lover, it is not to be wondered at if he felt some of the feelings of Lambro. For days, however, he said nothing, but watched Antony and the girl carefully; and little by little his repugnance to their marrying began to wear away. He was growing to like Antony: his simplicity was after his own heart, and his cheerfulness, his boyish jokes were as pleasant as they were unfamiliar to him. He found that he would make in time a very shrewd farmer. He was beginning to feel that if he had a son, he would have liked him such a one as Antony. He grew sure that he might trust him with Elizabeth's happiness; and presently

he began to see that by securing her happiness, he would be securing his own. He had taken it as a matter of course that she would one day marry his nephew Dirk; it had seemed the best that could be done for her, but he had sore doubts of the result. Dirk was a good enough fellow, but pig-headed, and gifted with a great sense of his own importance, qualities which would accord ill with Elizabeth's spirit. Antony showed no weakness of will, but he showed a far better temper. Again if she married Antony, he would not lose her: they would naturally live at Vrengderijk. At last he made up his mind that they should marry.

At first Elizabeth had watched him anxiously; but little by little she had grown at her ease, and again she gave her heart full play. After a while it was curious how little of a restraint that grave and silent man became upon their love-making. On the verandah in the evening they babbled their childish lovers' talk as though he had been a hundred miles away, and not smoking thoughtfully within a few feet of them. Only Antony was very quiet taking her on to his knee, and their kisses made no sound. After all the noiseless kisses last longer. Gerrit de Ruijter liked it: coming of a silent, self-contained race, he had never been able to make love to his wife, and their love-making was something of a revelation to him; he heard the dumb feelings of the swelling heart of his youth find a proper, spontaneous expression on the easier tongues of these children. As he rode about the farm, he found himself repeating their phrases with a slow smile of supreme delight in them.

Then one day he said to Elizabeth, "When are you and Antony going to get married?"

"O-h-h. I—I—don't know," she stammered with a great flush. In answer

to the same question Antony said promptly, "To-morrow."

In his slow, methodical way Gerrit set about arranging matters so that the marriage must be good, for he knew something of the difference of the marriage laws in different countries. Antony became a burgher of the Free State with very little delay: in such a matter Gerrit de Ruijter was a name to conjure with. In the distress of the country it seemed no time for a festival, and the marriage was very quiet. A Dutch pastor from Vryburg celebrated it in the parlor; and the three de Ruijters of Weltevreden were the guests and witnesses.

For two months Elizabeth and Antony enjoyed an even fuller happiness; then one evening as they were on their way home from an outlying pasture, and Antony was riding carelessly with his eyes on Elizabeth, his horse put its foot in a hole, came down, and threw him sprawling over its head. It was nothing of a fall, but the jar lifted the bone which pressed on his brain and blotted out his memory. He drew himself into a sitting posture, and stared round the familiar veld another man, a crowd of memories thronging his mind. He knew himself Sir Antony Arbuthnot of Righton Grange, that he had a wife Muriel and a child Antony in England. The panorama of the lost years unrolled swiftly before the eye of his mind; he saw his schooldays, the days at Oxford, the days at Righton, his courtship of Muriel, their marriage, the birth of their boy, his journey to South Africa to look after his mining interests, the besieging of Kimberley, his enlistment in the Town Guard, the brush with the Boers when he was scouting, the first few rifle-shots. Then came a blank; and then he saw himself in bed at Vrengderijk; with Elizabeth at his bedside; the events of the last five months followed clear-

ly: in a few seconds he had seen all his life. He turned a scared face up to the anxious Elizabeth who was asking where he was hurt. At the sight of it she caught her breath, and clutching at her bosom cried, "You remember! Who—who—*is* Muriel?"

"I remember," he said, and rising heavily to his feet, stared across the veld.

"Tell me—tell me!" she gasped huskily.

"I must think," he said slowly. He caught his horse and mounted; and they rode home at a walk in silence: now and again he looked at her terror-stricken face and pitiful eyes.

Gerrit wondered at their silence during supper and on the verandah. With Elizabeth's hand in his, Antony sat trying to think the matter out. Unwillingly he had done her the worst possible wrong: how could he right it? Duty called him to Muriel; duty chained him to Elizabeth. Inclination bade him keep his secret and enjoy his happiness. Muriel was a far-away misty figure; the memories of his old love, of his other married life were very dim; he was fond of her indeed (he assured himself that he was), but he loved her no longer, and he loved Elizabeth with all his heart. By this time Muriel's grief at the news of his death, or of his being missing would have softened from its first violence; she had her boy, and Righton Grange; in a year or two she would marry again and forget him. Why should he spoil Elizabeth's life, as spoil it his leaving her must? Let him hold his tongue, and take the goods the Gods had given him.

It was no use: honor, imperative honor, bade him take the harder path. At last he made up his mind that with Elizabeth at any rate he would be honest; he had an infinite confidence in her; she should help him decide. When

they were in their bedroom he told her. She listened to him in a dumb misery, a shivering jealousy till he had ended; then she cried, "Oh, how she must have missed you! How she must have grieved!" Antony had thought little of that; and his heart smote him.

She buried her face in her hands, and thought awhile; then she said drearily, "You must go back to her." Then she cried, "Ah, no! It is too late—too late!" And Antony knew that he was bound to her by a two-fold chain.

"Is it so?" he said with a groan, and started to pace the room.

Elizabeth lay face downwards, on the bed sobbing. Presently she said, "I couldn't give you up now—if I would. And yet—and yet—you must go back to her—you are bound to—in honor. And—and—I can't bear it."

"I will not give you up," said Antony savagely. "Look here, my child, we must be practical. After all there's more than one world. Muriel is as much in another as if she lived in the moon. There are a summer and a winter in every year: I shall spend the summers in England, the winters in the Orange Free State."

Elizabeth sat up gasping: "You expect me to be content with half of you!" she cried.

"I would give you the whole with all my heart! But how can I? And I have only half of you—half the year with you, that is. I shall hate the double life, the deceit, the concealment, the worrying possibility of the truth coming out. But we cannot help ourselves."

"I will never endure it—never—never!" said Elizabeth feebly; and she began to sob afresh.

Antony soothed her very tenderly. His suggestion rasped all her womanly feeling; but the compromise appealed

to her human tendency to take half a loaf rather than no bread. If she had had only herself to consider, she might with time have found the strength to give him up, hard as it would have gone with her; she could not make her unborn babe fatherless. They had been innocent puppets in the hand of jesting Fate; the jest was cruel; but as she pulled the strings they must dance to the end of it.

She did not, however, agree at once; and for three days they threshed and threshed the matter out. In the end his idea seemed a bad way, but the only way out of the bad business. They explained to her father that Antony's memory had come back, and he must go to his estates in England for a while; of Muriel they said nothing; but they brightened his heart with talk of the importation of shorthorns. A week later Antony rode away from Vrengderijk.

Truly, the High Gods were punishing them for their great happiness: he left Elizabeth sick at the loss of him, sick with jealousy that he went to another woman, sick with the fear of how that other woman might change him. He would come back; she trusted him wholly; but how reluctant, her Antony no longer, he might return! He rode away slowly, with a leaden heart; Elizabeth held his heartstrings, and every mile tightened them with a crueler pain. Times and again he turned his horse to come back to her; then set his teeth with a groan, and pushed doggedly south, cursing the honor which dragged him. Six days later, a very weary man with lack-

lustre eyes, he entered Kimberley. He rode up to the hotel; and a big man on the verandah gave a great shout, crying, "Arbuthnot! By all that's holy! Arbuthnot!" He came running down the steps, and wrung his hand. Antony recognized, as a figure in a dream, his old friend Bromley-Carter.

"We thought you were dead!" he cried. "We all thought you were dead! Where have you been?" Then his face became solemn, and he said in a gentler voice, "I was awfully sorry to hear the bad news of your wife—so awfully sudden."

"Bad news of my wife?" said Antony with a gasp, thinking for the moment that he spoke of Elizabeth. Then it flashed upon him that he spoke of Muriel. "What bad news? I've heard nothing for months."

"She's—she's—oh, she's—" Bromley-Carter stammered, and words failed him.

"Not dead?" cried Antony.

"Yes—four months ago—typhoid."

For a breath the world swam round Antony; and he swayed in his saddle. Then one thought, one desire gripped him like a fury, to sweep the anguish out of Elizabeth's eyes at once, on the instant. He swung round his horse; jammed in his spurs; and tore at a mad gallop down the street. His Kaffirs opened their mouths, stared after him, and then followed.

Bromley-Carter gazed after them till they were lost in the cloud of their own dust; then shaking his head sadly he said, "Poor chap—poor chap—gone to be alone with his grief on the veld."

Edgar Jepson.

PERSONALIA: POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND VARIOUS.

IV. ART AND LETTERS.

Forty years ago the pre-Raphaelite painters were practically unknown outside their own small and very select circle; but the adoration of a clique, however gratifying, provides but little in the way of bread and butter, and it was a happy inspiration on the part of "Gabriel" Rossetti and "Ned" Burne Jones when they appointed an informal agent for the disposal of their eccentric wares in the person of a certain seductive Anglo-Portuguese gentleman, by name Charles Augustus Howell, at that time the secretary and factotum of Mr. Ruskin. Howell was the most astonishing compound of charm and chicanery that I have ever encountered in the flesh or read of in fiction. When I first knew him the charm only was *en evidence*, though one had an instinctive feeling that the accompanying quality was not very far below the surface. I never clearly understood what his earlier record had been; but he talked vaguely of kinship with a Scotch baronet, and when finding it convenient to quote a professional status, would describe himself as a civil engineer. The first intimation I had of his connection with that abstruse vocation was while travelling with him one day in the vicinity of Clapham Junction, when, the railway carriage beginning to jolt unpleasantly, he promptly put his head out of the window and vociferated for the guard. The train was brought to a standstill, and the guard hurried up breathless, evidently expecting to be greeted with news of a murder, or at least a murderous assault. He was therefore not unnaturally a trifle nettled when Howell haughtily bade him look to the

couplings, which he declared were causing a vibration that might seriously imperil the integrity of his spine!

Howell's Bohemian aspect and half-foreign accent scarcely tended to strengthen the guard's belief in his *bona fides*, and he muttered menacingly that "if people played these sort of pranks over here they might find themselves run in." "Fellow," retorted Howell with withering scorn, "I'd have you know that I am a civil engineer, and if you don't put your damned couplings to rights I shall lodge a complaint against you at Clapham Junction." He then began to fumble in his pockets for a card-case; but the guard evidently thought it was for a poniard, and with a scared countenance and profuse apologies hastened back to his van. In later days the civil engineer rôle was resorted to with even greater effect, for his finances being in low water Howell hit upon the masterly expedient of taking rickety houses at nominal rents in neighborhoods where he had good reason for supposing that the District Railway would find it necessary to acquire land, and when informed that his tenements were required for the purposes of the line, managed to extract phenomenally high terms on the ground that to be disturbed would be fatal to his occupation of civil engineer!

How I came to know him was in this wise. Old George Cruikshank the artist had fallen on evil days, and Ruskin, who was a great admirer of his work, with characteristic generosity determined to get up a testimonial fund for him. He accordingly set his secretary Howell to canvass for subscriptions among all who were interested in Cruikshank and his work. Of

these my father happening to be one, Howell duly called upon him, and after successfully pleading the particular cause he had in hand, managed adroitly by a side-wind to arouse my father's interest in the works of his gifted friends "Gabriel" Rossetti and "Ned" Jones. In less than a week Howell, Burne Jones, and a third guest almost as remarkable, Leonard Rowe Valpy (of whom more anon), were dining with my father, who so strongly caught the pre-Raphaelite fever that but for his unexpected death a few weeks later he would assuredly have become an important purchaser from the studios of both artists.

The first time I saw Howell was about a year after my father's death, when he came to dine at my mother's to meet Mr. Valpy, an æsthetic solicitor, there being also present a dear old gentleman, the brother-in-law of a bishop, who was one of our trustees. I shall never forget Howell's appearance. We had a house for the summer a few miles out of town, and Howell, who then lived at Brixton in order to be near Ruskin at Denmark Hill, had to make a cross-country railway journey, which landed him quite an hour late for dinner. The bald-headed trustee was growing ominously brusque, and the æsthetic lawyer more and more dejected, when the door opened and a swarthy-faced, black-haired individual sidled in, caressing a terribly rumpled dress-shirt front and radiating a propitiatory smile. "I am so sorry," he drawled melodiously, "to be so shockingly late; but the fact is, I was so absorbed in reading Algernon Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads' that I unconsciously consumed my railway ticket and got into difficulties with the collector, who declined to accept my word of honor. I must apologize too," he added gracefully, "for the condition of my shirt; but in stooping to search for my ticket—before I discovered that

I had consumed it—I am afraid the front got rather tumbled, and, moreover, I had the misfortune to lose a couple of my studs, but—" Here the bald-headed trustee gave a menacing grunt, and the lawyer murmured something about a weak digestion, so to my intense regret Howell's apology was cut short, and we went in to dinner.

After my mother and sisters had withdrawn, Howell treated the trustee and the lawyer to various erotic passages from Swinburne, which they in vain tried to cough down—the trustee in deference to his Episcopal connection, and the lawyer to certain Calvinistic tendencies which struggled fiercely with his appreciation of the "sensuous." After vainly attempting to suppress these fervid quotations, the two elders suggested an adjournment to the garden, and, in passing out, the trustee, drawing me aside, inquired who that extraordinary foreigner was, expressing an unfriendly suspicion that he never had any railway ticket at all! Shortly afterwards, however, Howell had his reprisals, for, linking his arm confidentially in mine, he vouchsafed that in his opinion trustees and all "blokes" of that description ought not to be allowed about after office hours; that they were the deadly enemies of literature and art, and it was owing to them that so many artists died of want; and he wondered so sensible a man as my father had had anything to do with them. "Now Volpy," he continued, with a glance at the Low Church solicitor, "is a different sort. Although he is a damned lawyer, my dear boy, he has a soul for art, and I'm going to take him to see Gabriel, and put him in the way of securing some of his best things before the public gets on to them, you know." A project which he carried out to some purpose, Valpy eventually becoming one of the largest buyers of Rossetti's

pictures in London, if not in the kingdom.

Later in the evening, when we had re-entered the house, Howell threw off an epigram at the lawyer's expense which proclaimed him as no contemptible wit. Mr. Valpy, who was much given to emotional admiration, was sighing deeply in the course of some music which peculiarly appealed to him. "A doleful chap, that fellow Volpy," whispered Howell; "he reminds me of a tear in a dress-coat!" The night wore on, and first the trustee, then the lawyer, and finally my family retired, but Howell showed no inclination to retreat. On he sat, discoursing with infinite drollery (he pretended that he saw the bald head of his enemy the trustee bobbing among some gooseberry-bushes in amorous converse with a kitchen-maid!), and indolently twisting up innumerable cigarettes, till at last it dawned upon him that it was well on into Sunday morning, and he was without any visible means of returning to his Brixton domicile. "Never mind," he chortled cheerfully, "Arthur Hughes lives somewhere on the road to London. He never goes to bed. I'll go and look him up and finish the night there." And off he strolled in the direction of town, intoning stanzas from "Our Lady of Pain" with a sonorous energy that would infallibly have lodged him in the local police station had he chanced to fall in with a guardian of the peace.

A day or so afterwards I received a note from Howell asking me to lunch with him to meet "the poet," as he invariably styled Mr. Swinburne, an invitation which I readily enough accepted. It was a memorable occasion. Howell's abode was externally commonplace enough—a little semi-detached villa approached by a strip of garden, but inside it presented a very different aspect, the rooms being profusely adorned with Rossetti pictures

and Burne Jones drawings, some of them extremely beautiful, varied with the rarest oriental china. Mr. Swinburne did not arrive till lunch was over, and, before entering the house, was engaged in a prolonged difference with his cabman, who eventually snatched up his reins and drove rapidly off as if glad to get away. "The poet's got the best of it as usual," drawled Howell (who had been gleefully watching the scene). "He lives at the British Hotel in Cockspur Street, and never goes anywhere except in hansoms, which, whatever the distance, he invariably remunerates with one shilling! Consequently when, as to-day, it's a case of two miles beyond the radius, there's the devil's own row; but in the matter of imprecation the poet is more than a match for cabby, who,

live minutes of it, gallops off as though he had been rated by Beelzebub himself!" Here, looking, it must be owned, singularly innocent of anathema, Mr. Swinburne entered, and being fortunately in one of his characteristic veins, provided me with the most interesting hour of my existence.

Unlike many of his craft, Mr. Swinburne, who had just read Miss Rossetti's "Goblin Market, and other Poems," recently published, showed the most generous enthusiasm for the work of his fellow-poet, and, after paying her a signal tribute, he asked Howell if he happened to have the volume in the house. Fortunately this proved to be the case, and Mr. Swinburne taking up the book, rapidly turned over the pages, evidently in search of some favorite poem. In vain I tried to conjecture what his choice was going to be. The volume, as readers of Miss Rossetti are aware, concludes with a series of devotional pieces which, having regard to the complexion of Mr. Swinburne's own poems at that time, would, I thought, be the last to attract him, strongly at any rate. But I was mis-

taken. His quest stopped almost at the end of the book, and without more ado he straightway proceeded to read aloud that singularly beautiful but profoundly devotional paraphrase of a portion of Solomon's Song beginning with "Passing away saith the world, passing away." The particular metre and impressive monotony of rhyme (every line in the piece is rhymed to the opening one) seemed peculiarly to lend themselves to Mr. Swinburne's measured lilt of intonation, and I then realized for the first time the almost magical effect which Tennyson's similar method of reading was wont to exercise over his hearers. When Mr. Swinburne had finished, he put the book down with a vehement gesture, but only for an instant. After a moment's pause he took it up again, and a second time read the poem aloud with even greater expression than before. "By God!" he said, as he closed the book, "that's one of the finest things ever written!" He then proceeded to touch on a variety of subjects, all with the greatest fervor and vehemence. At that time he appeared to have a sovereign disdain for Tennyson, whose poetry he attacked wholesale with almost frenzied bitterness, quoting, I remember, with peculiar gusto Bulwer Lytton's diatribe against him in "The New Timon." With the courage of extreme youth (I was not eighteen) I actually ventured to interpose a plea for one favorite, at least. "Surely, Mr. Swinburne," I faltered, "you will except 'Maud'?" "Well, sir," he courteously replied, "I think you are right; I ought to have excepted 'Maud,' for it certainly does contain some fine things."

Next he dashed off to Byron and Shelley, the former of whom at that time he appeared to prefer. In connection with Shelley's Eton days, after mentioning that he was himself an Eton boy, he asked me where I had

been at school; and when I told him at Harrow, he at once declared that he wished he had been at Harrow, as it was Byron's school! But this pronouncement was evidently not entirely prompted by a partiality for Lord Byron, for a few moments later he narrated an experience which was quite enough to prejudice him against his own school, apart from any sentimental considerations. He then told us that at the end of his first "half" at Eton his father, Admiral Swinburne, came down to take him home for the holidays. "My father," Swinburne dolorously explained, "had never been at a public school, and had no knowledge whatever of its manners and customs. In fact, it was quite superfluous his coming down to escort me home, a parental attention which is never paid to any public school boy. However, like most naval officers, he was a trifle arbitrary, and, whether customary or not, he was resolved to come. In getting into the train for Paddington, as bad luck would have it, we chanced to enter a carriage in the corner of which, reading 'The Times,' was snugly ensconced Dr. Goodford, the then head-master of Eton. 'Isn't that Dr. Goodford?' whispered my father to me, peering curiously in the direction of the head-master. 'I believe it is,' I stammered reluctantly. 'Believe it is!' rejoined my father caustically; 'you must surely know your own head-master!' Then clearing his throat and raising his voice, to my consternation he bent forward and airily accosted the awful presence behind 'The Times' with, 'Dr. Goodford, I believe, sir.'

"The doctor, incensed at being interrupted by a perfect stranger, glared at my father round the sheet of the paper, and said testily, 'Yes, sir; at your service.' 'Well, sir,' rejoined my father, jerking a finger in my direction, 'my boy here has just finished his first

term at Eton, and I should very much like to know what account you can give me of him.' Now," continued Mr. Swinburne with almost tragical solemnity, "as a matter of fact, Dr. Goodford had never set eyes on me, and probably did not even know of my existence; but enraged, I suppose, at my father's rather unconventional interruption, which he no doubt considered a slight on his dignity, he glanced down at me with a scarlet face and said deliberately, 'Your boy, sir—your boy is *one of the very worst in the school!*' and then entrenched himself once more behind 'The Times.' My father looked volumes, but said nothing till we got out at Paddington. Then the storm burst. In vain I protested that Dr. Goodford knew nothing whatever about me, and had only said what he had out of pure vexation at being disturbed.

"Do you think," said my father, 'that I am going to take your word before that of your head-master?' And I was sentenced to deprivation of all pleasures and privileges for the duration of the Christmas holidays!"

I remember that on this occasion Mr. Swinburne was very loud in his praise of a certain novel by Mrs. Norton, called 'Old Sir Douglas,' which, I am bound to confess with all humility, proved to me rather disappointing. I fancy it is now entirely forgotten. The poet was then writing a novel himself, which unfortunately has never seen the light; but, according to Howell, it was highly dramatic, and interspersed with several striking lyrics, one of which he (Howell) insisted on intoning the same afternoon in the train on our way to London. The first two lines, which are all I can remember of it, were certainly gruesome enough, and discomfited not a little the other essentially matter-of-fact occupants of the railway carriage. They ran, I think, as follows:—

Some die singing, some die swinging,
Some die high on tree.

And they suggested a hero of the Macheath or Jack Sheppard type, which seemed scarcely characteristic of their classical creator.

Shortly afterwards I was taken by Howell to Mr. Burne Jones's house in Kensington Square, a visit which I associate less with æsthetic art than with the reddest Republicanism, which the painter gave forth with almost feminine fervency, striking me as the mildest-mannered man that ever preached democracy! When in recent years he accepted a baronetcy, I wondered how he reconciled it with those Kensington Square invectives against all titular distinctions; but he is not the first man who has discarded the "red cap" for the "red hand," laying the responsibility of his *volte-face* on the shoulders of his family! Burne Jones in those days was not considered to be by any means on the same artistic level as Rossetti, though at present opinion is all the other way. I venture, however, to predict that half a century hence Posterity will restore Rossetti to the higher place. Burne Jones enjoyed for a time an advantage denied to Rossetti: he exhibited his works at the Old Water-Color Society, with which he remained connected till, I think, 1869, when an untoward incident occurred which terminated his relations with the Society. His principal exhibit at the Summer Exhibition was a very poetical drawing called "Phyllis and Demophoon," in which both the figures were nude, but without conveying the faintest suggestion of indelicacy. Unfortunately, however, an important patron of the Society, one Mr. Leaf, a prosperous silk merchant, chose to regard the picture as an outrage on propriety, and brought such pressure to bear on the Council that they requested Mr. Burne Jones to import into the picture a certain amount of raiment. This the

painter indignantly refused to do, and the result was that before the public admission-day he withdrew himself and his drawing from the Society. It was a deplorable incident by which all concerned were the losers, except the puritanical silk-dealer, who, as might have been expected, immediately gained the *soubriquet* of "Fig-Leaf!"

Burne Jones, although in the main the gentlest of creatures, was at times capable of almost virulent sarcasm. I remember meeting him at dinner at the period when Du Maurier was beginning his campaign in "Punch" against Oscar Wilde and the aesthetes, a crusade which seemed to commend itself to most of those present, Hamilton Aidé, who was a great friend of Du Maurier, being particularly emphatic in his approval. Burne Jones, who had been listening with his face half averted, darted round in his chair as Aidé complacently delivered his final sentence, and, white with long-pent indignation, hissed out, "You may say what you like, but there is more wit in Wilde's little finger than in the whole of Du Maurier's wretched little body!" Then, having spent his ire, he relapsed into moody silence, resting his head on his hand with an attitude of forlorn disgust! We were perhaps unjust to Wilde, but Burne Jones assuredly under-rated Du Maurier, whose keen pictorial satire will probably long survive Wilde's artificial literary sallies. I had no acquaintance with Wilde, and cannot, therefore, form a judgment as to his conversational wit; but I have never been able to discover any specimen that could be described as of the first order. Perhaps the best thing he ever said was to a certain rather humdrum bard when the latter was complaining of the neglect with which his poems were treated by the critics. "There seems to be a conspiracy of silence against me. What would you advise me to do?" he inquired of Wilde.

"Join it," was the unconsoling reply. But the generality of Wilde's *mots* (when not assimilated) were rather showy than really excellent, like Sheridan's or Lamb's. His description of the Jews, for instance, as people "who spoke through their own noses and made you pay through yours," though serviceable enough for the moment, has not the quality that survives. Compare it to Sheridan's *mot* to Lord Lauderdale, when the latter, a matter-of-fact Scotchman, was attempting to repeat some jest from Brooks's: "Don't, Lauderdale, don't; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter!" Or Lamb's retort to the silly dame who, after boring him excruciatingly, complained that for all the attention he paid to what she said she might be speaking to the lady on his other side. "So-o you—you m-might, ma-ad-am, for it a-all g-g-goes in at one ear, and and ou-ou-out at the other!"

With all his ability, Wilde was a copious though very covert plagiarist, recalling Horace Smith's definition of originality — "undetected imitation!" Thirty years ago his plays would not have had a chance, but as Disraeli educated his party, so Wilde educated his public, and at the time of his downfall he had so successfully impressed it with the merits of his work that he might have filled almost every theatre in London, had he only been provided with a sufficiency of material. But it is highly improbable that his vogue would have lasted. Inversion and distortion, however ingenious or even brilliant, do not convince in the long-run; and the general public, whose taste is *au fond* wholesome and healthy, would ere long have become sated with highly-seasoned kickshaws, and reverted to plainer and more satisfying fare.

To return to the pre-Raphaelite coterie. My introduction to Burne Jones was quickly followed by one to Rossetti, whose personality impressed me

then and thereafter far more than that of his brother painter. It is almost impossible to describe the curious effect of suddenly finding oneself within his famous house in Cheyne Walk, afterwards so remorselessly desecrated by that ecclesiastical mountebank, Prebendary Haweis. With one step you seemed to place the outer world at an incalculable distance. The dim light, the profound stillness, the almost enchanted solemnity which pervaded even the entrance-hall, suggested rather some mediæval palazzo than a suburban abode within a mile of Victorian London. The man himself was equally aloof from the age. With his sombre, olive-shaded face, his sad, reverie-haunted eyes, his dark, unordered attire, and his indefinable distinction of demeanor (in spite of an almost stunted stature) he suggested some figure from the pages of Petrarch or Ariosto. Then again, the singular beauty of his voice added another touch of enchantment, as, standing before a great picture of Lilith, he recited his own descriptive lines, revealing himself in the dual attributes of painter and poet. At that time his remarkable book of poems had not been published, and only his most intimate friends were aware of his great poetical gifts. In fact, one poem only, "The Blessed Damosel," had seen the light, and that in the scarcely known publication called "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," to which Burne Jones, William Morris, and one or two others of the fraternity had also contributed. The only relief to the almost eerie gloom of Rossetti's house was his matchless collection of oriental "blue," a large portion of which was, I think, afterwards acquired by Mr. Leonard Valpy, whom I have already referred to as an extensive purchaser of Rossetti pictures. As we passed from dusky chamber to chamber, the mediæval figure leading, and

only breaking the tranced silence with an occasional tone of profound melancholy, one began to wonder whether one was still in the vital world, or in some haunted domain of ruined love and shattered hopes! In truth, the shadow of his girl-wife's tragic death seemed to hang more or less darkly over Rossetti to the end of his life. Friends he had and companions, but his closest comrade was Sorrow, halloved, indeed, and beautified, but inseparable from him to the grave.

I have more than once referred to Mr. L. R. Valpy as a friend of Howell and Rossetti, and an extensive purchaser of the latter's works. Mr. Valpy was by profession a Lincoln's Inn Fields family lawyer of good position and repute; but though a strenuous worker in his vocation, his heart was divided between two curiously antagonistic predilections—the "austere" and the "sensuous," his religious tendencies being sternly Calvinistic, and his artistic sympathies chiefly identified with the school of Rossetti and Burne Jones. This singular contrast of proclivities led not infrequently to scenes and situations of a distinctly comical nature. Many a time have I met in his dining-room, hung with a superb line of Rossetti's red-chalk studies, a solemn assemblage of Exeter Hall lawyers and Low Church clergymen, who looked upon their host's cherished drawings either as autotype reproductions or the work of some inspired madman! Two instances of this Philistinism I particularly remember. The hero of one of them was an eminent commercial solicitor, who, after inspecting some newly acquired treasure contemptuously for half a minute, turned on his heel with the comment that "faces of that kind were usually symptomatic of scrofula!" The other offender, a gormandizing clergyman, was even more flagrant. Uplifting his eyes from his empty plate during a change of

courses, he happened to catch sight for the first time of three new purchases from Rossetti's studio. "Queer-looking affairs those, Valpy," he remarked with a pitying sneer; "where did you pick them up?" "They are the work of one Rossetti," replied Valpy with simmering irony. "Rossetti, Rossetti? Never heard of him," rejoined the appalling guest. Then glancing at an idealized study of his hostess, which formed the centre of the three drawings, he added, "And who, may I ask, is that ill-looking woman over the mantelpiece?" "That, sir," replied Valpy with what Dizzy used to call "a superb groan"—"that, sir, is my wife!" Yet, strange to say, Valpy persisted to the last in entertaining these uncongenial guests, who never failed to drive him nearly frantic with their outrageous comments. Occasionally, however, in his bachelor days he would invite one or two artists, and perhaps myself or some other more sympathetic friend, to what he called a quiet dinner, but which really was almost Spartan in its provender. I suppose he imagined that artists were too ethereal to care for the succulent fare which he set before parsons and lawyers, a theory wherein he was, of course, grievously mistaken. I well recollect dining with him once to meet Rossetti and Samuel Palmer, when the *menu* actually consisted of nothing more luxurious than thin pea-soup, cold boiled beef (as the waiters say, "low in cut"), and a "roly-poly" pudding! Samuel Palmer rose superior to this fare, and was cheery and charming throughout the evening; but it was otherwise with poor Rossetti, who, without being a *gourmand*, was constitutionally unable to appreciate plain diet. His normal melancholy deepened into positive gloom, and I cannot recollect his uttering a syllable during the whole of dinner, at which he sat like one of the figures at the banquet in Holman Hunt's picture

of Isabella and the Pot of Basil. Valpy seemed quite unconscious of offence, and to see him persistently plying Rossetti with "roly-poly," which the poet-painter as persistently refused in ever more deeply accentuated tones of weary dejection, was inexpressibly comic.

On a similar occasion I remember meeting poor Fred Walker, then at the height of his fame, yet far more modest and unpretending than many a man who has never risen above mediocrity. His talk was more about fishing than art, though I remember he expressed his despair at the way in which his illustrations had been reproduced in the "Cornhill Magazine." Valpy had the good judgment to buy Walker's exquisite May Tree drawing, perhaps the most perfect of all his water-colors, acquiring it for only a tithe of the sum which it would now command.

Howell (to whom I will now return) was not long in revealing symptoms of those manners and customs which finally placed him beyond the pale even of the tolerant pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. His ethics of finance, as bearing on the functions of an agent, were, to say the least of it, eccentric, while his borrowings grew almost as persistent as those of Harold Skimpole! After stubborn resistance, though at that time ill able to afford it, I on one occasion succumbed to his plausible supplications and lent him fifty pounds. Unfortunately, my banking account happened to be at the Western Branch of the Bank of England, a fact which Howell, on glancing at the cheque, instantly endeavored to turn to his advantage! "Hullo, my dear chap!" he trolled out with his seductive *soupsçon* of a foreign accent, "I had no idea you were such a colny cove! Bank of England! By Jove! and you make all this fuss about lending a fellow a paltry fifty-pound note!" In vain I explained that you might be a customer of the

Bank of England with next to nothing in the shape of a balance. With an incredulous leer he pocketed the cheque, and retired with his tongue in his cheek, intoning, "By George! a fellow must be a coin-y bird to bank with the Bank of England!" This unfortunate misconception of my monetary resources, coupled with a normal deficiency in his own, resulted in my not seeing my fifty sovereigns again for two or three years. At last, after incessant applications, followed by voluminous threats of legal proceedings, Howell alighted one day at my chambers from a hansom, and stalked in with the air of a deeply injured man.

"I've brought your coin," he almost moaned as he deposited the notes and specie on my table (I had resolutely refused to accept a cheque!); "but, upon my soul! I have never heard such a fuss made about a beggarly fifty pounds in all my life, and that from a cove who banks with the Bank of England!" I made some exculpatory reply, but Howell proceeded still more moodily: "And only to think of you, of all chaps, refusing a fellow's check! Hang it! I don't mind being dunned; but want of confidence, by George, that cuts me to the heart!" Again I attempted to clear myself. "Oh, never mind, never mind," he proceeded magnanimously; "only if you had invalid parents to maintain in Portugal—" then glancing at the clock, he suddenly interjected, "But I can't stay any longer. I haven't had a mouthful since breakfast, and as for that cabman, he's been tooling me about ever since ten!" then, with an ingratiatory smile, sidling up to the table, he coaxingly added, "I wonder if you'd lend me a quid for my cab fare? I'll send it to you back to-morrow, of course, but this fifty pounds of yours has regularly cleaned me out." And before I could utter a word of protest, his itching palm had clutched one of my hard-

ly recovered sovereigns, and he was off like an eel in the direction of his much-enduring Jehu! I never saw Howell again, nor (needless to say) my sovereign! The next I heard of him was that he had started a manufactory of Rossetti "facsimiles" (I am afraid his victims gave them a harsher name), and had been dropped by his former patrons, though I believe Rossetti chivalrously refused to abandon him long after every one else had done so.

I was destined, however, to undergo a *mauvais quart d'heure* by reason of Howell's "facsimiles" later on. Years before, when he was in the odor of respectability, and still the accredited agent of the pre-Raphaelite group, I had purchased from him, on behalf of my mother, certain Rossetti drawings, as to the authenticity of which I had never entertained a doubt. One day, however, early in the period of Howell's decadence, a new acquaintance, who happened to call on my mother, greatly admiring these Rossetti drawings, inquired how it was that she had been able to acquire them, as none were ever in the market. "Oh," answered my mother, "they were bought from a friend and sort of agent of Rossetti's, a certain Mr. Howell." "Howell!" exclaimed the caller with pious horror; "then I am afraid you'll find they are none of them genuine!" My mother, who had never heard of Howell's new enterprise, though she had long ceased to see him for other reasons, immediately wrote off to me in the greatest consternation, asking what was to be done. I assured her that I had myself no doubt of the genuineness of the drawings, but that she had better, *ex abundante cautela*, go to the fountain-head, and write to Rossetti himself about them. This she promptly did; but my horror may be imagined when Rossetti replied that from her description he failed to identify a single one of them! In des-

peration I wrote back that there was only one thing to be done, and that was to ask Rossetti to examine the drawings himself, though owing to his ill-health, which had then become habitual, I greatly doubted whether he would consent to do it. However, he very kindly sent his secretary to my mother's house for the drawings, which were returned the next day with a note from Rossetti to the effect that they were all his undoubted work, though he had failed to recognize them from my mother's description.

Howell curiously did not long survive Rossetti, dying, I understood, in one of the houses he had so astutely acquired near the District Railway, with the very respectable savings of over £4000; in fact, almost, as he would have termed it, "a colny cove," though he had considerably impaired the "coininess" of other people! Perhaps one of his former literary intimates will on day present him, adequately illuminated, to posterity! Mr. Watts-Dunton tried his hand on him in his novel "Aylwin," but, somehow, with no great effect. Possibly the genius who created "Tito Melema" was alone capable of doing him justice.

About this time I first met the late John Trivett Nettleship, the gifted animal-painter, one of a famous quartette of brothers, the sons of a country solicitor, whose profession John Nettleship originally followed. Those who only knew him as a lord of Bohemia will be surprised to learn that in the late "'Sixties," when he was still in the law, he was one of the most sprucely-attired gentlemen in the precincts of Lincoln's Inn, though always marked by a leonine pose of the head, which in later years gave him an air of signal distinction. He then presided, I believe, over the conveying department in an important London office, and had the reputation

of being a thoroughly capable lawyer. At heart, however, he had little in common with parchment and red-tape, and after a preliminary excursion into literature, which took the form of a remarkable volume of essays on the poetry of Robert Browning, then far less "understood of the people" than is the case at present, he finally shook himself free from the law and boldly cast in his lot with art. Though still under thirty, he was comparatively old to make a start as an artist, and this fact probably accounts for a certain deficiency in *technique* that was more or less perceptible in his work even to the end of his career. But in point of mere conception he unquestionably surpassed every animal-painter of his or perhaps of any other time, being gifted with an unfailing keenness of sympathy and instinct, which are not always to be found in the more finished work of Landseer and Rivière. It was not, however, with animals that Nettleship's imagination found the widest scope—his black-and-white and pencil studies, inspired by mythical and purely fanciful subjects, being in many instances quite as remarkable as the creations of William Blake. He was, in truth, a poet in everything but verbal expression, which, nevertheless, in his prose writings and correspondence was always conspicuous for its poignant felicity. There is, I think, no doubt that his essays on Browning's poetry contributed considerably to a better appreciation of the poet, which the latter never failed to recognize. I have frequently consulted him as to the interpretation to be placed on certain of Browning's obscure passages, and never without gaining enlightenment, though occasionally he would read more into a line or phrase than was intended by the author. I remember once appealing to him as to the identity of "The Lost Leader," who, after careful consideration, I felt con-

vinced could be no other than Wordsworth, though most of the Browning students of that day scouted the idea as utterly unworthy of the writer. Nettleship, however, agreed with me; but my indignant friends declined to accept so distasteful a confirmation, even from him. I accordingly asked him to get an authoritative decision from Browning himself. This he did, with the result that Browning admitted that "The Lost Leader" was intended to represent Wordsworth, though, he added, he had since regretted it. I confess I do not quite see why. After allowing for a little poetic exaggeration, the lines only record the actual, if awkward, fact that Wordsworth, after professing virtual Republicanism, executed a political *volte-face* and became a Tory placeman at the nomination of the greatest of territorial autocrats.

To tell the truth, Mr. Browning had himself after middle age considerably toned down the political opinions and predilections of his youth, and when I chanced to meet him on more than one occasion in the 'Seventies and early 'Eighties, he was by no means given to making the least of his intimacy with members of the nobility, whose names and titles came floating across the dinner-table with quite unnecessary articulateness. "The pity of it!" Such intellectual monarchs as Browning and Jowett, flushed with elation at the honor of dining at a peer's table, or mingling in the crowd at a peeress's crush! It was all very well for them to attempt to justify themselves by contending that their patrician hosts were such particularly good company. Had Lord Tomnoddy been plain, uncoronneted Tom Snooks, his unintellectuality would have roused in each of them inextinguishable scorn. It was not the head, but the head-gear—the halo-invested coronet—that constituted the charm; and so, I suppose, it

will be to the end of time, or at all events till the abolition of titles.

One of the courtliest men in art circles was the late Sir Edgar Boehm, whose studio I had occasion to visit more than once in connection with the medallion of a relative which he had been commissioned to execute. At that time he had just finished his noble effigy of Dean Stanley, close to which was placed another of the Prince Imperial, the very one which the Dean had been so anxious to import into the Abbey. "A curious thing happened with reference to that effigy," remarked Sir Edgar. "Stanley, as you know, had been very anxious that it should be placed in Westminster Abbey, but the opposition to his proposal was so strong that eventually, though with not too good a grace, he gave way and abandoned his project. Well," continued Sir Edgar, "not long before his death he came to see this effigy, and after gazing at it intently for some moments, he muttered to himself abstractedly, 'I was wrong about that'—the only intimation I believe he ever gave that he had changed his mind!" Carlyle, it will be remembered, took a very active part in opposing the Dean's proposal, which I suppose prompted his famous deathbed adjuration: "Save me from that body-snatcher!"

I never was fortunate enough to see Mr. Thackeray, but I remember well the profound impression that was created by the news of his sudden death, though I think his work is more appreciated now than it was then. On the whole, he has received from posterity his due, and perhaps rather more, for with the exception of "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond," none of his novels can claim to be of the highest order. "The Newcomes," though full of exquisite passages and adorned with one ineffably beautiful piece of characterization, Colonel Newcome, is poorly constructed, and far too prodigal of

"preachiness," faults which are even more conspicuous in "Pendennis." It may seem heresy to say so, but I venture to think that Trollope's "Barchester Towers" and "Framley Parsonage" are, as "society novels," superior to both "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes," though of course very inferior in the matter of style. It has always struck me that after "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond," Thackeray's finest piece of work is "The Chronicle of the Drum," surely one of the most remarkable combinations of satire and pathos ever penned in rhyme. I can never read that stanza commencing with

The glorious days of September
Saw many aristocrats fall,

without an icy shudder, though I am as familiar with it as I am with "The May Queen." Thackeray would have written a superb history of the French Revolution, which I make bold to say he understood infinitely better than Carlyle, who had neither knowledge of nor insight into the French character and temperament.

It is difficult to form a personal estimate of Thackeray. He was evidently a man of moods—one day all sunshine and geniality, the next sardonic and in a sense cantankerous. But, on the whole, the sunshine predominated, and the record of his beautiful sayings and doings puts the converse characteristics (which at times were all too conspicuous) well into the shade. To him must be credited the most chivalrous utterance that, I suppose, ever emanated from a man of letters. Dickens, who never liked him, told a friend that he could see nothing to admire in one of Thackeray's novels, then being serially produced; and the friend, who knew both the great authors, with friendship's traditional "damned good-naturedness," reported the opinion to Thackeray. It must have rankled deeply, but all the comment Thackeray

made was, "I am afraid I cannot return the compliment, for there is not a page that Mr. Dickens has written which I have not read with the greatest delight and admiration." I heard this from Mr. Justin McCarthy, who knew Thackeray slightly, and was engaged to dine with him on the evening of the day on which he died. Mr. McCarthy considered that Thackeray created quite erroneous impressions of himself by often indulging in irony in the presence of people who were incapable of understanding it. One curious instance which he gave was this. Thackeray had been dining at the "Garriek," and was talking in the smoking-room after dinner with various club acquaintances. One of them happening to have left his cigar-case at home, Thackeray, though disliking the man, who was a notorious tuft-hunter, good-naturedly offered him one of his cigars. The man accepted the cigar, but not finding it to his liking, had the bad taste to say to Thackeray, "I say, Thackeray, you won't mind my saying I don't think much of this cigar." Thackeray, no doubt irritated at the man's ungraciousness, and bearing in mind his tuft-hunting predilections, quietly responded, "You ought to, my good fellow, for it was given me by a lord." Instead, however, of detecting the irony, the dolt immediately attributed the remark to snobbishness on Thackeray's part, and to the end of his days went about declaring "that Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord"!

With the exception of Mr. McCarthy, I have only met two men who knew Thackeray, one of whom certainly deserves immortality, though unfortunately I am unable to record his name, having forgotten it in the march of time. I met this individual at dinner nearly thirty years ago, when in my first "Thackeray" enthusiasm. He was a gray-headed, square-jawed "diner-

out," apparently of about sixty-eight or seventy, with an assertive *nisi-pris* manner, and one of those rasping voices that seem to dominate the dinner-table. After dinner, on the departure of an intervening lady, I found myself compelled to "close-up" to this objectionable fellow-guest. As it happened, a minute or two previously I had heard him allude to the Charterhouse as his former public school. "Why," thought I, "this old gentleman was most probably at the Charterhouse with Thackeray; suppose I break the ice by inquiring." Accordingly, after an uncomfortable moment in which he seemed to be considering whether I was worth talking to or not, I timidly ventured to remark that I had heard him alluding to the Charterhouse, and wondered if by any chance he was there with Thackeray. "Thackeray, sir; what Thackeray?" he answered with a contemptuous stare. "I mean the great Thackeray," I rejoined, rather astonished. "What!" he rejoined; "the fellow who wrote books? Oh yes, he was my fag, and a snivelling little beggar I thought him; often have I given him a sound kick for a false quantity in his Latin verses. I thought nothing of him, sir—nothing, I can assure you!" "Ah, but," I exclaimed, "you have changed your opinion since, of course?" "Not at all," he growled, "not at all; why should I?" "Why, on account of his books," I retorted, fairly staggered. "Never read a syllable of them, I give you my word!" he growled with magnificent complacency; then, turning his back with a gesture of infinite disdain, he proceeded to tackle his neighbor on the other side. When I told this to Mr. McCarthy, he felicitously observed, "What wouldn't Thackeray have given to have known that man!"

The other acquaintance of Thackeray whom I happened to come across was the late Sir Russell Reynolds, the emi-

nent physician. He mentioned that he met Thackeray at dinner when Miss Thackeray's exquisite "Story of Elizabeth" had just appeared, and he told Thackeray how much he admired it. "I am very glad," said Thackeray; "but I can form no opinion of its merits as I have not read it." "Not read it?" exclaimed Dr. Reynolds in great surprise. "No," said Thackeray; "I dared not. I love her too much."

I do not think that Thackeray was ever quite satisfied with mere literary success; at all events, he was extremely anxious to blend with it a considerable degree of social prestige. To be appointed Secretary of Legation at Washington, or to belong to the "Travellers' Club," would, I believe, have given him almost as much gratification as he ever derived from any success of authorship. But neither aspiration was destined to be fulfilled. He was certainly unqualified for the secretaryship, nor, even if the "Travellers' Club" had honored itself by electing him, would he have found himself in congenial company. But the members of that select community were, no doubt, chary of admitting a "chiel among them" with such a consummate faculty for "taking notes," which Thackeray had certainly not been guiltless of doing at other clubs to which he belonged—witness the immortal Foker, who was unquestionably suggested by Mr. Archedeckne. Although no admirer of the late Mr. Edmund Yates and his methods, I must confess that I cannot see such an immensity of difference between ridiculing a fellow-member under another name in a novel, and portraying him by his own in a newspaper. Thackeray's portrait of Mr. Archedeckne in "Pendennis" was as unmistakable as Yates's sketch of Thackeray in "The Man about Town" (the name, I think, of Yates's journal); but the fact was that Thackeray, as a great man, felt himself free to do what in

Yates as a small man was an unwarrantable presumption, especially when his object of attack was Mr. Thackeray himself! The Garrick Club quarrel was, in truth, not creditable to any one concerned. Yates behaved offensively, and Thackeray with a lack of consistency, while Dickens, in his eager espousal of Yates, revealed an "animus" against his great rival which was very far from edifying.

I have alluded to Anthony Trollope in his capacity of a novelist; and, though he is now completely out of fashion, I venture to think that the day will come when his star will reappear in the literary firmament, though perhaps not for many years yet. Scant justice has, surely, been done to the fidelity with which he drew an infinite variety of types. His dukes, his dandies, his hunting-men, his squires, his civil servants, his barristers, his solicitors, and, above all, his clergy, are absolutely true to the life—though it must be admitted that, of all these characters, the civil servant is the only one with which he was intimately acquainted. He was once asked by a friend of mine, the wife of a Church dignitary, whence he derived his material for his wonderful novel "Barchester Towers," and, to her amazement, he solemnly assured her that when he wrote it he was not acquainted with a single cathedral dignitary! Take, again, Mr. Sowerby, the spendthrift county M.P. in "Framley Parsonage"; the characterization is astonishingly accurate, yet at the time, I doubt if Trollope had ever spoken to a county member of Parliament! I know of only one parallel example of unerring instinct, and that was the dramatist Tom Robertson. A friend of mine, a retired army officer, knew Robertson in his provincial-management days, and he and some of his brother officers, when stationed at Chatham, used, out of sheer compassion for poor Robert-

son, to take now and then the front row of the usually empty stalls, an attention which Robertson always gratefully acknowledged. Later on, when Robertson took to play-writing and "struck oil" with his charming comedies, nearly all dealing with fashionable society as it was in that day, my friend, mindful of his antecedents, asked him how he had managed to write the plays, adding that he presumed Robertson must have lately found his way into really first-rate society. "My dear sir," Robertson replied, "you may not perhaps believe me, but I never stayed in a great house except once, and that was for a single night to arrange some theatricals, when I dined in the housekeeper's room!" The unerring instinct, however, was there, and an uninitiated spectator would have supposed that the author had been mixing in good society all his life. I was lucky enough to be present at the opening night, if not of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, at all events of Robertson's first play, "Society," being taken there by a school-fellow with whom I was staying in the Christmas holidays. The stalls were, I remember, priced at five shillings, and the balcony stalls at three! The comedy was preceded by a burletta called, I think, "Pandora's Box," in which Lady Bancroft and her sister, Miss Blanche Wilton, appeared; while in the comedy "Society" John Hare was, I believe, first introduced to a London, or at all events to a West End, audience in the character of "Lord Ptarmigan"—a henpecked soporific peer, whose part mainly consisted in the mumbling of an occasional protest, and in falling asleep propped up on a couple of chairs! But Hare contrived to invest it with such delicate and original humor, that from that night his success was assured. All the acting was, I remember, fastidiously finished and refined, the acme of

high-comedy impersonation, and, to paraphrase the famous definition of the first "Pall Mall Gazette," London discovered that at last there was a theatre where it could see refined pieces "played by ladies and gentlemen for ladies and gentlemen." But, alas! poor Robertson was permitted to enjoy only the briefest taste of this long-deferred prosperity. Just as his name was on every one's lips, and the money he had all his life needed so sorely beginning steadily to stream in, Fate, with one of its cruel strokes of irony, laid him low with a terrible disease to which he rapidly succumbed. It is the fashion nowadays to decry his work; but if slight, it was surely of a higher type than such dramas as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Gay Lord Quex," which depict only the worst and most depraved side of Society.

Another theatrical feature of that day was the healthy laugh-compelling burlesque which Mr. Byron and the present Sir Frank Burnand were peculiarly felicitous in composing. Burnand's "Black-eyed Susan," with Miss Patty Oliver in the part of "Susan," had for those days the phenomenal run of over a year, and well was it justified. The rhymes, the puns, the "go," even the "gag," were all superlative of their kind; while the acting was inimitable, especially that of Susan's mother and "Captain Crosstree." The latter's song, commencing "Captain Crosstree is my name," was encored nightly, often six times; and I knew one staid old gentleman, with a grown-up family, who spent sixty nights of that particular twelvemonth in the contemplation of Miss Oliver and her gifted troupe! Almost an equal treat, though of a different kind, was this delightful actress's impersonation of "Meg" in "Meg's Diversion," her simple, tender pathos drawing tears from almost every eye in the house.

Miss Oliver was, I think, one of the

actresses who occasionally consented to play with "The Windsor Strollers," whose greatest vogue was in the later "Sixties" and the early "Seventies." Its constitution was curious,—several guardsmen, one or two extraneous officers, and a few civilians, of whom the celebrated "Tommy" Holmes and Palgrave Simpson were the most notable. "Tommy" Holmes died not long ago at a fabulous age, gay and vigorous almost to the last. He must have been nearly eighty when I saw him at a supper of the "Strollers," but he still followed the hounds, astonishing the Leicestershire field by appearing in a sort of Astley Circus costume on a long-tailed white quadruped, which also strongly suggested the arena!

Palgrave Simpson's connection with "The Windsor Strollers" was not altogether satisfactory to himself. One of those extremely vain individuals who take even the most good-natured banter seriously, his *amour propre* encountered more than one rude shock from his dramatic *confrères*. But for his most crucial experience of this kind he was indebted to one of the audience on the occasion of a performance in which he took a leading part at the Windsor Theatre. The piece was rather a stagey melodrama, in which Simpson had cast himself for the principal character, one that lent itself to a good deal of "emotional" acting. Palgrave Simpson, who was never one of the "restrained" school of players, in his anxiety to make the hit of the evening, persistently over-accentuated his part, finally prolonging the crowning moment with interminable gasps and gurgles, in the midst of which he made a sort of hand-and-knee progress across the stage. At that moment one of the "gods," unable to stand this inarticulate prelude any longer, shouted encouragingly from the gallery, "Come! spit it out, old man!" In an instant Palgrave Simpson sprang to his feet, and

rushing to the footlights, shrilled out in a paroxysm of fury, "Unless that man is removed, I shall decline to take any further part in the play." The scene that ensued may be imagined: the man refused to leave and Simpson to act; eventually, however, he was sufficiently mollified to finish his part; but the ordeal of that night, and of another not less agonizing, when in the green-room he found himself confronted with the following inscription chalked on a blackboard: "Palgrave Simpson cannot act a damn!" rendered the "Strollers" too trying an association to enlist much of his talent.

Of all the English actors I have seen during the last forty years, I think Alfred Wigan was artistically the most perfect. He seemed to have the indefinable quality possessed by Aimée Désclée: the power, so to speak, of silently insinuating himself into the recesses of the heart. The most perfect representations of pathos I have ever witnessed on the stage were that of Wigan as the old father in the little one-act piece, "The First Night," and of Aimée Désclée as "Frou Frou." I think it is no disparagement to Madame Bernhardt to affirm that Mdlle. Désclée struck a note which she has never quite reached. It is true, when I saw the performance of "Frou Frou," Mdlle. Désclée (though the audience was unaware of it) was actually dying, a circumstance which, no doubt, lent additional poignancy to the death-scene in the drama; but her voice, her form, her face, all possessed an intangible, almost spiritual, charm, to which no actress that I have ever seen has quite attained. The secret, perhaps, partly lay in her simple mode of life. A daughter of the people, she never cared to dwell amid the glittering Paris world, but even in the heyday of her fame would cross the Seine every night to the unpretentious *quartier* where she was born, eventually

bequeathing to its poor all the money she had amassed by her matchless art.

"Frou Frou" interpreted by a latter-day English actress does not sound convincing, but admirers of Miss Winifred Emery who missed seeing her in an English version some years ago at the Comedy Theatre have much to regret. She revealed a capacity for delicate pathos which surprised even those most familiar with her powers, and gave promise of a really great career in serious drama. The Fates, however, have ordained that she shall cultivate the comic Muse, thus sacrificing a quality which is now more than ever needed on the English stage.

The faculty of arousing tears is rather rare among our actors and actresses, but in certain pieces Mrs. Kendal and poor William Terriss could unman the most mundane and matter-of-fact audience. Terriss's most signal triumph in this respect was achieved a few weeks before his tragic death, when his superb impersonation of "William" in Douglas Jerrold's "Black-eyed Susan," nightly melted the entire house to tears. It was not that he was a superlative actor, for he had many defects, but, somehow, he stepped into this particular part as if he had been made for it (he started life in the navy), and his handsome, manly face, his cheery voice, and genial, sailor-like simplicity, carried all before them. Those who came to scoff remained to cry, and I remember seeing a "smart" young lady who had boasted to me that nothing on the stage ever could or would move her to tears, leave the theatre a veritable Niobe! Apropos of Terriss's death, a friend of mine, a lady, saw the whole scene enacted in a dream a day or two before the murder, though she had never seen Terriss either on or off the stage. All the surroundings were exactly those of the tragedy: the passage, the flaring light, the man advancing in the cloak, and the second

man suddenly stepping forward and stabbing him. She told her family of the dream when she came down to breakfast, so deeply had it impressed her, and a morning or two afterwards, on taking up the paper, she read the account of Terriss's murder. The only parallel that I know to this dream was that of the Cornish gentleman who

Blackwood's Magazine.

saw in a similar way, with the minutest of details, the assassination of Spencer Perceval a day or two before it occurred, though he had never set eyes on Mr. Perceval, nor on any portrait of him, but merely knew him by repute as the Prime Minister of the day.

Sigma.

HOW THE COURT CAME BACK TO PEKING.

BY MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

To arrive in Peking, and hear that the Imperial Court was just removing to the Southern Park, and would de-train at Ma-chio-pu, a station about five miles from Peking, involved of course an instant resolution to go there and see the pomp and ceremony. We had travelled almost breathless right across China; in eight days and a half from Chentu to Chungking, a land journey generally done in eleven days, then from Chungking to Ichang in a small boat, rowing day and night, thus getting through the Yangtse Gorges in six days, which took a party of Europeans comfortably established in the usual sort of boat at the same time fourteen days to accomplish; then on in a steamer for three days to Hankow, and in another larger steamer from Hankow to Shanghai again another three days; with another week of journey from Shanghai to Peking, including a day at Tsingtao, the new German settlement, and a night at Tientsin. Thence a three hours railway journey brought us to Peking, and there next day we stepped into rickshaws, and proceeded out through the dust to meet the Imperial Court. Even on the way out it was quite a sight to see those who were doing likewise,

officials and officials' attendants on inelegant but sturdy Tientsin ponies, and yet more interesting Imperial yellow porcelain in baskets dangling from men's shoulder poles.

The station, when we at last arrived there, was all canopied with Imperial yellow silk save in the centre, where chequers were formed with this and red and black silks; the platform was spread with red cloth; there were some very smart inclined places with railings, evidently intended to help in the descent out of the train. On one side a fine yellow silk tent, where the Emperor had waited for his aunt by adoption on the journey to the tombs, and on the other side of the station quite an encampment of tents for the various Government Boards—that of the Censors small and plain but central, that of the Board of Foreign Affairs picturesque with its blue and blackness, and roomy. Behind them and on either side more and more tents, all those to the left blue edged with black, those to the right of but one color; behind them and gleaming in between them a long procession of gaudy colored umbrellas, such as are presented to an official on his giving up office, and a still longer line of Yuan Shih-

kai's Shantung soldiery, each carrying a tricolored banner furled.

Dignitary after dignitary arrived, descended from his cart and saluted in the official style, slipping the right hand down the leg to below the knee, which is at the same time bowed. All were in heavy silks embroidered, with high official boots to the knee, large necklaces falling to the waist, and conical caps covered with red tasselling; each wearing on his breast an embroidered plaque of bird or beast, according as to whether he were a civil or military official. We stood among quite a large company of blue button Mandarins before the Imperial train was announced. It arrived with all the platforms overcrowded, as if the carriages were bursting with the retinue; two trains of luggage had already arrived. The state carriage drew up just in front of where we were standing. Some one got out from it; it was said to be the Viceroy, Yuan Shih-kai. Then Li Lien-ying, the Empress's favorite, to whom every Chinese official wishing for an audience has to pay a sum fully proportionate to his revenue, looked out. He was obliging enough indeed to stand for some time at the head of the little flight of steps, looking down; the cares of office had marked tiny lines upon his face, preeminently a careful face, that of one with a wonderful capacity for mastering details, but it was decidedly not a bad face, neither vicious, nor brutal, nor cruel, but rather that of a man whom you could not easily stop in the performance of his duty, to whose heart you would never dream of appealing, who would plan and contrive and scheme and succeed whilst most appearing to give way. One wonders what would have happened if he and Tse-hsi had ever met in opposition! But both must intuitively have felt that they together were a match for the world, and so joined forces.

When Li Lien-ying came down there was a ripple in the crowd, and we became aware of a bright-looking, slight young man stepping buoyantly out of the carriage, with the happy smile of so many an English young man as he comes to his journey's end. "Who can that bright, happy-looking boy be?" was all but on my lips, when an English engineer behind me spoke out loud, although cautioned beforehand not to do so, and at the same time a Chinese official in front of me turned, and tugged violently at my sleeve, as if I were the culprit. For it was the Emperor of China himself, who, before one had time to realize it was he, had got swiftly into the vast golden-yellow sedan chair waiting for him and been silently carried away, only his curiously projecting chin noticeable in profile as he sat, still looking back at the train he had left. A deep hush always falls upon the crowd in China whenever a Mandarin stirs abroad; how much more when the Son of Heaven moves; and a few years ago surely that foreign engineer would have been beheaded for his outspokenness. But this year none ever knelt, whereas of old it was on both knees and with faces earthward-bent that Chinese subjects would have received their Emperor.

Tse-hsi, Empress Dowager, was the next to appear, standing for some time on the railway platform, with its *royal* embroidery, an eunuch supporting her under either arm. On this occasion she certainly looked her age, sixty-eight, with her very broad face and many double chins. Her eyes, the longest probably ever seen, remained cast down, and though there was a great appearance of graciousness, the smile, whose coldness even chills foreign Ministers, was absent. Yet, even as she stood still and silent with her eyes cast down, one felt the magnetic power of the woman. There was no

appearance of powder or paint about her, no indication of either eyes or eyebrows being artificially lengthened. If done at all, it must have been well done. But the thing that was most striking about her was her stillness. Her attendants seemed trying to bring her down upon the platform. Tse-hsi did not want to come down, and she *stood still*. She stood still again upon the railway platform, absolutely immovable, until at last, breathless and hatless, a railway official rushed up from somewhere or other and bowed low before her. Then, satisfied, she at once got into her sedan-chair, only less vast than that of the Emperor, and was very quickly carried away. But I felt a pricking in my thumbs for long afterwards.

Just as the Empress regnant but not ruling appeared at the carriage door the train began to back away, and I saw nothing but her eyes and brow, above which the locks were wide dispersed. So far it seemed a good face. But it was impossible to discern whether the will power was there, so visible in the Empress Dowager's pleasantly flattering face, with falsity written large over every line of the apparently good-humored surface. The Dowager is of the type so well known in every land where society exists. Were she an English mother she would, one feels at once, marry all her daughters to eldest sons, irrespective of whether they were lunatics or confirmed dipsomaniacs. She would smile and say pleasant things, as she pressed forward over her enemy's dead body, without even a thrill of pleasure in the doing so; it would be so absolutely indifferent to her how she got there provided that she got to the front. People who have seen her eyes raised talk of their marvellous quickness, people who have seen her smile talk of the smile's coldness, ladies who have conversed with her speak of the furi-

ous anger of her expression as she reprimands an attendant, succeeded instantaneously by the utmost urbanity as she addresses a guest.

An English man of business who saw her at the station said afterwards: "Well, I have quite changed my mind. I always thought as likely as not the Empress had nothing to do with all those Boxer troubles, but that woman never was imposed upon or put upon. I know now she did it all."

The few foreign ladies who have conversed with her, and been flattered by her attentions, seem only the more, not the less, convinced of her remorselessness, and all concede that she never lets the Emperor alone, either she or Li Lien-ying being always by his side, so that it is impossible for him ever to speak unheard.

And then comes in a mystery. A little American girl was among the guests at one of the Empress's parties, and the Emperor at once took her up and kissed her, till the child, looking at her mother, said: "He does like me, mother, doesn't he?" After that he followed the child about, and kissed her again and again. She was a round-faced, rosy-cheeked little child of five. But how had the Emperor of China ever learned to kiss? How had the very idea of such a thing ever been suggested to him? No Chinese man throughout the whole length and breadth of the vast Chinese Empire ever kisses wife or child, unless he has been taught to do so by a foreigner.

No Chinese mother even kisses her child. The nearest she gets to it is lifting her child's face up to hers, and as it were smelling at it. Yet here was the Emperor of China evidently versed in the practice, so that directly he saw this foreign little girl he took her up and kissed her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, whilst to the everyday Chinaman this would

be a most unnatural, and indeed repulsive process.

As the imperial party disappeared in their Imperial yellow sedans, three carts of brilliant Imperial yellow drove after them, and a guard of yellow jacketed or waistcoated soldiery closed in round them, their officer a cross between an English naval officer with his golden stripes upon his arm, and a Russian army officer with a much be-furred cap, the poor man himself extra heated by both under the hot April sunshine of Peking. And as they all withdrew it seemed as if the Imperial yellow had withdrawn some of the sunshine from the earth, and we found ourselves almost at once in the semi-darkness of a Peking dust storm, a struggling mass of carts and cavaliers and rickshaws, with the poor coolies dragging them, all fighting for first place among the dreadful ruts of fields and roadways hardly distinguishable from fields.

That was on April 15, and on April 23, St. George's Day, the crowd standing on the walls by the Chien Men saw the Court's return to Peking. First came a mounted guard in tight-fitting black, with greaves hanging loose upon their legs, and all silver spangled; then a guard with a long crooning cry. Then the yellow sedans, the Empress-wife entirely shut up in hers, and this time carried close behind the Emperor. Again he did everything with lightning rapidity, so that it was hardly possible to catch a glimpse of him getting out of his chair, worshipping at the temple of the God of War, the patron deity of his dynasty, and being carried off again before one could believe it possible he had even alighted. The Empress Dowager, on the other hand, lingered long, waving her hand and then her handkerchief to the various foreign onlookers on the wall, and then calling for an opera glass the better to contemplate them. Even three days afterwards

the approaches to the Palace or Forbidden City were still thronged with carts innumerable, loaded with carpets, with skins, with all manner of what looked like worthless baggage, whilst long lines of rickshaws fringed the walls outside.

The return of the Court, as seen from the gates of Peking, looked like nothing but the entrance of a marauding party of stragglers. The whole of Peking, indeed, resembles an encampment, the greater part of it now being in ruins, whilst all the beautiful and interesting and pleasant part right to the centre of this great city is shut off for the private delectation of the woman who has raised herself to the Imperial throne of China, and evidently intends to get her full fill of enjoyment while on it. Can people fancy what it would be like in London if Alexandra, the beloved, were to close Buckingham Palace and St. James's and Kensington Palaces, together with the St. James's, Green, and Hyde Parks, allowing none to drive or walk there but herself and her attendants, even shutting up Piccadilly as a thoroughfare! What Tse-hsi has done in Peking is similar to this, only possibly the space enclosed by her is larger. And it was not always so. The Forbidden City, with the Palace, was always enclosed within lofty walls, but so is Buckingham Palace within walls, though small ones. One would not complain of that. It is Tse-hsi, however, who chose to live in the beautiful Winter Palace outside of it, and enclose that too. It is she who chose to shut up the Marble Bridge, which used to be freely open to everyone. So great is the inconvenience to the Peking populace and to the Mandarins who attend the Court, that when Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle, consented to come out of his retirement and resume the direction of affairs after the *coup d'état* in 1898, it was only on con-

dition that the Marble Bridge should be thrown open to traffic, and thus the east city once again connected with the west. But Prince Kung is dead and Tse-hsi still reigns, and the Marble Bridge once again is closed, while the Empress drives beneath the beautiful old trees by the Lotus Lake, along the pleasant turns beside the luxurious Winter Palace.

And now Russia has formulated demands for the complete and decisive cession of Manchuria, although she says she has not, without however attempting to explain the position of her troops there. The Diplomatic Corps is agitated. But the Empress Tse-hsi has already settled a far more delicate question.

The late Minister to Paris has returned with his partly American wife and daughters all full of the delights of Paris, and the latter with the most up-to-date of Parisian toilettes. One of these young ladies was to interpret at the audience to be given to the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps on May 12, the day after that fixed for the gentlemen; both held at the Summer Palace some distance out in the country. And the question at once arose, what was the young lady to wear. Her most *chic* Parisian toilette she herself said, or she could not undertake to interpret. But the Empress, through Prince Ching, now Prime Minister, has replied: "The wife of the late Minister to Paris being half American can come in American clothes, but the daughter of a Manchu official must come in Manchu dress; but as the young lady has no practice in high Manchu clogs" (with the high heel in the middle, an indispensable part of a Manchu lady's court dress), "and would therefore infallibly trip herself up and fall prostrate, let her therefore come dressed as a Manchu boy, only without the high official boots." And thus the question is settled by that mind, that,

like one of the great dockyard hammers, can either straighten a pin or mould a cannon.

We may depend upon it the Empress Dowager has no difficulties about Manchuria. She knows quite clearly what she wants; so long as she gets that, how she does so does not matter to her, and therefore she always gets her way. She is sixty-eight now. Upon how many years of splendor can she not look back! She, who began life as the poor and soon fatherless daughter of a small military official! Yet it is pleasant to hear of her that she has never forgotten, never overlooked, any of those who befriended her in her days of obscurity.

A doctor with keen eyes, observing her the other day, says he detects the signs of a mortal malady, and that she has but two years or at the most three to live. I did not detect the malady, but as I looked at her, two years more of life came distinctly into my mind. When I spoke to others of the impression I received of her strong magnetic gift, a Russian lady exclaimed excitedly: "That is just what — and — told me, that they never could feel natural, never could feel quite themselves in her presence." The wife of the acting British Chargé d'Affaires seized the opportunity of being at Paotingfu—the city from which the corner-stone was taken down because of the ghastly massacre of English men and women there—to have a private interview with the Dowager Empress, who was there at the same time. She and Lady — dedicated the whole of one Sunday to visiting the Empress at the Summer Palace. The American Minister's wife speaks of "my friend the Empress Dowager."

But at each fresh foreign visit to the old Buddha, as Chinese call the Empress Dowager, Chinese Christian women weep and protest bitterly, think-

ing of their murdered relations, whom they esteem *martyrs*.

Meanwhile we sit with the dust of Peking on our heads and faces, while one man regrets that the French attempt never came off, although divers were all ready to explore the well in the Palace down which the Emperor's favorite concubine is said to have been thrust by Tse-hsi's orders the night before the flight from Peking, Tse-hsi herself standing by to see stones thrown down upon the unhappy young woman, lest her body should rise to the surface; while another speculates as to whether the Emperor did or did not swallow the drugs prepared for him by Tse-hsi; whether his health has been ruined, and his development thereby stopped—he looks strangely young for his years—or whether like a

Roman of old he is a man of tremendous determination simply playing a *rôle* and biding his time. Sir Robert Hart has rebuilt exactly over his ruins, and has retained no reminder of a Past he would fain forget; others have erected fine dwelling-places and colleges beside their ruins, which still look down upon them hollow-eyed, recalling the friends thrust down wells or otherwise cruelly murdered within their walls. English men and women pass through Peking returning to Shansi to live on the spots to them hallowed by the deaths of loved relations, whom they too—curious, is it not?—esteem martyrs like those of old, the noble army who “praise Thee,” as we still say in our churches. Do we mean it as we sing it?

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE GRASS WIDOW'S FAREWELL.

[Dame Arthuria, chatelaine of Castel Cabinet, bids godspeed to her better half, the good knight Sir Joseph, who is cutting domestic ties and starting as a lonely free lance on his unofficial crusade.]

And is it fixed that we should part,
And must you really, really go?
Why, then, let courage steel my heart
To bear the stupefying blow;
Since Honor bids you seek the battle's press,
What can a woman do but acquiesce?

I would that I might share the shock,
And partially relieve your pains.
Myself I boast a fighting stock,
And *Burleigh's* blood imbues my veins;
Concealed below an outward lack of nerve
I have a fund of Amazonian verve.

But, though my nature calls to arms,
My duty clearly lies at home;
I may not risk the rude alarms
That surely wait you where you roam;
Your mission keeps you moving; it is cursory;
While mine is straitly bounded by the nursery.

Our restive children claim my care,
And I must mould their plastic limbs,
And teach them tales of what is fair,
And how to hum protective hymns;
Or, should I find their conduct very rank,
Mildly administer the lumbar spank.

There's little *Derry*—he must pay
Closer attention to his books;
There's *Lanny*, so inclined to play
In lesson-hours with fishing-hooks;
And darling *Dooky*—I could often weep
To see how constantly he falls asleep.

Thank heaven that *Austen*, splendid boy
(Your speaking image), stays behind,
For he should prove a lasting joy,
Bringing your features back to mind;
Dear fellow! how he fumed to join the fray,
Yet nobly undertook to stop away!

Go, then, my *Joseph*; have no fears;
Glory and Glasgow call you hence;
And, though the war goes on for years
(No doubt entailing much expense),
Still in my heart, unalterably true,
A warmish corner shall be kept for you.

Here is your shield! Come back with it
In triumph or yourself inside!
And know that I have got the grit
To wait unmoved whate'er betide;
Whether you win or make a howling mess,
Trust me, in any case, to acquiesce.

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

THE VERDICT OF THE PAST.

"We are *ennuyés* from excess of epigrams," said the pensive Poet, gazing mournfully from the window of his club reading-room. Without, the wayfarers passed and re-passed with frost-bitten noses and dripping umbrellas; it was a London morning in the midst of

May. The volume in his delicately-veined hand was a collection of the intellectual dainties in question by his most caustic critic, who nevertheless (in print, for he was personally unknown to him) posed as his admirer and candid friend. The Poet, though

hating puns even worse than epigrams, played lightly with the hackneyed phrase. "Candid but not sugared," he mused bitterly. "In truth, we could better brook the redundant flatterer, the jerry-builder of current reputations who lays on with a trowel, than these covert enemies who damn us with affected praise."

"It is the fault of the Age," remarked his companion, the Realist, noting the globular pellets of rain as they made misty splashes on the wet pavement. He had in view an effect for his next Academy picture. *The Submerged Tenth*.

"Ah, the Zeitgeist has much to answer for," agreed the Poet sadly.

The two young men gazed in silence at the doleful panorama. The painter wondered daringly whether an orbicular pendant of shining water at the nose-tip of his Aged Mendicant (in the aforesaid picture) would or would not transcend the chaste limits of Art; the reality he observed was a salient and expressive feature of these humid street scenes. But he thought shudderingly of the same concealed foe, whose scathing words, "Our puny limners, missing greatness, fall tooth and nail on the minute, and would rather paint pin-points than a galaxy of Gods," could only refer to him. The Poet chewed the cud of resentment, and re-read for the tenth time (from the anonymous volume in his hand) the epigrammatist's sneering taunt: "Our little unchartered laureates still play with the old hornbooks of rhyme, and tinkle outworn cymbals in our jaded ears. A figo for these mimics, who, too weak for the organ notes of the ancients, chirrup nimbly on penny pipes." That meant his *Sonnets of Prime* or nothing; for his less candid friends had consoled with him, although to them also the author of *Latter-day Judgments* was unknown in the flesh.

Like conditions beget like thoughts. The downward swish of the rain, and the melancholy procession of water-soaked humanity, omnibuses, carts, and cabs,—with occasional motor-cars whose fumes penetrated even the sealed recesses of the club—acted automatically on their systems, and each proffered the other an expensive cigarette. They inhaled the common consolation for some moments in silence. "Perhaps we misjudge the Age?" ventured the Realist, his sensitive organism responding to the narcotic.

"It may be so," assented the Poet, yielding to the same influence.

"I have just sold my *Midnight* (you remember it, an effect merely) for . . . for several pounds," the painter went on dreamily.

The Poet on his part recalled the irrelevant fact that the American copy-right of his last work in prose, *Matrimonial Essays*, the mere trifles of his unrhyming hours (though, disgusting to relate, more profitable financially than his hill-top productions), had gone for a like definite sum. But this was admitting the personal equation into cosmic affairs. "I wish," he exclaimed, springing to his feet with sudden energy, "I wish that we might have the unbiassed judgment of Time on ourselves and our work, on our civilization in brief. An opinion extra local, extra contemporary, if I may so say! We do not boast of the Twentieth Century as we once did of the Nineteenth, but as you remark it may really be great even now. These incondite critics of our labors,—your own and mine, for we have both felt the lash of irresponsible spite—may be merely those perennial pests of Genius, the blind bats and deaf adders that abound in every age of creative force, impervious alike to its spirit and form."

The painter gazed at him with admiration, noting the fine gesture of

his right arm for professional ends. But the idea seized strongly upon him. How desirable were such a pronouncement if it might be compassed by any means! His thoughts wandered over the different agencies, including the Psychical Society, which the metropolitan area places at the disposal of enquirers after truth. The artistic mind, though far from credulous, is not bound by the hard limitations which hamper the merely scientific intellect, hence the wider range of its vision. "I think it might be managed," he said, with happy inspiration.

"How?" demanded the Poet incredulously.

"Planchette!" answered the Realist.

To seek wisdom from the unseen by the triangular instrument in question seems a fond thing vainly invented, and communications from the sages of the past by that and similar means have not tended to enhance the reputations they once enjoyed. Indeed, the bathos into which the loftiest minds of earth seem to sink, even in the items of grammar and pronunciation, on their entrance upon the future state, opens an appalling prospect before average mediocrity, and should give us pause on its brink, if pause were possible. But the human heart is endlessly hopeful in this as in other things; and (education, position, natural force of mind, and other safeguards being no effectual bar) well-dressed mortals still assemble in darkened rooms to await the outpourings of disembodied souls. Therefore it was no anomaly that the Poet and the Realist should ere long be seated in a spacious, not too brightly illuminated apartment, with the needful machinery before them. A third person known as the Psychologist,—a grave man, bearded and spectacled—lent the aid of his mediumistic powers by lightly touching with his extended forefinger the pencil-armed

plate that was to record whatever messages might come. The two enquirers also placed each a digit on the instrument, the Psychologist explaining that his own psychic force was merely meant to supplement theirs.

"Let us invoke the criticism of the Past," cried the Poet buoyantly, with a strange light in his eyes. "Afterwards we can seek counsel of the Future."

"I am agreed," said the Realist, knowing the importance of concord in such undertakings.

"The Past is always safest," commented the member of the Psychical Society with an appearance of knowledge.

"But how shall we be certain that the Contemporary Critic, malignant, jaundiced, and spiteful as he ever is, is not in the air to taint the verdict of antiquity?" The Poet asked this with some concern, for his exquisitely delicate cuticle still smarted from the epigrammatist's scourge.

"I'll swear he isn't," answered the Psychologist positively, as if the state of the atmosphere were his particular business. He was a member also of their own club, a quiet man of philosophical habit, understood to be wholly occupied with the study of occult phenomena at private seances, thought-reading parties, and like exuberant gatherings. He now explained that the caustic scribe referred to sat in a chair and smoked, just as he did himself, and that his influence was limited to pens and ink, typewriters, and secret verbal detraction. "He couldn't dematerialize himself if he wanted to, any more than I could," he asserted with emphasis.

"Shall we then enquire respecting the Empire?" proposed the reassured Poet. "It is a part of the Age, an integral part, if I may so speak, and a conveniently inclusive term."

"Rather too inclusive, I fear," said

the Psychologist; "but we can try. I suppose you are agreed on the subject?"

The younger men bowed their assent. Equally high-strung, nervous, and imaginative, they waited in expectant silence. The darkened room seemed to their strained senses to grow loftier and vaster, its dim walls taking the quality of impalpable curtains between them and the eternal immensities. At length, as the tension became almost painful, the plate under their fingers moved slightly with a gentle creak. "I thought there'd be some of them about to-night," said the medium, as if they were bats or prowling animals.

Slowly and falteringly the pencil crawled over the virgin sheet, tracing archaic but legible characters, which presently spelled the opening words of a sentence: "To speake now of the true temper of empire, it is a thing rare and harde to keepe; for both temper and distemper consist of contraries," it wrote and then stopped. "Bacon, by George!" exclaimed the Psychologist softly. "But you won't get much out of him—I know the old skinflint's ways as you'll see." The pencil then resumed its course, scrawling at first but soon forming words: "The sheepe and cattle you sent must have lost the roade, for I saw them not in my fielde," was the complaint. The medium laughed gently: "Always the same old dodge, bribery and corruption!" he exclaimed. "It's just that way if you ask him if he wrote Shakespeare: he only palavers about the golden cups, basins, and sugar-tongs that he didn't get—pure force of habit no doubt."

But as he spoke the pencil started again with a swifter, more decisive movement. "An empire?" wrote the new oracle in a strange bold hand; "Why, it is the whole world! I hear tell that the sunn setteth not on its borders in his whole daily course. And

it embraceth all manner of heathen people, of the Indes, Ethiopia and America. All this is truly wonderful, almost passing imagination; yet it is not the Empire that we fought and travailed for in the days of great Gloriana, our Virgin Queen,—the England wherein no man, not even a Papist, called himselfe other than an Englishman. For I hear that in many parts of it over sea the people who sprang from our own bowels and who yet speake our language have thrown the name aside as if it were a reproach; yea, that in the American Plantations that we established it is now a hissing and a by-word. Moreover Jews, Infidels, and Sectaries, and even the outlaw Irish that we drave into the fens and bogs of their Island, now sit in your Parliament to make laws. Now your lord-keeper is a Scot; and your King has gone on pilgrimage to Rome, unto the Pope that we held to be Antichrist! Truly we foresaw not these things when we made perilous voyages, and bearded the Spaniard in his own waters, for the establishment of good religion and the enlargement of our Queen's dominions."

"Sir Walter Raleigh," said the Psychologist in a low voice, as the pencil ceased to write; "he's always harping in that strain. But you'd better get down to particulars now, the Empire's rather a mouth-filling subject and liable to make them long-winded."

The Poet and the Realist gazed at each other with awe-struck looks. There were evidently more things in heaven and earth than they, imaginative as they were, had yet dreamed of. Each tremulously shaped his lips to the art he most diligently practised; but as neither seemed inclined to take his turn, the Psychologist intervened. "Suppose you try war?" he suggested. "It's just now on the carpet, and they've probably been discussing it."

"Yes," said the Poet, waiving his pet theme for the present. "Let us have the judgment of the old commanders on our arms and their achievements."

The subject certainly appeared to have been under recent discussion in the spirit world, for the pencil began to move at once. Its progress was slow, steady, and in a manner dignified; the message being written in easy school Latin, which, both the inquirers having been trained in our famous institutions of secondary education, they could read without a crib.

"You call yourselves Romans in war," said the message in effect; "but when I conquered your island I was my own scribe, and wrote but the words, *veni, vidi, vici!* while you send cohorts of historians to proclaim your ineptitude and defeats. I came, saw, and conquered. Your legions in that war with the superstitious barbarians of the South could not come to them because their chariots were the swifter. They could not see them because their eyes were dim from the smoke of your cities, and moreover were obscured with pieces of crystal worn for vain ornament. And when by chance they fell in with them they were forced to yield and pass under the yoke, like those two miserable consuls, Veturius and Postumius, at the Caudine Forks. I thank the Gods that ignominy came not in my time! And you call yours an Empire! Jupiter-Ammon! had I your engines of flame and thunder, and your ships of iron, I would bring the whole world, that we now see is but a paltry sphere of earth and water, under my tribute and rule."

The pencil stopped abruptly. "Brutus has choked him off, he's always suppressing him," the medium whispered. The two younger men had grown pale, partly from memories of school discipline, partly from the august proximity. Both, however, were patriots,

and they flushed angrily at the close of the speech, written though it was.

"Jealousy and rancor evidently pervade the unseen world as well as our own," said the Poet, trying to calm his indignant feelings.

"Don't be too hard on them," urged the Psychologist. "They're a little bit envious of our modern inventions, as we should probably be ourselves if we were in their place."

But the pencil again interrupted him, this time moving across the paper in an excited jerky manner, and writing fragments of sentences in Greek and Latin, French, German, and English. "They're thick as bees, and all of 'em fighting to get a show," the medium chuckled with enjoyment. One of the least broken messages was in Greek: "Oh that I possessed a fleet of your fire-driven bladders of gas that swim through the air; then indeed would I find new worlds to conquer,—that Ares that the Romans called Mars, who still affronts us with his warlike beams. Oh Thais, Thais!" "Alexander, of course," said the medium sympathetically; "these motor-balloons drive him fairly silly. He's always wanting to annex the solar system—poor chap, he can't get it through his head that balloons won't navigate space." Other rapid but disjointed communications followed, from Frederick the Great, Marlborough, Napoleon, and later warriors. The laconic jibe, "Insufferable talkers!" they put down to Moltke; and certain highly cursory remarks from Wellington left no doubt as to his opinion of modern British Arms. "We'd better change the subject or there'll be a free fight among the Gods," advised the medium, whose nervous system was already suffering from the strain; and they withdrew their hands from the over-heated instrument.

"Envy, hatred, and malice seem inseparable from the action of minds, even those of the Immortals," sighed

the Poet; but disillusioned and astonished though he was he resolved to pursue their momentous enquiry. Never before, he believed, had so distinguished a company of untrammelled intelligences consented to favor mankind with their views.

War, however, had proved as dangerous a topic as empire, so it were best to try more pacific lines. "Politics are rather slow just now," suggested their companion, "and I dare say won't heat the wires." It should be mentioned that the spiritual currents had flowed chiefly through his own system, no doubt preferring familiar to untried channels.

That he was right as to the non-heating character of the suggested theme seemed at once evident; for if Planchette could be thought of as deliberately yawning it did so on the present occasion. At length,—apparently after stretching itself—it languidly wrote a sentence: "No war, no politics, no parties; there never was in the memory of Englishmen so inanimate an age." "That's Horace Walpole," said the Psychologist promptly; "I was pretty sure he'd be about, but I dare say more will come now." But they did not record their impressions for some time; and when the plate again moved it wrote in a singular shorthand which only the medium, who had encountered it before, was able to read. "The dullest insipid time I ever knew," it said. "The King minds his pleasures and takes his journeys: no great public business to do; the House sitting long upon an infinity of small matters; though some of them, God knows, are like to grow big enough. I mean these Acts for bettering the Port of London below the Bridge, and for paying the Irish for the lands we took from them. But, Lord! to think that the merchants of London should ever grow so stupid as to let their Port decay, when in my time all they de-

sired was to keep the Thames free and open for their trading. And this Irish business may end in our paying four times the worth of their whole island, though some there will not now receive the King civilly when he comes to them. Then methinks this new way with drunken people, to put their names and pictures in public books, is a silly piece of foolery and like to cost a great deal, besides a scandal to gentlemen who may chance to be overtaken out of their own houses. And God knows, too, what we shall do for craftsmen and servants if they send the lower sort to schools to be made philosophers and poets instead of learning their trades!" All recognized the vivacious diarist of the Restoration, and the medium laughed softly: "But he won't stick to politics long, see if he does," he whispered. This was true; for, after a confused reference to "the taxes on our goods in the Plantations abroad"—a subject that he plainly did not understand—he passed to other fields of observation. "To the playhouses," the pencil ran on glibly, "to see the new plays. But, Lord! to see what rogueish pieces they have now, with women almost bare on the stage, which I never knew in my time; yet none seemed put out of countenance. And strange, too, to see how many bold rogueish books are now writ, and read even by young maids; but I hear less are sold now than formerly, they are so like one another people will not buy them however the booksellers cry them up." After this no other statesman of the past deigned to commit himself at any length, and the pencil soon ceased to write.

The dread propinquity of unbodied spirits, still retaining their former passions and prejudices, was too awful even to allow feelings of resentment at the diarist's perverted view of their Monarch's travels of State. Both the Poet and the Realist were trembling

slightly and casting nervous glances about the room, the ceiling of which seemed now to have grown to the height of St. Paul's dome. The discursive plate remained untouched for some moments, each fearing to suggest another theme for its exercise. At last the painter broke silence: "Let's ask it what they think of our upper-class swells from an artistic point of view," he proposed. "Madam Blatterwitz, the society novelist, declares they're the most naively picturesque sinners in all history."

"Yes," assented his friend somewhat bitterly; "let us enquire concerning our persons of Blood and Fashion. Perhaps, if we are not great in wisdom we may be great in folly, or at least unique, which is something."

On this new subject the opening messages were in ancient Hebrew and Patristic Latin and Greek, and, the Psychologist assured them, of a highly denunciatory nature. It was not until the last of the more severe moralists had recorded himself that the lighter spirits ventured to approach, their first inscription being a tart and uncomplimentary epigram by Horace. A number of ancient Roman and comparatively recent French connoisseurs then expressed brief but contemptuous judgments on the spectacular value of modern vice. The Romans sneered at its timid and puny qualities as compared with their own Titanic orgies, and the refined critics of later Gaul laughed at its want of color and perspective—it was undraped, brutal, bourgeois. English criticism began with the wits of the Restoration, but was equally unfavorable, though for different reasons. The dramatists asserted that it had no original features whatever, and was merely the vice of their own age writ small. But later observers admitted certain novel and remarkable developments. "Lud!" exclaimed one unknown but clearly astonished spirit:

"to think that the world should come to this pass! Duelling quite gone out, and gentlemen of breeding and quality arranging their amours at the Law Courts along with costermongers and tradesmen! In my time, egad, they were matters for the rapier and pistol, the prerogatives of men of fashion, for we left law to parsons and old women. And the talk it makes now if a young spark runs through his fortune in a year or two. 'S'blood! I've known many a boy just out of school lose a whole estate over night at cards and blow his brains out in the morning, and not a word said!" "One of the old beaux, Brummel or Nash possibly," remarked the medium with a low chuckle. Then followed a stream of uniformly adverse judgments by different minds upon most contemporary things, from religion to infants' feeding-bottles, and from company-promoting to woman's dress, the latter theme affording mirth even in the world of shades.

The two enquirers rose to their feet in disgust. It was plain that a conspiracy existed among the departed to belittle the age in every respect. "Marmaduke," said the Poet solemnly, "just criticism is not to be had even from sublimated souls."

"I see it isn't," agreed the Realist, rather weakly.

"Well, but you've given them irritating subjects," the Psychologist urged in their defence. "Try something pacific and soothing, agriculture or sheep-raising for instance, and you'll find them fair enough."

"We seek illumination upon our respective Arts," replied the Poet loftily, still having his pet grievance in mind; "and from spheres beyond the influence of viperous epigrammatists who poison our blood with anonymous stings!" He was a little unstrung and rhetorical.

At his vivid epithet the Psychologist, as he could not help observing, winced

in a pronounced manner; and the movement filled him with a vague undefined fear. Why it should do so he could not tell; for, when he reflected, what possible sympathy could a member of the Psychical Society have for a manufacturer of the poisonous darts to which he had referred? It was unaccountable and disturbing, and set up trains of uncomfortable thought which nothing but his resolve to come at once to the main object of their enquiry (namely, the judgment of past ages upon the polite arts of to-day, and incidentally on his own and his friend's productions) enabled him to put aside, and then not so completely as his piece of mind demanded. It ought to be said that the Psychologist was not a regular medium, his remarkable powers having been acquired from contact with professionals in the course of his psychical investigations. He only dropped into the character as a friend, and to-night had taxed himself so severely that when the younger men suggested further commerce with the unseen he demurred almost to the point of refusal, especially as they now proposed literature and art. "The most risky subjects you could possibly have hit on," he objected, "and nearly certain to set them by the ears."

The Poet, however, explained that his own particular field was all he had in view, and that poets were superior to the baser passions wherever found, the painter asserting the same truth of his brethren of the brush. Upon this, though plainly fagged and in a bad temper, the medium consented to a second sitting, warning them, however, not to expect smooth speeches. "Let it be *modern* poetry," desired the Poet with rising color, as the trio re-seated themselves.

"And *modern* realism," added the painter, blushing more deeply still.

If the two artists (using the term in its wider sense) had formerly trembled,

they now fairly shook with excitement. The possibility of direct criticism upon their special lines of effort by the mightiest minds of old was a thought so tremendous as to be almost paralyzing; but the Poet, still haunted by their companion's strange behavior, felt added apprehensions. What if the medium were in subtle sympathy with their persecutor, and had by occult means permitted him to tinge the messages they had just received? And what if the same malign influence were to affect those to come? But Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, with the other Gods of the empyrean, were surely above the range of telepathic interference.

His suspicions, however, seemed directly confirmed by the outflow which at last rewarded their patience; for its tenor gave the lie to his late piously expressed belief. The recording pencil dashed down what looked like incoherent curses upon all modern poets and artists, and although this might have been due to the spirits' irritation at the conduct of their medium (who was now mopping his face in an exhausted manner and moving the plate viciously with three of his fingers), its later inscriptions left no doubt as to their true author. They were *epigrams*, bad but unmistakable! Nay worse, they were palpable excerpts from the fatal volume which had so wounded their own sensibilities—they recognized the phrases, "unchartered laureates" and "puny limners," with others equally familiar. But this strong evidence that the Contemporary Critic had been all along tampering with the spiritual wires led at once to a darker doubt. *What if the Psychologist himself were really the Epigrammatist?* The Poet recalled his odd assertion that the anonymous scribe sat in a chair and smoked, with other incriminating facts: "Sir," he asked sternly, withdrawing his hand from the plate and leaning back in

his own chair, "have you ever written epigrams, the English kind I mean?"

"Lots of them," answered the medium with calm effrontery: "I thought I said so. Yes, I always do it when I'm bored—it relieves my mind." He went on to say that there was no reason why he should not; there was no law against it that he ever heard of, and it amused him. He even gave them a few extemporary specimens in proof of his facility.

"Marmaduke, we are betrayed!" exclaimed the Poet, rising to his feet in white indignation.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"Vivian, we are undone!" echoed the Realist, following his example.

"Underdone I should say," remarked the Psychologist genially, as he rose and placed himself with his back to the glowing mid-May fire. "But I think you have had what you wanted," he went on, filling his ninth pipe with an air of gentle melancholy. "You wished for the unbiassed verdict of Time on the Age and its achievements; and I flatter myself that, with the aid of Planchette and a fair university education, I have given you at least that of the past with tolerable accuracy."

A. G. Hyde.

SOIR D'AUTOMNE.

*La flûte amère de l'automne
Pleure dans le soir anxieux. . . .*

Autumn's melancholy lute
Calls so clear and calls so sweet
Through the forest brown and mute,
Down the white-walled village street:
"Follow now, O follow now!
Burns the leaf upon the bough;
Cross the mountains hoar and old,
To the land of sunset gold."

Autumn beckons as she goes—
"Follow me, O follow me!
Would you 'scape the winter snows,
And the Happy Valleys see."
Autumn's amber-colored veil
Floats along the evening breeze,
Like some gilded galleon's sail
Drifting on to splendid seas.

Autumn's lute sounds low and clear,
Autumn's melancholy lute,
("Follow here, O follow here!")
Over woods and meadows mute.
"Come away, O come away!
Sundown calls you home from day;
Night is near and earth grows cold:
Follow through the sunset gold."

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

Pall Mall Magazine.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: VILLON.

I have said that in Charles of Orleans the middle ages are at first more apparent than the advent of the Renaissance. His forms are inherited from an earlier time, his terminology is that of the long allegories which had wearied three generations, his themes recall whatever was theatrical in the empty pageantry of the great war. It is a spirit deeper and more fundamental than the mere framework of his writing which attaches him to the coming time. His clarity is new; it proceeds from natural things; it marks that return to reality which is the beginning of all beneficent revolutions. But this spirit in him needs examination and discovery, and the reader is confused between the mediæval phrases and the something new and troubling in the voice that utters them.

With Villon, the next in order, a similar confusion might arise. All about him as he wrote were the middle ages: their grotesque, their contrast, their disorder. His youth and his activity of blood forbade him any contact with other than immediate influences. He was wholly Northern; he had not so much as guessed at what Italy might be. The decrepit University had given him, as best she could, the dregs of her failing philosophy and something of Latin. He grew learned as do those men who grasp quickly the major lines of their study, but who, in details, will only be moved by curiosity or by some special affection. There was nothing patient in him, and nothing applied, and in all this, in the matter of his scholarship, as in his acquirement of it, he is of the dying middle ages entirely.

His laughter also was theirs. The kind of laughter that saluted that first

Dance of Death which as a boy he had seen in new frescoes round the waste graveyard of the Innocents. His friends and enemies and heroes and buffoons were the youth of the narrow tortuous streets, his visions of height were the turrets of the palaces and the precipitate roofs of the town. Distance had never inspired him, for in that age its effect was forgotten. No one straight street displayed the greatness of the city, no wide and ordered spaces enhanced it. He crossed his native river upon bridges all shut in with houses, and houses hid the banks also. The sweep of the Seine no longer existed for his generation, and largeness of all kinds was hidden under the dust and rubble of decay. The majestic, which in sharp separate lines of his verse he certainly possessed, he discovered within his own mind, for no great arch or cornice, nor no colonnade had lifted him with its splendor.

That he could so discover it, that a solemnity and order should be apparent in the midst of his raillery whenever he desires to produce an effect of the grand, leads me to speak of that major quality of his by which he stands up out of his own time, and is clearly an originator of the great renewal. I mean his vigor.

It is all round about him, and through him, like a storm in a wood. It creates, it perceives. It possesses the man himself, and us also as we read him. By it he launches his influence forward and outward rather than receives it from the past. To it his successors turn, as to an ancestry, when they had long despised and thrown aside everything else that savored of the Gothic dead. By it he increased in reputation and meaning from his boyhood on for four hundred years,

till now he is secure among the first lyric poets of Christendom. It led to no excess of matter, but to an exuberance of attitude and manner, to an inexhaustibility of special words, to a vividness of impression unique even among his own people.

He was poor; he was amative; he was unsatisfied. This vigor, therefore, led in his actions to a mere wildness; clothed in this wildness the rare fragments of his life have descended to us. He professed to teach, but he haunted taverns, and loved the roaring of songs. He lived at random from his twentieth year in one den or another along the waterside. Affection brought him now to his mother, now to his old guardian priest, but not for long; he returned to adventure—such as it was. He killed a man, was arrested, condemned, pardoned, exiled; he wandered and again found Paris, and again—it seems—stumbled down his old lane of violence and dishonor.

Associated also with this wildness is a curious imperfection in our knowledge of him. His very name is not his own—or any other man's. His father, if it were his father, took his name from Mont-Corbier—half noble. Villon is but a little village over beyond the upper Yonne, near the water-parting, within a day of the water-parting when the land falls southward to Burgundy and the sun in what they call "The Slope of Gold." From this village a priest, William, had come to Paris in 1423. They gave him a canonry in that little church called "St. Bennets Askew," which stood in the midst of the University, near Sorbonne, where the Rue des Ecoles crosses the Rue St. Jacques to-day. Hither, to his house in the cloister, he brought the boy, a waif whom he had found, much at the time when Willoughby capitulated and the French recaptured the city. He had him taught, he designed him for the University, he

sheltered him in his vagaries, he gave him asylum. The young man took his name and called him "more than father." His anxious life led on to 1468, long after the poet had disappeared.

For it is in 1461, in his thirtieth year, that Villon last writes down a verse. It is in 1463 that his signature is last discovered. Then not by death or, if by death, then by some death unrecorded, he leaves history abruptly—a most astonishing exit! . . . You may pursue fantastic legends, you will not find the man himself again. Some say a final quarrel got him hanged at last—it is improbable: no record or even tradition of it remains. Rabelais thought him a wanderer in England. Poitou preserves a story of his later passage through her fields, how still he drank and sang with boon companions, and of how, again, he killed a man . . . Maybe, he only ceased to write; took to teaching soberly in the University, and lived in a decent inheritance to see new splendors growing upon Europe. It may very well be, for it is in such characters to desire in early manhood decency, honor, and repose. But for us the man ends with his last line. His body that was so very real, his personal voice, his jargon—tangible and audible things—spread outward suddenly a vast shadow upon nothingness. It was the end, also, of a world. The first Presses were creaking, Constantinople had fallen, Greek was in Italy, Leonardo lived, the sails of Vasco di Gama were ready—in that new light he disappears.

Of his greatness nothing can be said; it is like the greatness of all the chief poets, a thing too individual to seize in words. It is superior and exterior to the man. Genius of that astounding kind has all the qualities of an extraneous thing. A man is not answerable for it. It is nothing to his salvation; it is little even to his general character. It has been known to come and go, to

be put off and on like a garment, to be given and taken away like a capricious gift.

But of its manner in expression it may be noted that, as his vigor prepared the flood of new verse, so in another matter he is an origin. Through him, first the great town—and especially Paris—appeared and became permanent in letters.

Her local spirit and her special quality had shone fitfully here and there for a thousand years—you may find it in Julian, in Abbo, in Joinville. But now, in the fifteenth century, it had been not only a town but a great town for more than a century—a town, that is, in which men live entirely, almost ignorant of the fields, observing only other men, and forgetting the sky. The keen edge of such a life, its bitterness, the mockery and challenge whereby its evils are borne, its extended knowledge, the intensity of its spirit—all these are reflected in Villon, and first

reflected in him. Since his pen first wrote, acerbity has never deserted the literature of the capital.

It was not only the metropolitan, it was the Parisian spirit which Villon found and fixed. That spirit which is bright over the whole city, but which is not known in the first village outside; the influence that makes Paris Athenian.

The ironical Parisian soul has depths in it. It is so lucid that its luminous profundity escapes one—so with Villon. Religion hangs there. Humility—fatally divorced from simplicity—pervades it. It laughs at itself. There are ardent passions of sincerity, repressed and reacting upon themselves. The virtues, little practiced, are commonly comprehended, always appreciated, for the Faith is there permanent. All this you will find in Villon, but it is too great a matter for so short an essay as this.

Hilaire Belloc.

The Pilot.

LIFE THE INTERPRETER.

We look towards the dark, perplexing Past,
And search—with hopeless, unrevealing eyes—
The keyless, enigmatic riddle vast
That, untranslatable, behind us lies.

Mute, by our side Life stands, close-veiled, aloof,
Her silence mocking, as it seems, our doubt
That there is any meaning in the whole
Or any chart for feet along the route.

Rings in our ears the echo of a song—
A song that mocked the breaking of a heart;
Across the cruel wayward Past is flung
A mirthless laugh, in which joy held no part—

Nought but despair. When swift she lifts her veil,
And in a moment all is rendered clear,

The Past redeemed, the harshness washed away
Through the enlightening magic of a tear.

Yet once again the shrouding veil is raised,
A gleam of brightness in a weary while,
And all the hopeless, enigmatic Past
Is lightened by the magic of a smile.

Chambers's Journal.

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE:

A REPLY TO CRITICISMS.*

My article on this subject in the March issue of this periodical¹ having excited considerable interest, and several astronomers having done me the honor to criticize it, I gladly take the opportunity now offered me of making a brief reply to some of my critics, and also of defining my position somewhat more clearly.

I may at once admit that my former article, owing to the limited time then at my disposal, was written somewhat hastily; and that I made several suggestions and admissions which were of little importance to my general subject, but which laid me open to adverse criticism. Such were, a comparison of the stars of the Milky Way with the molecules of a gas, a comparison which I think I have seen made by some writer, but which was suggested to me by the repeated statements in all astronomical works that the proper motions of the stars are *in all directions* and at various velocities, which quite accords with those of gaseous molecules. I now see that there is probably no justification for this idea, and that

the facts that suggested it are *apparent* only. A similar unfounded notion (I now think), was that of a variation of gravity near the boundary of the universe, which like the supposed loss of light in passing through the ether, had better be altogether left out of our calculations till some evidence has been adduced in support of them.

One other point to which several of my critics have referred, and as to which I think they have somewhat misrepresented me, no doubt quite unintentionally, is my supposed statement that our sun is placed at the exact centre of the universe. On looking over my article I find that I have in most places, when referring to this question, used qualifying words, such as "at, or near the very central point," that we are "nearly equally distant from every part of" the Milky Way; "that our sun is one of the central orbs of a globular star cluster," which cluster occupies "a nearly central position," that it is "very near to, if not actually, at, the centre of the whole visible universe," and then, for once, I omit the

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¹ The Eclectic Magazine for May.

qualification and use the words "in all probability, in the centre of the whole material universe."

But this one slip some of my critics appear to have had chiefly in mind. Professor Turner says, that my argument is that life "is only possible at the exact centre," and that, though our sun is a mere unit of the solar cluster, I claim that it is "the central unit," whereas I say only "one of the central orbs." Professor Marcel Moye twice refers to me as saying that the sun is at "the very centre" of the Galaxy, and of the universe (*Knowledge*, June, p. 132). This, however, is a matter of detail hardly worth referring to. I will therefore pass at once to the more important criticisms, which are three in number: (1) that I have given no proof that the stars are not infinite; (2) that the sun's motion through space shows that our present central position can only be temporary; and (3) that there is no advantage whatever in a central position. Let us consider these points a little further.

(1) Is the evidence at our command for or against the infinite extension of the stellar universe? This is the real question, the only question we are able to discuss rationally. As to proof or disproof, either is impossible as regards what exists, or what does not exist in infinite space. And even as regards the probability of any particular form of existence being infinite, we have, and can have, no evidence, and without evidence it is irrational to hold any definite opinion. What I urged in my article was, that we *do* possess several distinct kinds of evidence, all pointing towards a limitation of our stellar universe; and I still think that this evidence is sufficient, because, this universe being on the enormous scale we know it to be, it is the only kind of evidence we can possibly get. I also find that most students of general astronomy express themselves quite

clearly on this point. Sir John Herschel says that in some parts of the Milky Way there are "spaces absolutely dark and completely void of any star, even of the smallest telescopic magnitude," and that in other parts, "extremely minute stars though never altogether wanting, occur in numbers so moderate as to lead us irresistibly to the conclusion that in these regions we see *fairly through* the starry stratum, since it is impossible otherwise (supposing their light not intercepted) that the numbers of the smaller magnitudes should not go on continually increasing *ad infinitum*. In such cases, moreover, the ground of the heavens, as seen between the stars, is for the most part perfectly dark, which again would not be the case if innumerable multitudes of stars, too minute to be individually discernible, existed beyond." And again, after stating that throughout by far the larger portion of the Milky Way the background of the sky is generally black, and that there is also an absence of excessive crowding of minute stars, he concludes that we have "unequivocal indications that its dimensions in directions where these conditions obtain, are not only not infinite, but that the space-penetrating power of our telescopes suffices fairly to pierce through and beyond it."²

These opinions of the man who had studied the whole sphere of the heavens most completely, and who had calmly and deliberately thought out most of the great problems of astronomy throughout a life devoted to the science, are certainly worthy of our attention and should outweigh the opinions or prejudices of those who ask for proofs of what cannot be proved.

Among modern astronomers, Dr. Isaac Roberts tells us that eleven years ago he took photographs of the great Nebula in Andromeda, and has

² "Outlines of Astronomy," last edition pp 837.-9.

recently taken photographs of the same object with the same instrument (his 20-inch reflector), and with the same exposures, but with more sensitive plates than were obtainable at the earlier period. But although in the more recent plates both the nebulosity and the star-images are denser, they show no greater number of stars than the earlier ones. Exactly similar facts are recorded in the case of the Orion Nebula and the Pleiades.

Another modern astronomer, Mr. J. E. Gore, speaks very strongly on this question. He says:—"Those who do not give the subject sufficient consideration seem to think that the number of the stars is practically infinite, or at least, that the number is so great that it cannot be estimated. But this idea is totally incorrect, and due to complete ignorance of telescopic revelations. It is certainly true that to a certain extent the larger the telescope the more the number of the stars seems to increase; but we now know that there is a limit to this increase of telescopic vision. And the evidence clearly shows that we are rapidly approaching this limit. Although the number of stars visible in the Pleiades rapidly increases at first with increase in the size of the telescope used, and although photography has still further increased the number of stars in this remarkable cluster, it has recently been found that an increased length of exposure—beyond three hours—adds very few stars to the number visible on the photograph taken at the Paris Observatory in 1885, on which over 2,000 stars can be counted. Even with this great number on so small an area of the heavens, comparatively large vacant places are visible between the stars, and a glance at the original photograph is sufficient to show that there would be ample room for many times the number actually visible." And, referring to the fact that, near the north

pole of the Galaxy, Celoria, with a quite small telescope, was able to see almost exactly the same number of stars as Sir William Herschel with his very powerful instruments, he remarks:—"Their absence, therefore, seems certain proof that very faint stars do not exist in that direction, and that here, at least, the sidereal universe is limited in extent."

These extracts are sufficient to show that astronomers of repute, and with a combination of practical and theoretical knowledge which I make no claim to possess, have arrived at the conclusion that the stellar universe is limited in extent; and I might have quoted Professor Newcomb, Miss Clerke, and many others, in a similar sense. But directly I, an outsider, venture to set forth the same view, and found it upon three distinct kinds of evidence, of which this is one, I am accused of "starting a myth," and it is asserted that my "attempted demonstration of the finite nature of the universe breaks down entirely." This statement is founded upon the possible and probable existence of dark stars and other cosmic matter to such an enormous amount that they would shut out the light from all stars beyond a certain distance. Of course, there probably are great numbers of dark stars, but what proportion they bear to the bright stars, no one can tell at present. It is a point which cannot be determined from any general principles, because it must depend upon the whole series of causes which produce so many luminous stars. We must know what is the average life of a luminous star, and also what is the average dormant period of a dark star before it becomes luminous again, if it ever does, so. Of these two groups of facts we know absolutely nothing except that there has been very little change in the brighter stars during the historical

* "Concise Science Astronomy," pp. 538-540

period, and that our sun has certainly been giving out both light and heat to nearly its present amount for many millions of years. We may fairly suppose that the dark stars are at least equal in number to the bright ones, or, perhaps, that they are ten times or a hundred times as numerous; few, probably, would believe, without any evidence whatever, that they are a thousand times as numerous. But even if they were so abundant as this, they would not materially diminish the light of the stars, as has been well shown by one of my less adverse critics, Mr. W. H. S. Monck, who on this point is on my side. In *Knowledge* (May, 1903), he shows that the difference between the light the stars actually give and what they would give if they extended to an infinite distance, and were distributed in anything approaching a similar density, is so enormous that even if the dark stars were 150,000 times as numerous as the bright ones, and both extended to infinity, every part of the heavens should be as bright as the face of the moon. Few persons, I presume, will claim that they are more numerous than this high proportion, while even if they are so numerous some one or more occultations of bright stars (not due to a dark companion), would almost certainly have been observed, since we must assume that all these dark stars have on the average an equal size and as great proper motions as the bright ones. A dark star with a diameter of a million miles, and a velocity of ten miles a second, would occult a star of the same size and double the distance for about fourteen hours, but with only a few minutes of total obscurity. If the dark star were larger and the bright one less distant from it, the period of obscuration would be greater. As such occultations of lucid stars would be visible to the naked eye, and from what we know of the proper motions of the

stars and their great diversity of size, might last for periods of from a few hours to a few days, *and not recur*, and as such a phenomenon has *never* been observed, we must conclude that the proportion of dark bodies is *not* so excessive as in the case supposed by Mr. Monck, and therefore that the stars, as a whole—bright and dark—are not infinite in number.

My critics who put forward the hypothesis of dark stars partially obscuring the bright ones, and ultimately totally obscuring those beyond a certain distance, do not attempt to show what that hypothesis implies, or consider if it would explain the observed facts. They ignore the essential point in the evidence, which is—that the ratio of increase in the number of stars from magnitude to magnitude as determined by the lucid stars, continues to be fairly accurate down to the ninth or tenth magnitude, and then, almost suddenly, ceases to be accurate, so that all minute stars down to the seventeenth magnitude are much less numerous than they ought to be. If we assume dark stars to exist in any large proportion, we have no right to assume that they are distributed very differently, on the average, from the bright ones. Consequently, the lucid stars and the telescopic stars down to the tenth magnitude ought to have their light diminished in the same proportion as the remainder down to the seventeenth magnitude. We must remember that there is no proof whatever of these very minute stars being on the average further off than the rest. If they are most abundant in the Milky Way so are stars of the first magnitude.

Professor Newcomb says:—"The smallest stars that we see with the most powerful telescopes are not, for the most part, more distant than those a grade brighter, but are mostly stars of less luminosity situate in the

same regions." Then we have the remarkable fact that the 31 bright stars, above 3.5 magnitude, whose parallax has been measured, are twice as far from us on the average as the 41 stars from 3.5 down to 9.5, these being the whole of the stars whose distances Professor Newcomb considers to be fairly well determined. Mr. Thomas Lewis, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, announced the same fact in 1895, but dividing the stars somewhat differently. He found that stars from 2.70 down to about 8.40 magnitude, had, on the average, double the parallaxes of the brighter stars above 2.70, and were therefore only half the distance from us. We thus see that there is no fixed relation between the apparent size and the nearness of the stars, and it follows that the rapid diminution of the number of stars below a certain magnitude cannot be explained by any amount of dark bodies unless we suppose also an exceedingly unequal distribution of those bodies. Hypothetically numerous dark stars, hypothetically distributed, do not form a very strong argument for rejecting direct inferences from the distribution of the stars. I therefore venture to think that the three converging lines of evidence which I have adduced, leading to the conclusion that the stellar universe *is* limited in extent, have not even been weakened by the arguments hitherto brought against them.

(2) The next point urged by my critics, and that on which they lay most stress is, that even if our sun is in a central position now, its known motion through space shows that the position is only temporary and can have no real significance. Professor Turner assures us, that without the tremendous inference I draw from it—"the fact itself, if fact it be, can only invite our polite attention as a curious coincidence. Even as a coincidence it does not take high rank; for it can,

in any case, only be temporary. If there *is* a centre to the visible universe and if we occupy it to-day, we certainly did not do so yesterday, and shall not do so to-morrow. The Solar System is known to be moving among the stars with a velocity which would carry us to Sirius in 100,000 years if we happened to be travelling in his direction, as we are not. In the 50 or 100 million years during which, according to geologists, this earth has been a habitable globe, we must have passed by thousands of stars on the right hand and on the left"—and he concludes that—"so far from our having tranquilly enjoyed a central position 'in unbroken continuity for scores or perhaps hundreds of millions of years,' we should in that time have traversed the Universe from boundary to boundary."* Taking Professor Newcomb's estimate of the dimensions of the whole Stellar Universe, he finds, that we should pass across it from boundary to boundary in forty-five million years. Thus, lightly and confidently, does Professor Turner dispose of the fact that we are, broadly speaking, in a central position with regard to the Milky Way.

Mr. E. Walter Maunder (in *Knowledge*, April, 1903) supports this view. He says, speaking of our sun's motion through space: "If this pace has been maintained in a straight line, five million years ago we were deep in the actual stream of the Milky Way; five million years hence we shall have completely crossed the gulf which it encircles, and again be a member of one of its constituent groups on the opposite side." This statement begins with an "if," but it concludes so positively that no reader would imagine there was any reasonable doubt as to the conclusion arrived at.

Another astronomical critic, Professor Marcel Moye, of Montpellier University, adopts the same view (in

* "Fortnightly Review," April, 1903, p. 600

Knowledge of June, 1903). He says:—"Further, if, by hypothesis, at a given instant, the sun were at the centre of the Universe, it would lose its position soon, and never return to it again. We must not forget the proper motion of our luminary, a motion of ten miles per second, at least."

The views here stated by three official astronomers have greatly surprised me, because they assume that the sun, and presumably most of the other stars, are all moving in straight lines at various speeds and in various directions, and that these motions have been in the same straight lines for many millions of years past, and will be so for many million years to come, carrying us and them in various directions into or beyond the Milky Way. As regards our sun this view is put forth as a proof that its present nearly central position cannot have existed in the past and will not exist in the future; and therefore as a complete refutation of my view, that its present central position is a fact of great significance.

Now, what surprises me is, that all these gentlemen should have either forgotten, or have purposely ignored, the existence of gravitation. For, within a system of hundreds of millions of suns irregularly distributed and supposed to be on the average much larger than ours, motion in a straight line, not only for millions of years but for any one year, is impossible. This view of even approximately straight line motion of our sun—"traversing the Universe from boundary to boundary"—implies that such motion was not acquired by gravitation within the Universe, but was given to it by some outer force; and, therefore, if *all* the proper motions of the stars were acquired in the same way—that they were driven into the Universe from without—then, indeed, the whole system would be more analogous to the molecules of a gas than to

a Universe in which gravitation was the chief or the only ruling force.

Still more surprising is the circumstance that my critics have ignored the fact that this determination of the sun's motion at a certain rate and in a certain direction is founded upon an *assumption*, which assumption is known to be partially and may be wholly erroneous. The assumption is, that the proper motions of the stars are not systematic, have no relation to each other, but are wholly random motions. Now, in the first place, hardly any mathematical astronomers believe this to be really the case, and many are searching in every direction for *systematic* motions in some part or the whole of the heavens. And, in the second place, some such systematic motions do actually exist. By carefully charting all the proper motions known at the time, the late Mr. R. A. Proctor showed that in various parts of the heavens groups of stars were moving together in the same direction and at exactly or nearly the same speed. Five stars in the Great Bear, three in Cassiopeia, and almost all in the Pleiades thus move together. He termed these motions "star-drift"; and till such motions are carefully searched for and compared with each other, we cannot say that the apparent motions of any stars are not systematic. M. Rancken and Mr. Maxwell Hall have both discovered what they believe to be very extensive systematic motions.

As to the effect of these facts and indications upon the determination of the direction and rate of motion of our sun, I will give the opinion of three astronomical writers of repute. Mr. W. H. S. Monck, of Dublin, says:—"The proof of this motion rests on the assumption that if we take a sufficient number of stars their real motions in all directions will be equal, and that, therefore, the apparent preponderances which we observe in particular direc-

tions result from the real motion of the sun. But there is no impossibility in a systematic motion of the majority of the stars used in these researches which might reconcile the observed facts with a motionless sun. And, in the second place, if the sun is not in the exact centre of gravity of the universe, we might expect him to be moving in an orbit around this centre of gravity, and our observations on his actual motion are not sufficiently numerous or accurate to enable us to affirm that he is moving in a right line rather than in such an orbit." Again, Miss A. M. Clerke, the historian of modern astronomy, in her *System of the Stars*, speaks still more strongly on the same question, as follows:—"For the assumption that the absolute movements of the stars have no preference for one direction over another forms the basis of all investigations hitherto conducted into the translatory advance of the solar system. The little fabric of laboriously acquired knowledge regarding it at once crumbles if that basis has to be removed." And, quite recently, Mr. W. W. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, writes as follows:—"The motion of the solar system is a purely relative quantity. It refers to specified groups of stars. The results for various groups may differ widely, and all be correct. It would be easy to select a group of stars with reference to which the solar motion would be reversed 180° from the value assigned above."⁵

It appears then, that whether we consider the effects of gravitation, which almost always lead to motions either in elliptical orbits or in some other allied curves; or whether we take into account the extreme uncertainty, if not total invalidity, of the data on which all determinations of the sun's motion through space depend,

⁵ "The Astrophysical Journal," vol. xiii., p. 87 1901.

my chief astronomical critics have misled their readers by setting before them the supposed motion of the sun, as if it were certainly in a straight line and not in some orbit around a centre, and also as if both its direction and velocity were determined by methods of observation as secure as those by which the distances of the sun and of the nearest stars have been measured. So far, then, as the objections to my views depending upon the sun's motion through space are concerned, I submit that I have shown them to be wholly worthless.

(3) The third most confidently stated criticism of my article was, that even if we were in a central position in the stellar universe, and if that position were a permanent one, it would not be of the least use to us as an inhabited world. Professor H. H. Turner says:—"We have no reason for supposing that if the stars were blotted out of existence our Sun would become dead and cold sensibly sooner than under present conditions. The accepted belief is, that his slow contraction is sufficient to account for the energy radiated, and other observed phenomena; and it has never, so far as I am aware, been suggested that we are kept alive by the attractive powers of our neighbors, the fixed stars, or by their influence in any other form. We might wander into outer space without losing anything more serious than we lose when the night is cloudy and we cannot see the stars."⁶

Now this way of looking at the question is a very one-sided and imperfect one. We are situated in a vast universe and are products of it. We cannot detach ourselves from it and say—"We do not want the rest of the universe; the stars are no good to us; so long as we have our sun all the rest may go." The universe is a mighty organism: its whole aspect and struc-

⁶ "Fortnightly Review," April, 1903, p. 600.

ture assure us of the fact. We are a portion of it, and owe our position, our surroundings, our very existence to it. Looking at it as an evolutionist, I believe that it is only by tracing it back to some necessary earlier state that we shall be able to form some rational conception of how it has evolved, how it has come to be what it is, how we have come to be where we are. Then, and then only, shall we be able to give any probable answer to the question—What advantages have we derived from our nearly central position?

On all these points I could find hardly any suggestions of enlightenment in astronomical literature, but, rather, what seem to me now to be unnecessary difficulties thrown in the way of the enquirer; and at the time I wrote my article I had no clear ideas on the subject myself. Hence my vague and weak suggestion of stellar radiations affecting us. But, having undertaken to write a book upon the same subject as my article, I have, for some three or four months, been almost daily more or less occupied with it, and have quite recently reached what is, to myself at all events, a satisfactory explanation.

Light first came to me through reading (so far as a non-mathematician can read such a work) Lord Kelvin's remarkable article in the *Philosophical Magazine* of January, 1902, "*On the Clustering of Gravitational Matter in any part of the Universe.*" In the first place, this removed the difficulty, which almost all writers upon the Stellar Universe had dwelt upon, as to the proper motions of the stars being often so large that they *could not* have been produced by gravitation within the universe. By different, but yet quite probable assumptions as to the primitive extent of the universe and the mass of matter within it, Lord Kelvin shows that the average proper motions are such as *could be* produced by gravitation. But he does not, as I had

hoped he would have done, go on to explain how his preliminary assumptions would or might lead to a universe constituted like that which we see around us.

Having arrived at the last chapter of my book I was for some weeks puzzling myself over this problem, *some* solution of which I felt to be essential to the completion of my work; and at last—as I usually find to be the case—the sought-for solution came to me, and brought with it as I had expected it would bring, a very clear explanation of the extreme importance of our central position as the only one which could afford the conditions which are absolutely essential for the long processes of life-development. This enabled me to complete my work, which is now ready for the press, and I hope will be published shortly after the appearance of this article.

The careful study of the whole subject during the preparation of this work has greatly strengthened the position I took in my first article. In the portion devoted to the biology and physics of the earth and solar system especially, I have found that such delicate adjustments and such numerous combinations of physical and chemical conditions are required for the development and maintenance of life as to render it in the highest degree improbable that they should all be again found combined in any planet; while within the solar system this improbability approaches very near indeed to a certainty. This part of my work contains so much novel and suggestive matter as to throw quite a new light on a subject which, so far as I know, has never before been so fully discussed.

In the astronomical portion of the volume also, I have shown that a large body of facts, due to recent researches, have a direct bearing upon the question of there being other inhabited

planets revolving around other suns. On this question of course there can be no direct evidence; but the facts that I adduce will, I think, satisfy those who come to the subject without prepossessions on one side or the other

that the combination of probabilities against such an occurrence are so great as to lead to the provisional conclusion that our earth is the only inhabited planet in the whole Stellar Universe.

The Fortnightly Review.

Alfred R. Wallace.

"DANNY"—AN APPRECIATION.*

I do not know what the critics have said of *Danny*. I have taken good care not to read them. I do not approach this book in the spirit of criticism. He who has once fallen under the spell of "the wee man with the dear eyes" can appreciate *Danny*, as, indeed, no man can, but to criticise is not for him. "Man was not made to question, but adore." No one can understand that as he can who has worshipped at the shrine of the Dandle. Moreover, it was once mine to own and love a Danny who, like Mr. Ollivant's, was brought within an ace of drowning, and became "a pathetic sea-gray misery" in consequence. That Danny's head looks down upon me from its framed canvas as I write, as lifelike as Miss Fairman's "faithful portrait of the hero." And with these memories is it strange that Mr. Ollivant's work appeals to me as to one of the brotherhood, a fellow-worshipper; and that I could no more criticise his Danny than I could dissect him?

Mr. Ollivant has presented us with a prose poem not to be recommended to the superior person who has a lofty contempt for sentiment, but which is like

Music stealing
All the soul of feeling

to those that love the "little brother," the friend of man, and more especially to them that are of the cult of Danny.

* "Danny: The story of a Dandle Dinmont." By Alfred Ollivant, author of "Owd Bob." London: John Murray. 1903.

It is a living picture that which he has drawn of the old Scotch Laird, the stark Heriot, terror of kirk-breakers, whose motto is "I kenna canna," and who rules the village with a rod of iron from the old house by the moor where he lives with his two ancient retainers, Deborah and Robin. But the most delightful picture of all is that of his child-wife, "Missie," with the russet gold hair, a dream of beauty, love, and laughter, and alas! like a dream fading away. To her it was that Danny came as a present sent by a former suitor, one Andie Campbell. It was all because of Danny's eyes. "I never saw such eyes," he wrote, "outside the head of an angel and one other, whom I mustn't think of any more. I can't keep the little beggar because of his eyes." Now, every member of the cult knows well that of all the many charms of the Dandle the greatest is the charm of those large brown eyes, so we know that sweet Missie's eyes must have been glad eyes, trustful eyes, tender eyes, wistful eyes, pathetic eyes; and we can sympathize with poor Master Andie's trouble.

Very charming is the picture of Danny's first introduction to the gruff old man, the last of the Lairds of Hepburn:

There came a knock at the Laird's door, very shy.

"Who's there?" he growled.

"It's me, Massa," said a timid voice.

"Come in, Me," said the Laird, grimly, and swung in his chair.

There entered the Laird's lady, who might have been his daughter.

"I'm not disturbing you?" she asked, standing against the door, slim, shy, and with alarmed child's eyes.

"You are," said the Laird.

"Oh," said the lady, "sh—shall I go?"

"It's done now."

"Awful sorry," said the lady.

The Laird grunted.

"What is it?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said the lady, and whispered, "Hush! *do hush!*" to a noise of snuffling without.

"Why disturb me, then?"

"Because it's—well—rather nice."

"Oh, show it in!" said the Laird.

"May I?" she cried, with leaping eyes, and opened the door delicately.

"Danny!" she called, bent, and enticed with slim long fingers. "Hss Hss! Danny, wee man!"

"Busily through the crack there came a knightly babe in tabard of clouded silver; long and low and battle-jawed, who halted on a lion's skin, and stood there with uplifted head and the shy, delightful dignity of one gentleman doubtful of his welcome at the hands of another.

Needless to say, Missie keeps the little man, and loves him as a mother loves her bairn, and of course being a hunter, and of independent spirit, as every true-bred Dandie is, he causes endless anxiety by his long absences hunting and "killing" on the moor. Mr. Ollivant writes as a lover, and knows well every characteristic look, trick, and habit of the Dandie. Take this little sketch, for instance. Marjory is waiting and watching with the faithful but ill-approving Deborah in the cold, wet evening, "slim wisp of black with hair of russet gold," looking steadfastly "towards the birchwoods hanging like a gray bloom on the bosom of the moor":

"Here he is!" she cried joyfully.

"Where?"

"Just coming."

"He has been just coming this great while," sneered the other.

She looked up the hillside and beheld a little busy shadow bustling through the dimness towards them. . . . Stead-

fastly down the hill through the heather he ploughed, the crusader homing from his quest; off the hill, on to the lawn, all in tender hurry to be with his lady once again.

"Come here!" she called.

But there was no need; for he came to her gladly, and lay at her feet, meek knight, and never stirred while she whipped her skirts remorselessly.

"It hurts me more than it does you, mind!" she panted, giving her ankle one last fierce cut, and rose; and he rose, too, gay at heart again, shook himself, and sallied furiously at the yellow cat, licking thin lips upon the path.

Or this, a little later:

Fearfully Missie opened the door and hearkened. All now was stillness, undisturbed. Softly she closed the door, and with hushed feet stole across to him who sat, sedate gray figure, nodding drowsily before the fire. Bending over him, she took his face between her hands; and he, dreaming dreams of slaughter and the chase, looked up and beheld her above him in long white raiment, with hair like the shadow of the glory to come veiling her.

"Danny, try to be a better boy," she whispered, and kissed him on the eyelids tenderly—"for mum's sake."

He rose and stood, his hands in hers, lifting a gray muzzle and shy eyes to adore her reverently.

Very pathetic is Missie's parting with her babe on her deathbed.

"You will be good to him, Massa? You won't—you won't—not even if 'times he does kill and slay?"

She broke down quite and sobbed.

"If you like me at all"—she gasped and lifted a streaming face. "I love him so—he's such a darling—he's so naughty."

The Laird bent and kissed her dumbly.

She wrestled with her sobs, smiling at him through the rain.

"Thank you, Massa," she said, and patted his hand.

"Bye, my Danny," and waved to him. "Try to be a better boy—and not too bluggy. And don't *quite* forget your mum."

Then he was borne away, and she blew him rainy kisses whom she would never see more this side.

Pitiful, too, is the tale of Danny's grief when he finds that his "Mum" has been taken from him. Take this of many passages which I should like to quote:

Through the hall he shot and up the stairs at three-legged run, to wait outside the door of his lady in a passion of expectancy.

There the woman found him, urgent to be admitted.

"She is no there, Danny," she whimpered, but opened to him.

In he thrust furiously; saw the empty bed, and stood quite still, as one shocked to death; and the hope died out of him as the soul dies out of a man.

Then he threw up his head as if to howl; but no sound came. So he stood a moment in the centre of the floor, gray muzzle in the air, like a lost soul praying.

Then he turned and trailed out.

But Danny, with that irresistible fascination which belongs to his kind, wins the hearts of them all, the grim Laird, the stern-seeming Deborah Awe, the rough Robin Crabbe; and not only wins their hearts, but makes them all his willing and devoted slaves. I cannot resist one last delicious extract:

"Dear sakes!" she cried [it is Deborah that speaks], "he *was* here and is not. O! if he has gone back to Missie's room!" and she started hot-foot down the passage, but the Laird stayed her.

"He is coming," he said; and as he said it the tick-tacking of nail-shod feet upon the boards came to their ears.

At the far end of the passage Danny appeared, and in his mouth a lady's riding-whip.

He came to the Laird's feet, dropped his burthen there, and stood over it, wagging, wide-mouthed, well pleased.

"O, Missie!" cried the woman, her apron to her eyes. "O, the wee man!" For just so had he been wont to do for his lady when home from red doings in the dawn, coming to wake her, and bringing with him the whip with which she was to chasten him.

The Laird picked up the whip.

"Na!" screamed the woman, and snatched up the threatened knight.

"Never," said Robin, truculently rolling up his cuffs, "but over the last corp of Robin Crabbe!"

"Put him down!" ordered the Laird in his curt way.

"Will I?" said the woman, and looked at Robin.

"It's your affair," said Robin, and withdrew adroitly down the passage.

"Put him down!" reiterated the Laird.

The woman obeyed, and with shut eyes began to pray.

The Laird bent till his face was close to that of the gray man at his feet!

"I will lay no finger on you, Danny," said he, "now or ever."

Danny stood at his feet with lifted face and dubious tail; then he raised himself and stood against the Laird's knee and pawed.

The Laird took the paw in his own great hand; and Danny looked up into his eyes, and thereafter was the Laird's liegeman for ever.

There is a great depth of pathos in that. "I will lay no finger on you, Danny, now or ever," coming from the grim Laird, the stark Heriot. And how life-like are all the varied pictures of "the sea-gray knight"—the wee man meekly lying down to receive his mock whipping, the inevitable "shaking himself" afterwards, the combined affection and naughtiness, loving obedience and wayward independence, the questioning eyes, the "battle-jawed" face, the deep chest, the large fore-paws, or "hands," as Mr. Ollivant and many another of the cult has lovingly called them! "Danny stood in the door, mighty-chested, regarding them with faithful eyes." That is a little photograph from the life. This also: "The little knight came plowing through the bracken at three-cornered canter, greeting the old man merrily, as of old, with grin and friendly twinkle of ears, the familiar light deep in faithful eyes. Here was not the Weary Heart of the night before. This was the

Warden of the Marches, glowing, battle-alert, the shadow lifted."

Now the rest of the acts of Danny and all that he did, and his death on the high Lammermore, are they not written in Mr. Ollivant's book? To that book I must refer all those who may be interested, all those of the confraternity of Danny, for I will not spoil the story of Danny by attempting to give an abstract of it. I will not try to paint Danny's "portrait in little."

The Speaker.

Neither do I say anything of the very striking picture which Mr. Ollivant has given us of an isolated village community of bygone days in the far North. I say nothing of the witch Sarah Ogg, or her daft son Simon, or old Andra, except that the reader will find it well worth while to make their acquaintance; for I am only now concerned with this book so far as it is "the story of a Dandle Dinmont."

G. G. G.

DID THINGS GO BETTER BEFORE OUR TIME?

When this question is put to me I answer "No." Things did not go better before my time—nor that of the working class who were contemporaries of my earlier years. My answer is given from the working class point of view, founded on a personal experience extending as far back as 1826, when I first became familiar with workshops. Many are still under the impression that things are as bad as they well can be, whereas they have been much worse than they are now. When I first took an interest in public affairs, agitators among people were as despondent as frogs who were supposed to croak because they were neglected.

They spoke in weeping tones. There were tears even in the songs of Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn-Law Rhymer, and not without cause, for the angels would have been pessimists, had they been in the condition of the people in those days. I myself worked among men who had Unitarian masters—who were above the average of employers—even they were as sheep dogs who kept the wolf away, but bit the sheep if they turned aside. But Trades Unions have changed this now, and sometimes bite their masters (employers they are

called now), which is not more commendable. Still, multitudes of working people, who ought to be in the front ranks as claimants for redress still needed, yet hang back with handkerchief to their eyes, oppressed with a feeling of hopelessness, because they are unaware of what has been won for them, of what has been conceded to them, and what the trend of progress is bringing near to them.

Of course if there has been no betterment in the condition of the people, despair is excusable—but if there has, despair is as unseemly as unnecessary. Every age has its needs and its improvements to make, but a knowledge of what has been accomplished should take despair out of men's minds. To this end I write of changes which have taken place in my time.

I was born in tinder-box days. I remember having to strike a light in my grandfather's garden for his early pipe, when we arrived there at five o'clock in the morning. At times my fingers bled as I missed the steel with the jagged flint. Then the tinder proved damp where the futile spark fell, and when ignition came a brimstone match filled the air with satanic fumes. He would have been thought

as much a visionary as Joanna Southcott, who said the time would come when small, quick lighting lucifers would be as plentiful and as cheap as blades of grass in a town. How tardy was change in olden time! Flint and steel had been in use 400 years. Philip the Good put it into the collar of the Golden Fleece (1429). It was not till 1833 that phosphorus matches were introduced. The safety match of the present day did not appear until 1845. The consumption of matches now is eight per day for each person. To produce eight lights, by a tinder-box, would take a quarter of an hour. With the lucifer match eight lights can be had in two minutes, occupying only twelve hours a year, while the tinder-box process consumes ninety hours. Thus the lucifer saves nearly eighty hours annually, which, to the workman, would mean an addition of nearly eight working days annually.

In tinder-box days the nimble night burglar heard the flint and steel going, and had time to pack up his booty and reach the next parish, before the owner descended the stairs with his flickering candle. Does anyone now fully appreciate the morality of light? Extinguish the gas in the streets of London and a thousand extra policemen would do less to prevent outrage and robbery than the ever-burning, order-keeping street light. Light is a police force—neither ghosts nor burglars like it. Thieves flee before it as errors flee the mind when the light of truth bursts on the understanding of the ignorant.

Seventy years ago the evenings were wasted in a million houses of the poor. After sundown the household lived in gloom. Children who could read, read, as I did, by the flickering light of the fire, which often limited for life the power of seeing. Now the pauper reads by a better light than the squire did in days when squires were county

gods. Now old men see years after the period when their forefathers were blind.

Then a social tyranny prevailed, unpleasant to the rich and costly to the poor, which regarded the beard as an outrage. I remember when only four men in Birmingham had courage to wear beards. They were followers of Joanna Southcott. They did it in imitation of the apostles, and were jeered at in the streets by ignorant Christians. George Frederick Muntz, one of the two first members elected in Birmingham, was the first member who ventured to wear a beard in the House of Commons; and he would have been insulted had not he been a powerful man and carried a heavy Malacca cane, which he was known to apply to any one who offered him a personal affront. Only military officers were allowed to wear a moustache; among them—no one, not even Wellington, was hero enough to wear a beard. The Rev. Edmund R. Larkin, of Burton Rectory, near Lincoln, was the first clergyman (that was as late as 1852) who appeared in the pulpit with a beard, but he shaved the upper lip as an apology for the audacity of his chin; George Dawson was the first Nonconformist preacher who delivered a sermon in a full-blown moustache and beard, which was taken in both cases as an unmistakable sign of latitudinarianism in doctrine. In the bank clerk or the workman it was worse. It was flat insubordination not to shave. The penalty was prompt dismissal. As though there were not fetters about hard to bear, people made fetters for themselves. Such was the daintiness of ignorance that a man could not eat, dress, nor even think as he pleased. He was even compelled to shave by public opinion.

When Mr. Joseph Cowen was first a candidate for Parliament, he wore, as was his custom, a felt hat (then called

a "wide-awake"). He was believed to be an Italian conspirator, and suspected of holding opinions lacking in orthodox requirements. Yet all his reputed heresies of acts and tenets put together did not cost him so many votes as the form and texture of his hat. He was elected—but his headgear would have ruined utterly a less brilliant candidate than he. This social intolerance now shows its silly and shameless head no more. A wise Tolerance is the Angel, which stands at the portal of Progress, and opens the door of the Temple.

Dr. Church, of Birmingham, was the first person who, in my youth, contrived a bicycle, and rode upon it in the town, which excited more consternation than a Southcotlean with his beard. He was an able physician but his harmless innovation cost his practice. Patients refused to be cured by a doctor who rode a horse which had no head, and ate no oats. Now a parson may ride to church on a bicycle and people think none the worse of his sermon; and, scandal of scandals, women are permitted to cycle, although it involves a new convenience of dress formerly sharply resented.

In these days of public wash-houses, public laundries, and water supply, few know the discomfort of a washing-day in a workman's home, or of the feuds of a party pump. One pump in a yard had to serve several families. Quarrels arose as to who should first have the use of it. Sir Edwin Chadwick told me that more dissensions arose over party pumps in a day than a dozen preachers could reconcile in a week. Now the poorest house has a water tap, which might be called moral, seeing the ill-feeling it prevents. So long as washing had to be done at home, it took place in the kitchen, which was also the dining-room of a poor family. When the husband came home to his meals, damp clothes were hanging on lines over his head, and dripping on

to his plate. The children were in the way, and sometimes the wrong child had its ears boxed because, in the steam, the mother could not see which was which. This would give rise to further expressions which kept the Recording Angel, of whom Sterne tells us, very busy, whom the public wash-houses set free for other, though scarcely less repugnant duty.

In that day sleeping rooms led to deplorable additions to the register of "idle words." The introduction of iron bedsteads began a new era of midnight morality. As a wandering speaker I dreaded the wooden bedstead of cottage, lodging-house or inn. Fleas I did not much care for, and had no ill-will towards them. They were too little to be responsible for what they did; while the malodorous bug is big enough to know better. Once in Windsor I selected an inn with a white portico, having an air of pastoral cleanliness. The four-poster in my room, with its white curtains, was a further assurance of repose. The Boers were not more skilful in attack and retreat than the enemies I found in the field. Lighted candles did not drive them from the kopje pillow where they fought. In Sheffield, in 1840, I asked the landlady for an uninhabited room. A cleaner looking, white-washed chamber never greeted my eyes. But I soon found that a whole battalion of red-coated cannibals were stationed there, on active service. Wooden bedsteads in the houses of the poor were the fortresses of the enemy, which then possessed the land. Iron bedsteads have ended this, and given to the workman two hours more sleep at night than was possible before that merciful invention. A gain of two hours for seven nights amounted to a day's holiday a week. Besides, these nocturnal irritations were a fruitful source of tenemental sin, from which iron bedsteads have saved residents and wayfarers.

Of all the benefits that have come to the working class in my time, those of travel are among the greatest. Transit by steam has changed the character of man, and the facilities of the world. Nothing brings toleration into the mind like seeing new lands, new people, new usages. They who travel soon discover that other people have genius, manners, and taste. The traveller loses on his way prejudices of which none could divest him at home, and he brings back in his luggage new ideas never contained in it before. Think what the sea-terror of the emigrant used to be, as he thought of the dreadful voyage over the tempestuous billows. The first emigrants to America were six months in the *Mayflower*. Now a workman can go from Manchester into the heart of America or Canada in a fortnight. The deadly depression which weighed on the heart of home-sick emigrants occurs no more, since he can return almost at will. A mechanic can now travel farther than a king could a century ago. When I first went to Brighton, third-class passengers travelled in an open cattle truck, exposed to wind and rain. For years the London and North-Western Railway shunted the third-class passengers at Blisworth for two hours, while the gentlemen's trains went by. Now workmen travel in better carriages than gentlemen did half a century ago. In Newcastle-on-Tyne I have entered a third-class carriage at a quarter to five in the morning. It was like Noah's Ark. The windows were openings which in storm were closed by wooden shutters to keep out wind and rain, when all was darkness. It did not arrive in London till nine o'clock in the evening, being sixteen hours on the journey. Now the workman can leave Newcastle at ten o'clock in the morning and be in London in the afternoon.

Does any one think what advantage

has come to the poor by the extension of dentistry? Teeth are life-givers. They increase comeliness, comfort, health and length of years—advantages now shared more or less by the poorer classes—once confined to the wealthy alone. Formerly the sight of dental instruments struck terror in the heart of the patient. Now, fear arises when few instruments are seen, as the more numerous they are and the more skillfully they are made, the assurance of less pain is given. The simple instruments which formerly alarmed give confidence now, which means that the patient is wiser than of yore.

Within the days of this generation what shrieks were heard in the hospital, which have been silenced forever by a discovery of pain-arresting chloroform! No prayer could still the agony of the knife. The wise surgeon is greater than the priest. If any one would know what pain was in our time, let him read Dr. John Brown's *Rab Prayed his Friends*, which sent a pang of dangerous horror into the heart of every woman who read it. Now the meanest hospital gives the poorest patient who enters it a better chance of life than the wealthy could once command.

It was said formerly:—

The world is a market full of streets,
And Death is a merchant whom every
one meets,
If life were a thing which money
could buy—
The poor could not live, and the rich
would not die.

Now the poor man can deal with death, and buy life on very reasonable terms, if he has commonsense enough to observe half the precepts given him, by generous physicians on temperance and prudence.

Not long since no man was tolerated who sought to cure an ailment or prolong human life in any new way. Even per-

sons so eminent as Harriet Martineau, Dr. Elliotson, and Sir Bulwer Lytton were subjected to public ridicule and resentment because they suffered themselves to be restored to health by mesmerism or hydropathy. But in these libertine and happier days any one who pleases may follow Mesmer, Pressnitz, or even Hahnemann, and attain health by any means open to him, and is no longer expected to die according to the direction of antediluvian doctors.

Until late years the poor man's stomach was regarded as the waste-paper basket of the State, into which anything might be thrown that did not agree with well-to-do digestion. Now, the Indian proverb is taken to be worth heeding—that "Disease enters by the mouth," and the health of the people is counted as part of the wealth of the nation. Pestilence is subjected to conditions. Diseases are checked at will, which formerly had an inscrutable power of defiance. The sanitation of towns is now a public care. True, officers of health have mostly only official noses, but they can be made sensible of nuisances by intelligent occupiers. Economists, less regarded than they ought to be, have proved that it is cheaper to prevent pestilence than bury the dead. Besides, disease which has no manners, is apt to attack respectable people.

What are workshops now to what they once were? Any hole or stifling room was thought good enough for a man to work in. They, indeed, abound still, but are now regarded as discreditable. Many mills and factories are palaces now compared with what they were. Considering how many millions of men and women are compelled to pass half their lives in some den of industry or other, it is of no mean importance that improvement has set in in workshops.

Co-operative factories have arisen, light, spacious, and clean, supplied with

cool air in summer and warm air in winter. In my youth men were paid late on Saturday night; poor nailers trudged miles into Birmingham, with their week's work in bags on their backs, who were to be seen hanging about merchants' doors up to ten and eleven o'clock to get payment for their goods. The markets were closing or closed when the poor workers reached them. It was midnight, or Sunday morning, before they arrived at home. Twelve or more hours a day was the ordinary working period. Wages, piece work and day work, were cut down at will. I did not know then that these were "the good old times" of which, in after years, I should hear so much.

The great toil of other days in many trades is but exercise now, as exhaustion is limited by mechanical contrivances. A pressman in my employ has worked at a hand-press twenty-four hours continuously, before publishing day. Now a gas engine does all the labor. Machinery is the deliverer which never tires and never grows pale.

The humiliation of the farm laborer is over. He used to sing:

Mr. Smith is a very good man,
He lets us ride in his harvest van,
He gives us bread and he gives us ale,
We pray his heart may never fail.

There is nothing to be said against Mr. Smith, who was evidently a kindly farmer of his time. Yet to what incredible humiliation his "pastors and masters" had brought poor Hodge, who could sing these lines, as though he had reached the Diamond Jubilee of his life when he rode in somebody else's cart, and had cheese and beer. Now the farm workers of a co-operative way of thinking have learned how to ride in their own vans, to possess the crop with which they are loaded, and to provide themselves with a harvest supper.

In my time the mechanic had no per-

sonal credit for his work, whatever might be his skill. Now in industrial exhibitions the name of the artificer is attached to his work, and he is part of the character of the firm which employs him. He has, also, now—if co-operation prevails—a prospect of participating in the profits of his own industry. Half a century ago employers were proud of showing their machinery to a visitor—never their men. Now they show their work-people as well—whose condition and contentment is the first pride of great firms.

Above all knowledge is a supreme improvement, which has come to workmen. They never asked for it, the ignorant never do ask for knowledge, and do not like those who propose it to them. Brougham first turned aside their repugnance by telling them what Bacon knew, that "knowledge is power." Now they realize the other half of the great saying, Dr. Creighton, the late Bishop of London, supplied, that "ignorance is impotence." They can see that the instructed son of the gentleman has power, brightness, confidence, and alertness; while the poor man's child, untrained, incapable, dull in comparison, often abject, is unconscious of his own powers which lie latent within him. If an educated and an ignorant child were sold by weight, the intelligent child would fetch more per pound avoirdupois than the ignorant one. Now education can be largely had for working men's children for nothing. Even scholarships and degrees are open to the clever sort. Moreover, how smooth science has made the early days of instruction, formerly made jagged with the rod.

Sir Edwin Chadwick showed that the child mind could not profitably be kept learning more than an hour at a time, and recreation must intervene before a second hour can be usefully spent. What a mercy and advantage to thousands of poor children this has been!

Even the dreary schoolroom of the last generation is disappearing. A schoolroom should be spacious and bright, and Board Schools are beginning to be made so now. I have seen a Board School in a dismal court in Whitechapel which looked like an alley of hell. All thoughts for pleasant impressions in the child mind, which make learning alluring, were formerly uncared for. Happier now is the lot of poor children than any former generation knew.

Within my time no knowledge of public affairs was possible to the people, save in a second-hand way from sixpenny newspapers a month old. Now a workman can read in the morning telegrams from all parts of the world in a halfpenny paper, hours before his employer is out of bed. If a pestilence broke out in the next street to his dwelling, the law compelled him to wait a month for the penny paper, the only one he could afford to buy, before he became aware of his danger, and it often happened that some of his family never lived to read of their risk.

The sons of working people are now welcomed in the army, and their record there has commanded the admiration of the onlooking world. But they are not flogged as they once were, at the will of any arrogant dandy who had bought his mastership over them. Intelligence has awakened manliness and self-respect in common men, and the recruiting-sergeant has to go about without the lash under his coat. The working man further knows now that there is a better future for his sons in the public service, in army or navy, than ever existed before our time. Even the emigrant ship has regulations for the comfort of steerage passengers, unknown until recent years. People always professed great regard for "Poor Jack," but until Mr. Plimsoll arose, they left him to drown.

Until a few years ago millions of home-born Englishmen were kept without votes, like the Uitlanders of South Africa, and no one sent an army into the country to put down the "corrupt oligarchy," as Mr. Chamberlain called those who withheld redress. But it has come, though in a limping, limited way. Carlylean depreciators of Parliament decried the value of workmen possessing "a hundred thousandth part in the national palavers." But we no longer hear workmen at election times referred to as the "swinish multitude" who can now send representatives of their own order into the House of Commons. If the claims of labor are not much considered, they are no longer contemned. It is always easier for the rider than the horse. The people are always being ridden, but it is much easier for the horse now than it ever was before.

Sir Michael Foster, in a recent Presidential Address to the British Association, said that, "the appliances of science have, as it were, covered with a soft cushion the rough places of life, and that not for the rich only but also for the poor." It is not, however, every kind of progress, everywhere, in every department of human knowledge, in which the reader is here concerned, but merely with such things as Esdras says, which have "passed by us in daily life," and which every ordinary Englishman has observed or knows.

If the question be asked whether the condition of the working class has improved in proportion to that of the middle and upper class of our time, the answer must be it has not. But that is not the question discussed here. The question is, "Are the working class to-day better off than their fathers were?" The answer already given is yes. Let the reader think what, in a general way, the new advantages are. The Press is free, and articulate with a million voices—formerly dumb. Now

a poor man can buy a better library for a few shillings than Solomon with all his gold and glory could in his day; or than the middle class man possessed fifty years ago. Toleration—not only of ideas, but of action, is enlarged, and that means much—social freedom is greater, and that means more. The days of children are happier, school-rooms are more cheerful, and one day they will be educated so as to fit them for self-dependence and the duties of daily life. Another change is that the pride in ignorance, which makes for impotence, is decreasing, is no longer much thought of among those whose ignorance was their only attainment.

Not less have the material conditions of life improved. Food is purer—health is surer—life itself is safer and lasts longer. Comfort has crept into a million houses where it never found its way before. Security can be better depended upon. The emigrant terror has gone. Instead of sailing out on hearsay to an unknown land and finding himself in the wrong one, or in the wrong part of the right country, as has happened to thousands, the emigrant can now obtain official information, which may guide him rightly. Towns are brighter, there are more public buildings which do the human eye good to look upon. Means of recreation are continually being multiplied. Opportunity of change from town to country, or coast, fall now to the poorest. Not in cattle trucks any more. Life is better worth living. Pain none could escape is evadable now. Parks are multiplied and given as possessions to the people. Paintings and sculpture are now to be seen on the Sunday by workmen, which their forefathers never saw, being barred from them on the only day when they could see them.

By a device within the memory of most, house owning has become possible to those whose fathers never

thought it possible. Temperance, once a melancholy word, is now a popular resource of health and economy. The fortune of industry is higher in many ways. Into how many firesides does it bring gladness to know that in barrack, or camp, or ship, the son is better treated than heretofore.

Can any of the middle-aged doubt that some things are better now than before their time? Now more than 100 workshops exist on the labor co-partnership principle. Forty years ago those commenced, failed—failed through lack of intelligence on the part of workers. The quality of workmen to be found everywhere in our day did not exist then. Sixteen years ago there were little more than a dozen workshops owned and conducted by working men. There are more than a hundred now; and hundreds in which the workers receive an addition to their wages, undreamt of in the last generation. In this, and in other respects, things go better than they did. Though there is still need of enlargement, the means of self-defence are not altogether wanting. Co-operation has arisen—a new force for the self-extrication of the lowest. Without charity, or patronage, or asking anything from the State, it puts into each man's hand the "means to cancel his captivity."

The rich man may vote twenty times where the poor man can vote only once. Still, the one voter counts for something where the unfranchised counted for nothing.

Political as well as civil freedom has come in a measure to those who dwell in cottages and lodgings. For one minute every seven years the workman is free. He can choose his political masters at the poll, and neither his neighbor, his employer, nor his priest, has the knowledge to harm him on that account. One minute of liberty in seven years is not much, but there is no free country in the world where

that minute is so well secured as in England. If any one would measure the present by the past let him recall the lines:—

Allah! Allah! cried the stranger,
Wondrous sights the traveller sees,
But the latest is the greatest,
Where the drones control the bees.

They do it still, but not to the extent they did. The control of wisdom when the drones have it is all very well, but it is the other sort of control which is now happily to some extent controllable by the bees. The manners of the rich are better. Their sympathy with the people has increased. Their power of doing ill is no longer absolute. Employers think more of the condition of those who labor for them. The better sort still throw crumbs to Lazarus. But now Dives is expected to explain why it is that Lazarus cannot get crumbs himself.

In ways still untold the labor class is gradually attaining to social equality with the idle class and to that independence hitherto the privilege of those who do nothing. The workman's power of self-defence grows—his influence extends—his rights enlarge. Injury suffered in industry is beginning to be compensated; even old-age pensions are in the air, though not as yet anywhere else. Notwithstanding, "John Brown's soul goes marching on." But it must be owned its shoes are a little down at the heels. Nevertheless, though there is yet much to be done—more liberty to win, more improvements to attain, and more than all if it be possible, permanences of prosperity to secure—I agree with Sydney Smith.

For olden times let others prate,
I deem it lucky I was born so late.

There is a foolish praise of the past and a foolish depreciation of the present. The past had its evils, the present has fewer. The past had its

promise, the present great realizations. It is not assumed in what has been said that all the advantages recounted were originated and acquired by working men alone. Many came by the concessions of those who had the power of withholding them. More concessions, nor will they lack acknowledgment. "Just gifts" to men who have honor in their hearts, are, as Abdel-el-Kuder said, the "links of a golden chain which bind the recipients to the giver for ever."

The Chinese put the feet of children in a boot and the foot never grows larger. There are boots of the mind as well as of the feet, that are worn by the young of all nations, which have no expansion in them, and which cramp the understanding of those grown up. This prevents many from comprehending the changes by which they benefit or realizing the facts of their daily life. Considering what the men of labor have for themselves and what has been won for them by their advocates, and conceded to them from time to time by others, despair and the counsels of outrage which spring from it are unseemly, unnecessary, and un-

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grateful. This is the moral of this story.

A doleful publicist should be superannuated. He is already obsolete. Whoever despairs of a cause in whose success he once exulted, should fall out of the ranks, where some ambulance waits to carry away the sick or dispirited. He has no business to utter his discouraging wail in the ears of the constant and confident, marching to the front, where the battle of progress is being fought.

Since so much has been accomplished in half a century, when there were few advantages to begin with—what may not be gained in the next fifty years with the larger means now at command and the confidence great successes of the past should inspire. If working people adhere to the policy of advancing their own honest interests without destroying others as rightfully engaged in seeking theirs, the workers may make their own future what they will. They may then acquire power sufficient, as the *Times* once said: "To turn a reform mill which would grind down an abuse a day."

George Jacob Holyoake.

THE BREAKING UP OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MONARCHY.

"If Austria did not exist, Europe would be obliged to create her," was a political dogma, so long as the supposition in question seemed unlikely to become a concrete fact. But now that the contingency, lately so remote, is well within the sphere of practical politics, the absolute necessity of the existence of the Habsburg Monarchy has ceased to be quite so obvious. The would-be creators, too, have assumed the less arduous and more profitable rôle of heirs expectant. For the dual

Empire is a house divided against itself, and the Atlantean shoulders of the venerable Emperor are virtually the only supports which still keep it standing. For thirty-six years the complicated and nicely-balanced dualism of Austria-Hungary has weathered many a violent storm, but of late it has owed its subsistence almost entirely to artificial mainstays, its own inherent strength being sapped by discord and conflicting interests. Those props are—perhaps it would be more correct to

say were—three: the army, the nobility and the Kaiser. Franz Josef, fortunately for Europe, is still alive and well, and so long as he continues to rule the Monarchy will in all probability undergo no radical change. It is, however, a curious incident of his tragic life that having begun his reign by stamping out the armed insurrection headed by Kossuth, he now sees himself compelled to defend his Empire against a constitutional but far more dangerous onslaught led by Kossuth's son.

The second order of artificial girders of the Monarchy were the members of the highest nobility, who belonged to no political party and in many cases to no definite nationality, but looked upon themselves as the champions of the Habsburg dynasty. Many of them, like the Taaffes, had immigrated into Austria from foreign countries centuries ago, and were commonly called the "black yellow" nobles; but whatever their origin they were all efficient servants of the Crown, ever ready to govern and keep in order the restless and oftentimes hostile elements of the population. But many of these families, like the English settlers in Ireland, have in quite recent years made common cause with one or other of the nationalities in whose midst they reside, some joining the German, others the Czech or Hungarian cause, so that the dynasty is now face to face with the forces of disintegration.

The third and most important mainstay of the dual Empire was the army, which, like the finances and the management of foreign policy, was neither purely Austrian nor Hungarian, but Imperial. When, in 1867, the famous Compromise or *Ausgleich* was agreed to, which forms the basis of Austro-Hungarian dualism, the Emperor reserved to himself the right of organizing and commanding the troops common to the two halves of the Monarchy. As the

units which compose this body are individuals of different tongues and nationalities, it was resolved that the cement which should bind them together in one organic whole would be the German language. All communications respecting the Service are consequently carried on in German. The separate regiments have, of course, their own tongues in which the recruits are taught and drilled, and no officer can receive promotion in a regiment unless within the space of three years he has sufficiently mastered its idiom to enable him to impart theoretical instruction to his subordinates in the tongue of the latter. In certain Austro-Hungarian infantry regiments there are as many as three regimental languages, not counting German: for instance, Magyar, Servian and Roumanian! In other portions of the army there are Poles, Ruthenians, Slovenians, Italians, Czechs and Slovaks. In fact, the regiments which have but one language are few. The unity of the Imperial army, therefore, is based upon the use of German by all its constituent parts, and it is held by many that if this principle were once abandoned it would be impossible for long to give the Hungarian and German, or indeed any two idioms, the ascendancy over the others, and it would be necessary to allow every nationality to employ its own tongue.

The Hungarians have raised this dangerous question by a series of demands the object of which is to extend their independence. The parliamentary party led by Kossuth's son ask that in every corps district the military courts shall try all cases, without exception, in the Magyar tongue; that the Hungarian officers now serving in Austria shall be transferred to Hungary, that in future subjects of the Hungarian crown shall not be required to serve in the other half of the Monarchy, that in lieu of the Habsburg

double-eagle the Hungarian flag shall be unfurled by Hungarian troops—viz., white banners with stripes of red, white and green, and the effigy of Hungary's patroness, the Virgin Mary, on one side, and the monogram of the King on the other. Those are the most important points of the national programme drawn up by the "party of independence," and now accepted by the bulk of parliamentary representatives in Budapest. The Emperor, whose loyalty to the Constitution is proverbial, objects to these innovations on the ground that they would destroy the unity of the army and reduce the powerful Habsburg Monarchy to the position of two second-class Powers, and he refuses to concede the demands in virtue of the right invested in him by the Constitution. The Hungarians, on the other hand, quote clause XII. of the law of 1867 to prove that the Parliament in Budapest is competent not merely to grant the necessary contingent of annual recruits, but also to lay down the conditions on which it votes them. There is, as usual, much to be said on both sides, but as neither party seems open to conviction, arguments of a more forcible order have been employed, obstructive tactics in Parliament have blocked all legislation, overthrown two Cabinets and kept the Government from obtaining the necessary contingent of recruits. The result of this last stroke of the Opposition is that the War Ministry issued an order calling on the 40,000 troops of the third year of service, who are usually sent home, to remain. The ministerial crisis has thus become an imperial crisis. The Czechs in Austria are about to imitate the Magyars in Hungary, the Austrian Germans call for the economic separation of the two halves of the Monarchy, chaotic confusion prevails throughout the land, and the nation, which prides itself on its mission to keep order in Eastern Europe,

can now hear on all sides the taunting exhortation: "*Medice, cura te ipsum.*"

In all this, the position of the venerable Emperor is well worthy of commiseration. Less than two months ago he attained his seventy-third year, and now at the close of a life full of tragedy and self-sacrifices he finds it difficult, perhaps impossible, not indeed to strengthen the Empire which he has governed for more than half a century, but even to keep it from falling to pieces. For it is no merely ministerial crisis which he has now for two months been laboring to arrange: it is a chronic organic ailment to which dualism in Austria-Hungary will probably soon succumb. The late Minister, President Kolmann Szell—a very moderate statesman—recently spoke of the situation in words which leave no doubt as to the imminent danger with which the Habsburg Monarchy is threatened. "The clouds of evil times, a heavy, dense and death-dealing fog has descended upon our nation. Since Mohacs¹ no situation has been fraught with greater difficulty; our Constitution is torn up, our integrity undermined, our public life shaken, its language banished, the peace of the country destroyed."

Even now the Austrians are familiarizing themselves with the practical consequences of separation from Hungary, which all of them foresee and some already clamor for. Thus a considerable number of industrial unions have passed resolutions to the effect that their interests would be best consulted by a complete separation from Hungary, which should be accomplished with the least possible delay, and before the Magyars themselves take the initiative and fix their own conditions. The agricultural corporations are equally positive and impa-

¹ Mohacs was the scene of a defeat by the Turks in 1526, whereupon Hungary fell under the yoke of the Moslem.

tient. At the fourth Congress of the General Association of Agricultural Unions in Austria, which was lately held in Vienna, a resolution was passed which attracted considerable attention on both shores of the Leitha. The gist of it was briefly this. Considering that Hungary and Austria represent two very different districts of production, that Austria is unable to compete with her ally, that the protective tariffs enacted by foreign countries against the Magyars affect the Austrians as well, and that Hungary's action against Austria completely removes the only motives which the latter heretofore possessed to share the burdens of the former, it is highly desirable—nay, absolutely necessary—that an independent Austrian Customs sphere be established without delay, and the economic separation of the two halves of the Monarchy be brought about by competent authorities.

Egoistic resolutions of this kind will in all probability remain *pia desideria* for some time to come. But it is highly significant that both peoples are pursuing the same object, which they are certain sooner or later to attain. Meanwhile Germany is unable to enter into negotiations with Austria-Hungary for the conclusion of a new commercial treaty. The Governments of Austria and Hungary drew up the project of a new customs tariff and a

committee of the Austrian Parliament duly discussed it. But by the time it had been read the first time it was so changed in consequence of amendments that fresh negotiations between the two Governments were necessary; and now the tactics of obstruction in the Hungarian Parliament have rendered all discussion impossible. Again, the commercial treaty between Austria-Hungary and Italy loses its force on the last day of December this year and nobody knows what measures will be taken between this and then to renew it or to substitute a new one.

How the present deadlock in the Habsburg Monarchy will end it is impossible to foretell. The Emperor is willing to make concessions; to introduce the Hungarian tongue into military courts, to permit the Hungarian flag to supplant that of the Empire, and even to allow all Hungarian subjects to serve in regiments stationed in their own country; but he is resolved at all costs to draw the line at the suppression of the German language as a means of communication in the common army. It is possible that on these lines, a temporary arrangement may be patched up. But at best it can only be a truce. If the dualistic principle lasts during the lifetime of Franz Josef, it is virtually certain that it will not survive him.

E. J. Dillon.

The Contemporary Review.

I SAW HER ONCE.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
 'Twas Paradise on Earth awhile, and then no more.
 Ah! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore?
 She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
 The shallop of my peace is wrecked on Beauty's shore.
 Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more!

James Clarence Mangan.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

SOME MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS.

In the days of my early acquaintance with Henley, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, I could never look at him without wondering why none of his artist friends had taken him for a model of Pan. They say he was like Johnson, and like Heine; and he had something of both. But to me he was the startling image of Pan come on earth and clothed—the great god Pan, down in the reeds by the river, with halting foot and flaming shaggy hair, and arms and shoulders huge and threatening, like those of some Faun or Satyr of the ancient woods, and the brow and eyes of the Olympians. Well-nigh captive to his chair, with the crutch never far from his elbow, dragging himself when he moved, with slow effort, he yet seemed instinct with the life of the germinating elemental earth, when gods and men were vital with the force that throbbed in beast and flower and wandering breeze. The large heart, and the large frame, the broad tolerant smile, the inexhaustible interest in nature and mankind, the brave, unquenchable cheerfulness under afflictions and adversities, the frank appreciation and apology for the animal side of things, all helped to maintain the impression of a kind of Pagan strength and simplicity. One thinks of some verses of his own:—

Yet beautiful and spacious
The wise old world appears,
Yet frank and fair and gracious
Outlaugh the jocund years.
Our arguments disputing,
The universal Pan,
Still wanders fluting—fluting—
Fluting to maid and man.
Our weary well-a-waying
His music cannot still:
Come! let us go a-maying,
And pipe with him our fill.

Chained, as he was for the most of his days, to a few rooms, he rioted in the open air, in the sunshine, the wind, and the stars. Stevenson writes how he took him out from the Edinburgh infirmary for a drive in the spring-time:—

The whole country is mad with green. To see the cherry-blossom bitten out upon the black firs, and the black firs bitten out upon the blue sky, was a sight to set before a king. You may imagine what it was to a man who has been eighteen months in a hospital ward. The look of his face was a wine to me.

It was a wine to any man to see Henley in the country, or to hear him talk of country things: a wine that he poured into many hearts from the generous beaker of his own.

This antithesis between the man as he was and the man as he might have been made the life of Henley pathetic and beautiful. To have known him was, in some sense, a liberal education. It was exhilarating to sit beside the fettered giant and watch him shake himself free from the shackles, and soar into the large empyrean of adventure and achievement. Plinioned "in the fell clutch of circumstances" he fronted his Fate with a noble fortitude:—

And ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine.

There was in him something more than the patient resignation of the religious sufferer, who had bowed himself to the uses of adversity. Deep in his nature lay an inner well of cheerfulness, a spontaneous joy of living, that nothing could drain dry, though it dwindled sadly after the crowning

affliction of his little daughter's death. Yet, in his worst moments of depression, wearied, time-worn, prematurely old, butchered by the surgeons' knives, waiting for the end, "which is, we know, the best of all," he kept his unquenchable interest in life and the things that make life a show worth seeing.

As dust that drives, as straws that
blow,
Into the night go one and all.

So he wrote on the fly-leaf of a copy of the re-issue of his "Poems" which he gave me in February 1899. But it is not this mood which one remembers in thinking of Henley. The recollection I carry away from my meetings and colloquies with him is that of his splendid daring optimism. It was not based on anything that is commonly called religious conviction. Henley had faith in abundance; but no faith in a future state comfortably arranged to redress the errors, and repair the failures, of a somewhat deplorable world. This robust Paganism was perfectly sincere; and if it brought him little comfort, he would not suffer it to plunge him into gloom. When he opened the door there lay before him the void of night, empty and profound. If he had known his Catullus, which I doubt, for he had small Latin and less Greek, he might have echoed that saddest, sweetest, stave from the music of the ancient world:—

*Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda,*

But Henley, though, I dare say, he would have been the last to repudiate the solace suggested by Lesbia's lover, was more of a Stole than an Epicurean:—

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,

And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid,

It was not the negation of despair. He found the anodyne for that "unconquerable soul," of which his splendid Gasconade boasts, in the thought of valor and gallant action, in love, and art, and nature. He had the poet's consolation—the "voice of strange command" that calls "as friend calls friend" to those, the chosen, who have once heard it:—

Out of the sound of the ebb-and-flow,
Out of the sight of damp and star,
It calls you where the good winds
blow,

Where the unchanging meadows are:
From faded hopes, and hopes agleam,
It calls you, calls you, night and day,
Beyond the dark, into the dream,
Over the hills and far away.

Under the bluster of his manner, there was a serenity, based on that feeling for the truth and beauty of things, to which this exquisite lyric testifies. I have a letter from him, written at a period of his later fortunes, when things were not going too well with him in many ways. He had just gone to live at Muswell Hill, and he writes:—

Come when you will. There is generally food on Sundays about 1.30. I want you to see this curious, not uninhabitable, still-unlicensed corner-pub, in which we've set up our nest. 'Tis bare and leafless now—Bare ruined quires, &c. But, even so, on a decent day, that best of decorators, the Sun, has remarks to make which are worth heeding. So come, some time.

I went, I remember, soon after. It was a mild December day, with some gleams of a wintry sun, when I made the pilgrimage to those Northern Heights. A cab from the railway-station jolted my companion and myself through the trim, blank streets, asleep in the gray stillness of afternoon in a London suburb. We found Henley's

"corner-pub" a very decent little villa, with a tree or two, and a triangular patch of garden-ground, that looked out on a wide prospect. We sat on chairs out on the turf, and Henley talked to us of Dickens, and Dumas, and Millet and Meissonier and Le Sage, and the iniquities of Mr. Gladstone, and spoke kindly of the friends he liked, and with something less than the former Johnsonian scorn of the literary gentlemen who were not of his communion. Smoking cigarettes, in a faded tweed or flannel jacket, and drab shirt, open at the throat, and with the fiery hair and beard turning to gray, he was no longer the great god Pan. Age—for he seemed old, though he was two years less than fifty—had touched the picture and toned down the cruder surfaces. There was something of ripe and patriarchal wisdom in his talk and manner, more comprehension and suavity, and the smile in its humanity was more broadly tolerant than ever. From my garden-seat the slopes of Highgate stretched before the eye, and I thought how one might have travelled to the house of the admirable Mr. Gillman some seventy years ago and listened to the words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

In the course of this same afternoon, a good friend of Henley's came up to Muswell Hill with the welcome tidings that Mr. Balfour had decided to recommend him for a pension from the Civil List Fund. This very proper exercise of public liberality assisted Henley to settle down at a pleasant house in Worthing. Here, in the warm quiet little town, swept by the mild sea-winds, under the shelter of the South Downs, his health improved at first, though I suppose it was clear to himself, as well as to others, that his span of life was narrowing in. But broken and ailing as he was, and with the inextinguishable sorrow for his daughter's death at his heart, his head was

still "unbowed" and he faced Fate with the old royal fortitude, though with less defiant challenge. Friends from London or Brighton would travel down to see him, and walk beside his bath-chair, or sit with him in his study of afternoons; and I think that to some of them in this phase he was more the *cher maître*, the adept in art and life, who could give wise counsels from the heights and depths of his own experience, than he had been in the days when he was playing a not inconspicuous part in literary and journalistic London. I do not say he had abandoned his prejudices, his bigotries, his obstinate prepossessions, for they were part of his being; but they were, or seemed at least to be, softened and broadened. The neo-Imperialist movement, with which he sympathized heart and soul, and the South African War, thrilled him with triumphant emotion. "This war," he wrote, "has been so good a thing that my heart sings in my breast when I think of it. I look beyond the telegrams and am content. If ever I open my lips in song again, 'twill be to that effect." He *did* open his lips, and he wrote his "Last Post," the noble epitaph on the dead who died for England, which has been set to noble music:—

The day's high work is over and done,
And these no more will heed the sun;
Blow, you bugles of England, blow!
These are gone whither all must go,
Mightily gone from the field they won.
So in the workaday wear of battle,
Touched to glory with God's own red,
Bear we our chosen to their bed!

He was more generous, more sympathetic: and this I think may be said in spite of the famous Stevenson outbreak, which alienated so many to whom the friendship of "R. L. S." and "W. E. H." had been a fragrant memory. In England these literary intimacies, partly sentimental, partly professional, have been less common than

they are in France. But in the *Brüderschaft* of Henley and Stevenson, not exactly reticent or unobtrusive, but flaunted in prose and verse with the frankness of the *quartier* and the *cabaret*, we seemed to have a streak of the vivid Paris artist life, dashed across the sober gray of our duller English writing business. One remembers the lines to Mr. Charles Baxter who was, for some time, the third member in the partnership:—

We have been friends, Lewis and you
and I
(How good it sounds, "Lewis and you
and I"):
Such friends, I like to think,
That in us three, Lewis and me and
you,
Is something of that gallant dream,
Which old Dumas—the generous, the
humane,
The seven-and-seventy times to be for-
given,
Dreamed for a blessing to the race,
The immortal *Musketeers*.

With these lines before one and in print, the final savage attack on Mr. Graham Balfour's "Life,"—the worst, though not the first, assault by Henley on the memory of his dead friend—was hard to pardon. Would Stevenson have pardoned it? Perhaps, at any rate, he would have understood the turmoil of impatience and irritation, which seethed in Henley's brain, when the multitude, the profane multitude of the half-taught and loose-thinking, praised his old friend for just those qualities which he regarded as his defects, and turned him, so he thought, into a lay figure robed in the smug virtues of villadom. Stevenson might have made allowance for the angry egotism of the literary temperament and the scalding jealousy of the literary friendship.

Henley's relations to his friends—to those, at least, who were addicted to the painful trade of letters—were curious, though perhaps not very un-

usual. No man was quicker to acclaim merit, particularly if it was the kind he specially appreciated. He was the cheerful Socrates of a somewhat noisy Academe in the later 'eighties and the 'nineties. Like Dr. Johnson he loved the "young dogs" who gathered round him, and whom he patronized, browbeat, criticized, and encouraged. If he "sat upon" his disciples and admirers himself, he would not allow others to do so. His enthusiasm was emphatic and unrestrained, and his praises were not always judicious. He cherished a generous illusion that all his geese were swans; and when he had discovered a new genius, he made the welkin ring with his rhapsodies, and was ready to bludgeon you to the earth if you showed any reluctance to fall down before the shrine. He had the amiable weakness of imagining that the special bit of work which he or any of his collaborators or associates was engaged upon for the moment was the most important in the world. "If the new century can start with a better book," so he writes of one of his admirable Tudor Translations, "I'd like to know that book." This fervor and warmth of appreciation was among the traits that made Henley delightful. But, like other discoveries, he sometimes exaggerated the quantity of his own achievement, and ignored the work of other explorers. I believe he had come to regard himself as the "inventor" of various distinguished men of letters of this era, who would assuredly have attained success if there had been no Henley to encourage them, and no *National Observer*. He vastly over-estimated, and so I note have many other people since his death, his share in the making of Stevenson's literary fame. It is absurd to say that "R. L. S." owed anything substantial to such advertisement and opportunities as it was in Henley's power to

give him. The great reading public of England and America, who were first attracted by "Treasure Island," and then found themselves captivated by one masterpiece after another, till the splendid series ended with the broken column of "Weir of Hermiston"—these people, for the most part, had never heard of Henley, and of the journals and articles he produced for the benefit of a minute literary *coterie* in London. No "National Observer," no journalistic fly-posting, was needed, to spread the fame of the man who could write "Dr. Jekyll" and "Kidnapped." But I do not think Henley ever quite understood this. In his later days, especially, worn and old, and drifted into a backwater, he was apt to magnify the importance of his editorial career. It is a common habit with gentlemen who have been, and have ceased to be, editors of journals with some pretension to influence. To have sat conspicuously in the seat of judgment; to have it in your power to reward merit and damn incompetence, loading one author or politician with honor, and ordering another to the scaffold or the vivisection chamber; to have, or think you have, the power of life and death over the new book that steals trembling into your presence; to spend your life accepting, rejecting, praising, condemning—all this does undoubtedly tend to *βββ*, and more perhaps in the recollection than the act.

The editor on the retired list remembers that he was once a cloud-compeller, and forgets that his thunder-bolts never really shook the spheres. Henley was undoubtedly *hubristical*, even beyond the average of his craft. And when the fledglings of his nest emerged, and found their wings, and soared into the sunlight of public applause, he was inclined to take the credit of the flight to himself, and was sometimes jealous and irrita-

bly pettish if the obligation was not admitted.

The episode of the *National Observer* (or the *Scots Observer* as they called it at first) always struck me as curious and interesting. The paper made a certain stir in the world, though I believe its circulation was quite insignificant. The great stupid public, whom Henley thought he was worrying into fury, knew nothing of the whole matter. The darts and arrows did not so much as glance off the creature's thick hide, for they never even touched it. There was enough whimsical and perverted brilliancy in the two *Observers* to make the fortune of a dozen journals in France and to ruin a hundred in England. Henley as the guide and mentor of cultured British Toryism was ludicrously out of his place. No one could possibly be less in touch with the placid Conservatism of the comfortable classes, to whom ostensibly the appeal of the paper, in Edinburgh and London, was made. The editor had an angry impatience of modern Radicalism and all its works, but he was not in the smallest degree a Tory. On the contrary, he was himself a contemner of traditions, an insurgent against convention, an innovator, an iconoclast. He laughed stridently, alike at the surface prejudices and at the deepest convictions, of those who should have been his readers. His very style, with its bold turns, its straining individuality, its affectations, and its surprises, breathed the spirit of revolt. He supposed himself a defender of the established order against the rising tide of revolution; but he sneered at most of the respectable things, and treated the Constitution, Parliament, the Universities, and the aristocratic arrangement of British society, as scornfully as he handled the ideals of the masses and the culture of the *bourgeoisie*.

The ethics of the paper were a virile

hedonism; its religion was Henley's frank Paganism. Sometimes it exhibited a kind of Voltairean scepticism; more often it conveyed the impression that its editor regarded the Supreme Being as a literary invention, and Christianity as a superstition of the British middle classes. Its attitude towards these same middle classes was its least pleasing characteristic. The perpetual gibe at "your Claphamite" and "your Peckhamite," the air of gentlemanly contempt for the pursuits, and the occupations, of the great unlettered and unleisured majority, became monotonously offensive. This sham dandyism soon ceased to be amusing and grew snobbish and disagreeable. But with all its faults, the *National Observer* will be remembered by its readers and its contributors—the latter could not have been much less numerous than the former—with affection. It was alive with its editor's pulsing vitality. Henley's great heart beat exuberantly through its pages. Sometimes you might have called it foolish, but you never thought it dull, at least if you had any care for literature, or art, or style. Right or wrong, Henley and his swordsmen bared their blades with a joyous shout, and threw themselves into a combat with all the vigor that was in them. In the *National Observer* there was no hack writing, no perfunctory filling of columns, for the sake of the quarterly cheque. Of how many journals can so much be said? Let us add that the paper was quick to recognize merit, new or old, and its tastes were wide and good. It praised Rodin, it praised Meredith, and Swinburne, and Hardy; it glorified the memory of Dickens; it found a place for the prose of Stevenson, and the Barrack Room Ballads of Kipling; it tried the prentice hands of a dashing company of young writers, who have done brave work since; and it was always gay and gallant, witty

and irresponsible. Everybody connected with the paper enjoyed it immensely, except perhaps the proprietors, who, I dare say, found it an expensive luxury. But nobody, I think, was so pleased as the editor, who gave his little senate laws, a genial Cato, and ruled his kingdom with a burly despotism, tempered by blunt epigrams, rejoicing in the movement and the *réclame* that whirled about him. He and the more intimate of his literary associates lived in a brisk fellowship. The labors of the desk and the office were tempered by pleasant dinners and lively luncheons, in the unassuming restaurants off Leicester Square, where satisfying food and potent Burgundy and Chianti were to be had. It was like a glimpse into the old Bohemia that has passed away, to see Henley lounging at the head of the table, with his bodyguard ranged round a very festal board, while quip, and crank, and shrewd criticism, and Rabelaisian jest, were bandied from hand to hand, under a floating cloud of tobacco-smoke. Henley delighted in the now almost extinct art of conversation. Give him a companion to his temper, or an opponent worthy his artillery, and he would talk for hours. I remember him at luncheon—not in a restaurant, but at a friend's house—where among the guests was another famous editor of those days, his equal in the arts of debate, in knowledge, resource, and verbal readiness. Before the first course was over, they were in the full flow of argument, and presently all other tones were hushed below the two resounding voices, that filled the small room, and made the glasses clink. The other guests had eaten and drunk and listened their fill, and melted away; but Henley and his antagonist would not budge. They sat on, through the long summer afternoon, disputing of Hugo and Baudelaire, of the Classics and Romanticists,

of Smollett and Sterne, of Tories and Radicals, Ibsen and Burne-Jones—*je n'en sais quoi*—overwhelming each other with quotations, references, allusions, and oburgations. It was six o'clock when Henley was helped into his cab, exhausted but unbeaten, with a menace to renew the contest another day.

To me, then as always, the relation between Henley's personality and his literary work was a source of unfailing interest. Great is the mystery of artistic achievement, nor is temperament always the key to it. For all that you could see and know of Henley, you would have deemed him essentially a robust writer, fertile, fluent, prolific, and perhaps careless. You could conceive him the composer of full-blooded tales of adventure, of copious angry satires, of fierce allegories, warm with the *sarva indignatio* of Swift, of melodramatic romantic plays. But in fact he did none of these things. He seemed incapable of what an eighteenth-century critic would have called a sustained flight; and he was apparently destitute of any real constructive or creative power. He never wrote a story, or a narrative poem, or anything in prose which was beyond the limits of a short essay; and if in his three plays he was able to "stay" over a somewhat longer course, it was only with the assistance of Stevenson, who no doubt was responsible for the constructional and dramatic part of the work, such as it is. Henley was the painter of miniatures, the maker of cameos. There are some rough, and even brutal, passages in his poems; but his art, taken as a whole, was delicate, precise, and finished. When he set to work, the violence that one noticed in his talk, the over-emphasis of his intellectual temper, died away; in his best passages he has the subtle restraint, the economy of material, and the careful manipulation, of the artist-work-

passages, and his 'vigilant' passages. No man of our time has expressed a mood of the emotions with more absolute appropriateness and verbal harmony, and that is lyric poetry in its essence. Some of his songs are gems of almost faultless expression:—

O gather me the rose, the rose,
While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
And winter waits behind it.

For with the dream foregone, foregone,
The deed foreborne for ever,
The worm regret will canker on,
And time will turn him never.

So well it were to love, my love,
And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us and above,
The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that
goes,
The memories that follow!

The sentiment is simple, trite, commonplace, one might call it hackneyed; it recurs in Burns, De Musset, Béranger, in the Elizabethans *passim*. All the greater is the cunning of hand, the mere verbal manipulation, and the welding of rhythm and thought, that give the novelty and charm. But better even than his lyrics are Henley's portraits and pictures, which have the firmness and brilliancy of Meissonier, the light and shade and bold line of Whistler's etchings. Such are some of the rhymes and rhythms in *Hospital*, and almost the whole of the original and striking "*London Volunteers*":—

What miracle is happening in the air,
Charging the very texture of the gray
With something luminous and rare?
The night goes out like an ill-parcelled
fire,
And, as one lights a candle, it is day.

The extinguisher, that perks it, like a
spire,
On the little formal church, is not yet
green
Across the water; but the house-tops
nigher,
The corner-lines, the chimneys—look
how clean,
How new, how naked! See the batch
of boats,
Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh-
sprung beam!
And those are barges, that were goblin
floats,
Black, hag-steered, fraught with devil-
ry and dream!
And in the piles the water frolics clear,
The ripples into loose rings wander
and flee,
And we—we can behold that could but
hear
The ancient River, singing as he goes,
New-mailed in morning, to the ancient
Sea.

You get the same qualities in the best of his prose. His criticisms, which one may read again and again for their honesty, their breadth, their humanity, their charity and their clarity, are specially notable for the manner of their presentation. The "Views and Reviews" are not so much essays as a series of pictorial impressions. They are like those folding screens which used to be fashionable in our drawing-rooms, and are I believe still in vogue in the nurseries: fabrics of canvas or buckram pasted all over with pictures. Every few sentences or so, Henley stops to give you a vivid thing in pastels, or a piece of illuminated work, stiff with gold and enamelling, or again a sketch in water-color, clean, cool and luminous. Thus, when writing of Professor Butler's and Mr. Lang's *Odyssey*:—

In a space of shining and fragrant clarity you have a vision of marble columns and stately cities, of men august in single-heartedness and strength, and women, comely and simple and superb as goddesses; and with a music of leaves, and winds, and waters, of plunging ships, and clang-

ing armors, of girls at song and kindly gods discoursing, the sunny-eyed heroic age is revealed in all its nobleness, in all its majesty, its candor, and its charm. The air is yet plangent with echoes of the leaguer of Troy, and Odysseus the ready-at-need goes forth upon his wanderings; into the cave of Polypheme, into the land of giants, into the very regions of the dead: to hear among the olive trees the voice of Circe, the sweet witch singing her magic song as she fares to and fro before her golden loom: to rest and pine in the island of Calypso, the kind sea-goddess; to meet with Nausicaa, loveliest of mortal maids; to reach his Ithaca, and do battle with the wooers, and age in peace and honor by the side of the wise Penelope.

In the preface to the collected edition of his "Poems" (1898), Henley says that he had almost to abandon the writing of verse, for some time, because, "after spending the better part of my life in the pursuit of poetry, I found myself so utterly unmarketable that I had to own myself beaten in art, and to addict myself to journalism for the next ten years." But, beaten or not, Henley never let go his hold on the artistic method. Nothing, I think, is more creditable to him than the manner in which he resisted the temptation—the worst and greatest of those that assail persons "addicted to" journalism—to lighten his labors and enlarge his income by pouring out floods of loose, easy work. Sometimes he wrote "below himself," as everybody does, but never, I should think, consciously, and at all times with a really heroic fidelity to his ideal of technical excellence. What he could do, he did well; what he was unfit to do, he knew, and he did not attempt it. "Il est donné de nos jours, à un peu petit nombre, même parmi les plus délicats et ceux qui les apprécient le mieux, de recueillir, d'ordonner, sa vie, selon ses admirations et selon ses goûts, avec suite, avec noblesse." Henley says that Matthew Arnold is one of the few to whom this

sentence of Sainte-Beuve may be properly applied. But he could have claimed it also for himself. He too might "*se vanter d'être resté fidèle à soi-même, à son premier et à son plus*

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beau passé." And there have not been many literary men of our time of whom this could be said with more justice.

Sidney Low.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S LUTE.

It hangs on the wall in the corner where the low sun just touches it, outlining it against the shadow and turning the rich bronze of its curving ribs to gold. It is very beautiful in its slender swelling fullness, very perfect in color; polished with age till the play of light upon its shining surfaces is a thing rather to see than to describe. Also it has a strange perverse charm of unexpectedness, almost of deformity; for, in place of the short sharply-flexed lute-head, its slender neck stretches into the long straight finger-board of a guitar. "A lute with a history, I imagine," was the comment of one who knows much of these things, when it was taken to him to be restored. And he touched it with lingering fingers. "A fine piece, too, as I have seen; very old, and what a shape! Of course, that neck spoils it; but if it were mine, it should not be altered. I am sure it has a history."

Yes, and I, too, would not have it altered. I, who know that history, or as much of it as has been told to their daughters by the women who have played on it during more than two hundred years. In that time much may come to pass, and my lute has many stories, but there is only one that I can never forget, that, when I look at it, I remember always.

When first it came to me I found a scrap of ribbon hanging from the ivory stud at the lower end, a thin gauzy string of blue with a white edge

of open work, such as our grandmothers wore nearly a hundred years ago. But underneath there was still another fragment of crumbling silk, almost colorless with age, but still perceptibly tricolor in its folds; a fragment that had been sheltered and preserved by the later ribbon wrapped about it. And on the face of the lute, where the player's hand rests, there are curious stains, I think of blood. It has been restored at least twice within the last hundred years, and again there are fine cracks seaming its ancient face; yet in spite of its great age the tone of it is extraordinarily full and sweet, with a peculiar soft resonance in it that is difficult to describe. It has always been my fancy that there are voices in it, the very distant voices of children and the far echo of a song; but that is because I think always of the story I am going to tell as it has been told to me. Perhaps I should scarcely call it a story. There is so very much that we do not know; it is rather a series of glimpses into the past, told without cohesion, at long intervals, and pieced together by the loving ears that heard them.

For my grandmother out of her own memories could add and interpret much. She remembered living in the bare comfortless rooms of the old family house, in a poverty that was the bleaker from its setting. She had seen the sword-slated tapestry and loved its faded blood-stained pic-

tures; she knew the secret hiding-place whence her grandfather had been dragged on his way to the guillotine, and had helped to tend the grandmother who came out of the prisons as out of the grave, who to her life's end was always a helpless shadow of the older France, alien and bewildered in the new. She remembered that she and her sister were in their childhood dressed as boys, and called by the names of their dead brothers, to please their father's morbid fancy; and she recalled too that never had her mother used those names, never had they heard them cross her lips. And later they had travelled to a cold gray land in the north, where my grandmother was to make a much dearer home than she had ever known in France, but a home in which her mother lived to the end of her long life, an alien and a stranger to the last, never speaking the tongue of those about her, knowing little more of the country she lived in than she could see from her window. She was always very quiet, very still in her ways and chary of words, seeming often to be far absent in her thoughts; it was only towards the end, when her husband had long been dead, that she sometimes talked to her daughters and told them a little—a very little—of the past. And from what she told them, and from what they themselves remembered, and from some old papers that came ultimately to their keeping, they pieced together all that we shall ever know of the story of Suzanne Duval and her lute.

And the story begins, as it seems to me, with a song.

Je me fus dans le jardin
Parmi les rosiers;
J'ai vu mon bien-aimé
Qui par là passait.
Il m'envoyait un baiser
Gai! mon cœur, gai!

Les roses sont fleuries,
Les roses de Mai!

J'ai perdu mon bien-aimé;
Il s'en est allé;
Il a pris la Mort
Pour sa fiancée.
Il m'a quitté,
Gai, mon cœur, gai;
Les roses sont fanées,
Les roses de Mai.

One hundred and fifteen years ago there stood an ancient and stately house in the silk-weavers' quarter of Lyons. It stands there, indeed, still, though sorely changed and debased; the carved lintels and mouldings chipped, the pilasters and garlands broken away. The window-panes are cracked; the high roof sags and bulges; and the rubbish-littered square on which it looks is casually a market and always a playground for innumerable children.

Yet it is not so long since the Maison Duval stood in sober stateliness amid its fellows, the houses of the great silk-merchants of the city, who lived here near their looms and workshops on the low ground between river and hill. They formed almost a class to themselves, these silk-weavers and dressers; brilliant, wealthy, singularly independent, they lived in great luxury and as much comfort as the time understood, and with their common interests and constant intermarriage, formed a society curiously associate and compact. And in this society, a hundred and ten or twenty years ago, a prominent place was held by Joseph Duval, the great satin-dresser, who held in his hands the practical monopoly of the trade. He had travelled to England to study improvements in machinery, he had invented, perfected, elaborated, simplified, the methods and material he had found in use, till there were in France no *donneurs d'eau*, as they were technically termed, who could compete with

the Ateliers Duval. In consequence, he had become very rich; his house was one of the finest in the quarter; he was important, respected and envied. He had a wife who was called the wittiest woman in Lyons, and had once been the loveliest; and he had a daughter who was now all that her mother had been. And that daughter, in all her seventeen years, had never known a hard word, or been stinted in anything she desired. Her childhood was joy.

. . . To-night was the betrothal of Suzanne Duval, and the old house was at its gayest. There were lights everywhere, and many servants, and guests swarming up the great double stairs and crowding the salons; for everyone in Lyons, everyone of any importance, was here to do homage to Suzanne and to criticize her *futur*. The marriage was one that had been talked of, and not always with approval. Gaston La Derive was an "outsider," not of their class or city, not of their profession, not even wealthy or specially high-born. He had happened to please old Joseph Duval, who praised his clear head and quick judgment in affairs; here was a son-in-law fit to succeed him, he declared, and as to money, he himself was surely rich enough to do as he liked. It was not customary to consider in any way the opinion of the bride; but there were those who knew Suzanne well who wondered if this cold and formal young man were a well-chosen husband for Duval's petted daughter.

She was standing just now beside her mother at the end of the long salon, waiting for her father to lead up to her the man that was to be her husband, and thinking, surely, of many things; but neither then, nor at any time, do we know her thoughts. We have to be satisfied with impressions: a slight little figure resplendent

in satin and lace, a small head held high, a curiously direct regard that looks out of her miniature to-day as it must have looked down the long salon at her father and the man who advanced beside him on the night of her betrothal.

"My daughter, I present to you M. Gaston La Derive. . ." Joseph Duval's voice rolled on in the customary platitudes, and his chosen son-in-law duly made his salutations. He was good-looking and well-built, with a pretty leg and a fine manner; a little formal, with eyes somewhat close together, and a supercilious air that appeared distinguished. Suzanne knew nothing of him, but she had no active objection to him as her fiancé. He pleased her eye, and, spoilt child though she was, it had never occurred to her that she might choose her own husband. She accepted alike the flowers he presented to her and his declaration of devotion with a curtsy to the ground, and expressed her obedience to her father in phrases demurely, unhesitatingly gracious. Then she gave him her finger-tips, and together they walked through the salon to receive the congratulations of the guests. It was all very fine, very moving, very brilliant. A sudden intoxication bewildered Suzanne, who preserved in her memory the impression of many lights above and about her, of lights reflected in mirrors and shining silks, of lights flashing and sparkling from innumerable jewels. The rest was uncertain; she seemed to tread on air through a mist of light, conscious always of the young man beside her. Curtseying, smiling, responding, somehow she fulfilled her part but remembered none of it: the confusion only lifted as she found herself with her lute in her hands (the lute that had no guitar-head then) and her mother whispering to her as she settled the ribbons on her shoulder.

"Sing your best, *ma fille* . . . but not the foolish little airs you sing to us, dear one. Something serious . . . you understand? . . . He detests childishness . . . and I fear he thinks you very young. . ."

Suzanne lifted her head high, at the first criticism she had ever known, and looked up to meet, in silence, an unemotional regard. Then her hand fell sharply on the strings and she began to sing.

I walked in my garden,
Where roses grow. . . .

Gaston turned away. I think the lights went out then, for Suzanne, and were never lit again.

* * * * *

It was night, again, in Lyons. Above the lights of the city, above its spires and roofs, the sky lifted itself into the placidity of darkness; there was no wind, there were no clouds, there were few stars, only the deep and lovely silence of wide sky, undisturbed, profound. It was below, in the city, that no peace was.

In the level between the river and the hill, where the silk-factories lay, the streets were filled with an unusual turmoil. Here, at this hour, there should have been peace; for the day was long, and the nights too short for a man to get his full rest in. From dawn to twilight the looms worked with their ceaseless thud and clatter, pausing only when light failed; darkness brought silence, and the sleep of wearied men. But to-night there was neither silence nor sleep. The narrow ill-lit streets were thronged by a crowd of singular incohesion, that pressed itself into groups only to drift apart again; that gathered round a knot of speakers, and scattered when a voice lifted into domination. There was constant movement without progression, an excitement that checked itself into hesitation. The noise rose

and fell, passing from the scuffling stamp of a crowd and sudden bursts of speech to quick silences when men eyed each other side-long and a voice left audible quavered and was hushed; only to rise again into the roar of movement, the security of noise, of companionship, of being each in the confusion unmarked. They had done nothing—yet; they were waiting, as a mob always waits, for the impulse that drives it. And the courier from the north, with death in his budget, was riding hot-foot into Lyons. . .

In her own room Suzanne paced up and down with her boy in her arms. He was a wakeful rogue, and growing heavy; her back ached and her arms were stiff; sometimes her thoughts wandered. Unconsciously, as she walked up and down, she listened to the sounds of the night; somewhere below, her husband and father were closeted together; somewhere her mother, perhaps, was wakeful too. There was a roar that came intermittently, like wind afar off on the plain; she forgot to sing, in listening to it. It was coming nearer; the wind. . . . was it wind? . . . was growing deeper and more certain. There was something terrible in it; surely a storm was at hand. . . .

Théodore cried and opened wide his eyes. "Oh! . . . rogue! . . ."

I walked in my garden,
But flowers there were none. . .
I looked for my true love. . . .

The storm was at hand, indeed.

* * * * *

Suzanne was alone in Lyons, but she was in the old gray house no longer. Her husband had fled and she knew not where he was; she herself had been in no fit state to attempt escape. Her father and mother were in one or other of the overflowing prisons, if indeed they were still alive; he had been hidden during five weeks in his

own house, and Suzanne had stood by when they dragged him from the narrow shelf where he had lain so long, and had wept for his cramped and helpless limbs and the black hair turned to snowy white. It was the last time she had cried. It was years before she learned to weep wholesome tears again. Friends, kinsfolk, even acquaintance, were gone; some had escaped, many were in the prisons, more were dead. She was alone, save for Théodore, and little Sébastien who had been born in the midst of the siege and seemed to have thriven on the trouble about him. She had found a refuge in a miserable attic lent to her by a compassionate stranger, a bare rafted place high in the steepness of the roof, with nothing in it save a table and a couple of broken chairs, and a heap of straw thrown onto the built-in ledge that served as bed. But it had a window that looked up at nothing save the sky overhead, and Suzanne thanked God daily for it; so much the less had she been forced to see of the horrors about her. She went out very rarely. A woman in the house, who knew her helplessness, brought her bread and water and such miserable food as she could obtain. Here Sébastien was born; and Suzanne, altogether alone with him and little Théodore, untended, almost unfed, thrived as she had not done in the luxury of her own home. When the sun shone down through the window and there was blue sky overhead, she played with her lute and her babies and forgot to be anything less than content. For she had kept the lute with her, the lute that seemed to hold for her every memory of her happy youth, and that sang to her in the voices she loved, the lute that was her children's joy and in some curious way her own comforter.

It happened one night that when

she had wrapped the little ones in her cloak and laid them on the straw in the box-bed, there came a tap to the door, a little scratching tap, the sound made by one who is in danger; and before Suzanne could reach it, a scrap of paper was pushed in by the crevice beneath. When she looked out on the ladder-like stair that climbed into the roof, there was no one to be seen; there was nothing to tell whose hand had brought her this, the first word she had had from her husband. She smoothed out the paper, almost too startled and bewildered to make out the small fine writing; reading and re-reading the few sentences with a dull sense of amazement as if at one dead returned to life. She had been so long alone, and so many had gone, and not come back; she had never questioned but that he was dead. And now he was alive, and safe, and had even thought of her. ". . . In Italy: . . . have found work here, Genoa. . . . you had better join me at once. . . ." Suzanne gasped again. He gave her neither direction nor help, he did not tell her how, or where, to go; and above all, he sent her no money. How could she go without money? And how could he suppose she would have any? He had left her so little, and it had lasted already so many, many months; she put her hand to her breast where she hid her wedding-ring and the little packet of *assignats*, and did not need to count them, she knew too well how few there were left. And when these were done? . . .

A little voice called to her from the bed where the children lay, and a pair of imperious arms were stretched out towards her. "Not asleep, *p'tite maman*. Come to Théodore and sing the darkness away!"

She sank on her knees beside him and forgot to be afraid. "Oh, we will go," she whispered, soothingly:

"darlings, we will go somehow. I do not know how, yet, but I will take you. . . . and you shall be safe. Only you must sleep, little rogues, you must sleep and be strong. . ." And she took the lute that lay beside them, and sang the little song that had been hers, and now was theirs, the song that always sang them to sleep.

I looked for my true love,
But my true love is gone!

* * * * *

So they left Lyons.

They started on a Wednesday in January, it must have been in 1793; on a cold dark day, with a wind blowing that Suzanne remembered to the day of her death. The lute was slung at her back, Sébastien was in her arms, and Théodore trotted at her side. Her dress was of a common cotton stuff with a crossed tippet of thin wool, and she wore wooden shoes and a kerchief knotted over her hair. It was partly a disguise, for it was not likely that such a poor peasant woman and her children would be interfered with; but she had been forced to sell her wedding-ring in order to go even so miserably clad. It was bitterly cold and she had not a single warm garment on her; for her own cloak had been cut down into clothes for the little ones. Tied about her neck were the few poor *assignats* that were all she had left, and in her tippet she had thrust some bread. So she started for Italy, in mid-winter, by roads unknown, almost penniless, with a child at her breast and another, not long able to walk, running at her side.

They passed the gates safely, by means of the forged papers that had cost Suzanne a share of the wedding-ring, and got out into the country that she knew so well, passing by ruined and deserted houses where she

had once been a guest. Her thoughts must have been bitter; she must have realized intensely that there was no one she could turn to for help. . . . That night she lay in a cottage, where the woman eyed her askance and gave her no food till she showed that she could pay for it, the next night in a barn, among straw, where the children slept sweetly, and she watched to shield them from the rats.

And so they went on, slowly, very slowly, measuring their journey by Théodore's weary legs, hungry, cold, but more hopeful with every mile that lay between them and Lyons, not unhappy when the weather was kind, at the worst, always together. It was not till her poor store of money gave out that their agony began.

Henceforward Suzanne's story is fitful and disconnected. It is but a picture here, or there, against the darkness; what she told is so much less than what must be guessed at. The veil was never wholly lifted by her from the tortured creature that had been herself. . . . We know, only, that those were the darkest days of the Terror, when hand was against hand, and every man feared his neighbor. Suzanne found no help and dared look for none, as she passed through some of the most fiercely revolutionary parts of France. She once showed her daughters a faded tricolor cocarde. "But for that," she said,—“and how I hated it!—they would have torn us to pieces.” She must have struggled on from village to village, in hopeless beggary, asking at house-doors for crusts for her children and often refused. Such food as was given to her was thrown like refuse to a famished dog, and more than once she was driven from shelter with kicks and curses. We do not know how, or where, she slept; of all these weeks we know nothing.

But the season was long remembered for its continuous cold.

At last it appears that she arrived at a large village that lay on a hillside, and the drifting snow had whitened the upper half of every house and left the bare black lower walls turned gloomily towards the road that climbed up to them. It was late in the livid twilight; Suzanne had been long on the road, forced to rest under hedges, sometimes carrying both the children, and she was weak and faint from lack of food. Sébastien was dozing in her arms; he slept much now. Théodore could barely drag himself beside her.

The houses round the dark marketplace seemed to be closed for the night. And they remained closed. Staggering from house to house, almost falling at each step, she knocked, and knocked, her hand too numb to feel the contact, when she beat it despairingly against the wood. And from the only door that opened she was cursed, and driven away. It was snowing again, and the white flakes dazed her; perhaps she fell. . . . And then, after what seemed a long, long time, she found herself stumbling through an open door and meeting a clamor of drunken voices and a suffocating waft of fetid air. There were many men drinking, and certain women. She tried to rise from the floor where she had fallen beside the hearth; but the agony of weariness tortured her, and her wooden shoes were shiny with the blood from her wounded feet. And Sébastien was awake and not walling as he had done these latter days; the women had taken him and Théodore and were warming them at the fire. . . . Suzanne struggled to her feet. But the men had discovered her lute and swore she should sing to them, and one of them, more drunken than the

rest, jeered at her foully and tried to kiss her. And she saw that the women were feeding the children with bread sopped in wine. . . .

She caught up her lute and held it as a barrier between herself and the drunken men in front of her. She sang all they asked for, the *Marseillaise*, the *Carmagnole*, the wild street songs that wrung her heart with pain and horror, even, as they grew quieter, the little French *chansons* that are so droll and gay. She sang till they had drunk themselves into harmlessness, and the children were asleep too in the arms of those women whom Suzanne blessed. And then her voice broke, and she fainted.

After this, she sought the towns where she could sing in the streets and gain a few poor *sous*. It was little that she made, but it kept her just this side of starvation. So she sang to her lute wherever she went, sang all that they asked of her, the songs of the Revolution, the many airs of the old gay France that the Revolution had killed, all that she knew or could learn, save only one—the song that was her children's. And the child in her arms grew lighter day by day, and the little feet beside her lagged always more heavily; slowly, surely, the darkness closed in about her. One day, as she struggled along a wind-swept road, the burden at her breast grew so cold that she shuddered, and of a sudden she missed the walling that was sweeter to her than silence. She could not stop; Théodore was dragging himself beside her, and the next town was far ahead; she must go on, on, on. And when they reached it, she must sing in the streets till a *sou* or two were flung to her—with that burden ice-cold at her breast.

It was a little place, very gray, beside a gray river, with a dark church wrecked and desecrated, and a grave-

yard defiled. It was there that she left Sébastien.

Again she went on. Often she carried Théodore now, for her arms were so empty, and he was always so tired; she would find him often with the silent tears running down his face. She herself was never tired now, every fibre in her body seemed to have turned to steel, and she pressed on, on, conscious that Italy came nearer every day, and that hope lay just beyond the encompassing hills. Her voice was hoarse and broken but she sang still, without caring that men jeered at her, caring only for the pence that staved off starvation; she sang even at night to Théodore, as he lay sleepless and weeping in the dark. And presently she crossed the frontier and found herself in Italy. There was a poor village amid the mountains, huddled among fallen rocks, shut in by rocky walls; and there was water that ran brawling over rocks, with a sound like sobbing in the night. Suzanne lay there many nights and heard it sobbing always; and when she went on . . . alone . . . the sound of it travelled with her, sobbing still. I think for a while

Macmillan's Magazine.

she was maddened with it and with the emptiness of her arms, for she fell to carrying her lute as if it were a baby, and talking to it as if it could understand her whispered babble. . . .

We know no more. How she made her way to Genoa she never told; it may be that she did not know herself. But there, a few weeks later, her husband walking on the quays heard behind him a familiar song.

The winter it is here,
And the roses are dead. . . .

When he looked on her, he did not know her. He had left her young, and this was an old woman, bent and gray-haired, hobbling on sore feet, with a hoarse, rough voice that muttered his name. "Here," she said, holding out the lute, and letting it fall from her cramped hands, "Gaston, here are your sons. . . ."

* * * * *

The lute handle was broken. And long years after, when it was restored, she had the guitar-head fixed in its place. "It must not be the same," she said, "not quite the same."

WILD-DUCK OVER!

Sunset: and the cry of a rover,
The rush of a whistling wing;
Good-bye to you, wild-duck over,
Gone south till the waking spring!
Till the golden goddess has brought her
New life to the leafless trees,
You will rock on the open water
And dip to the ceaseless seas.

Twilight: and the crimson glory
Dies down in the wintry west,
Your path, like a half-told story,
Lies dim to a goal unguessed;

What I Saw in Macedonia.

We follow your dark form fleeting
 Straight-necked to the harbor-mouth,
 Each stroke of those pinions beating,
 And throb of that heart set south!

Nightfall: and I stand and ponder,
 Grown restless and ill-content,
 With a wish that I too might wander
 The way that your swift wings went;
 My heart is a wild-fowl rover,
 My fate is a frosted mere;
 Ah! good-night to you, wild-duck over;
 Come back with the waking year.

Will. H. Ogilvie.

Chambers's Journal.

WHAT I SAW IN MACEDONIA.

BY REGINALD WYON.

September 1903.

MONASTIR—I.

Viewed from a little distance, Monastir presents a smiling picture of green trees, above which tower a few minarets. Scarcely a house can be distinguished, except an occasional glimpse of a red-tiled roof and little blue spirals of smoke ascending into the clear mountain atmosphere. Great hills rise gently from this bed of green, with groups of tents dotted on the slopes, and across the still air comes the sound of bugles. Far away, lurid flames leap up, burning fiercely and vividly against the sombre background, betraying the beloved handiwork of the Turkish soldier. Even the faint and distant boom of cannon can be heard, and to-morrow we shall be told of the extermination of another band already killed thrice over. Along the broad and dusty avenue a great concourse of people is streaming towards the little station on the very outskirts of the town, and thither we gallop our horses, for the distant scream of a locomotive can be already heard heralding the approach of the Salonica

train, with its daily load of misery and vice. Turkish officers in every variety and extreme of military uniforms and smartness, ragged soldiers, stately kavasses keeping an ever-watchful eye upon their masters, one or two Europeans, and a motley array of porters throng the platform, as very slowly the long train rolls in. A dozen closely barred vans follow the engine and pass us, till the three or four carriages draw up opposite the station house, crowded with gendarmes, soldiers, redifs, all fully armed, who noisily descend, jostling the second-class passengers, consisting of officers and officials. Towards the first van march a squad of zaptiehs, and it is unlocked, disclosing a mass of wild, unkempt faces, blinking piteously in the sudden light. A few sharp commands, a push or a thrust with a rifle-butt, and its contents are disgorged—slowly, because the men therein are chained to each other, or have their arms tightly bound behind their backs, and they are very weak from days of starvation. Some claw at rude bundles, all their worldly belongings, but most are barely clad

in rags. They are Bulgarian peasants whose villages have been burnt, their wives and children murdered or driven into the mountains to starve, whither they have followed till hunger has driven them once more into the valleys and into the hands of the soldiers. There were more when they first gave themselves up, but those were weak and could not keep up on that long march to the nearest railway-station, in spite of the bayonet prods and beatings with the rifle-butts.

An officer explains to us that these are insurgents captured in a recent fight, but we know better. Poor wretches, *they* never possessed a rifle, else they would not be here and in this plight. Few armed insurgents are ever captured alive. In a long straggling line they totter out on to the road, mere caricatures of mankind, a bundle of bones strung together by a covering of skin, towards the inferno called the prison. How many will ever emerge alive before they are called, weeks or months hence, to the mockery of trial? Probably most of them, for they are hard to kill.

But there are other vans not yet opened: a moan breaks from them occasionally, more distinct now that the babel of voices has streamed out towards the town. Our continued presence is obviously unwelcome, and we diplomatically withdraw to a point of vantage well hidden in the trees. Here we see the vans unloaded, and the inmates carried to a neighboring shed till nightfall, when the ambulances will come and carry them to the overcrowded military hospital. They are mostly wounded soldiers, with here and there a mutilated Bulgarian, saved from a lingering but more merciful death on the hills for some reason, perhaps to give information against his comrades or as a trophy. Thoughtfully we mount our horses and ride slowly down the ave-

nue, past the exercising-ground facing the huge barracks. Bugles are blowing incessantly, for the Turkish soldier loves noise, and shouts cleave the air as they proclaim their allegiance to the Padisha at the close of each day.

Half-way a small guard-house breaks the line of trees, and the sentry in a slovenly manner "presents arms," for his instructions are to salute all consuls, as we ride by with slightly accelerated pace. There are so few Europeans here beside the consuls that we are invariably saluted as such. It was only a few short weeks ago that the Russian consul drove past this spot and met his awful fate. From this very guard-house came the fatal shot, and it was under this tree that he fell, and the zaptieh smashed in his skull as he lay. On those two trees, the next to the guard-house, the murderer and his comrade (whose only crime was that he did not prevent the other shooting) were hanged a few days later, calling to the soldiers to save them, saying, "Ye made us do the deed: save us if ye be men." On the low branches, scarcely high enough to swing them clear, they were strangled, and Holy Russia was revenged. A few hundred yards farther we pass the military bakehouse and its guard. It is the first house of the town, and the place where more shots were fired at the dead consul's carriage as it drove furiously by.

The main street is crowded as we enter it. Citizens, soldiers, zaptiehs, one and all Turks, enjoying the brief spell of twilight ere darkness sends them hurrying to their homes. Not one European head-gear is to be seen, neither in the streets nor in the open-air cafés. We are alone amongst this mob of fanatics. Patrols of armed soldiers slouch past incessantly; at every street-corner stand sentries who unwillingly come to "the attention" as we approach. A feeling of uncanni-

ness, of some hidden danger, possesses us,—a feeling that we can never quite shake off in Monastir, for there is talk of Christian massacres in the air, of murder, though we jest about it at the consulates over coffee and cigarettes. Yet we have suffered no inconvenience, and, thanks to a little care, we have avoided jostling one of the uniformed bashi-bazouks, and hitherto escaped insult.

A great clatter comes down the ill-paved street, and a carriage surrounded by mounted gendarmes rattles past. Inside sits a grave-faced, bearded man, clad most correctly in frock-coat, but with fez. It is the Inspector-General of Reforms, Hilmi Pacha. He salaams gracefully out of the window, but he does not smile as affably as usual. Only this day he has informed our consul that there is a plot afoot to murder either him or us, and he is much grieved because we have responded, declaring our unbelief that it is a *Bulgarian* plot. Also, he is pained at our accusations of Christian massacres, and that, in spite of his courteous and plausible explanations, we still believe the Turkish soldiers capable of such atrocities, and supply comfortable British breakfast-tables with the accounts thereof. Men pass us with scarcely a glance of recognition, yet who daily sit with us in secret places. We likewise ignore them, for everywhere there are spies, and we know that a careless "good evening" would be enough to send them to prison and to banishment.

Yet all is orderly and quiet. A stranger might well imagine himself in a most well-conducted Turkish city, for he does not know the sights hidden by the prison,—the hospital walls or in the Bulgarian quarter.

"You see how exaggerated are all the reports of disturbances and cruelties in Monastir," remarked Nazir Pacha suavely, a day or two before,

when we admitted the orderliness on the streets. "Now, confess that you expected to see very different things with us."

"In spite of all that we had heard, your Excellency, we did not expect to see what we have seen," we responded truthfully. "There is a very false impression in Europe as to the doings here, and we are doing our best to correct it." His Excellency beamed with pleasure, and handed us another cigarette.

MONASTIR—II.

Painfully and slowly the old woman replaces the evil-smelling bandages upon her gray head. She had just insisted on showing us a terrible scalp-wound wantonly given her at the burning of Smilevo by a Turkish soldier, where the only crime of the villagers had been their vicinity to the hills infested by "the brigands." Another old woman has begun to sob violently,—one of us reminds her of a son whom she saw hacked to pieces; but the younger women do not weep or moan. Only one, half girl, half woman, sobbed softly as she told of the soldiers who tore the child from her arms and tossed it into the flames of her burning home.

We are in a suburb of Monastir, a collection of houses scattered unevenly up the side of a steep hill bordering on a Turkish cemetery. It is densely packed with human beings, who may not leave the tiny walled-in courtyards before the houses, as many as ten families in one small room. The overcrowding cries powerfully to the heavens, pervading the sweet fresh mountain air even at a distance.

A very few men are amongst this crowd in a somewhat larger court than the rest, and which we have chosen at random and entered. We had heard that the victims of Smilevo had come,

and that a few of them, thanks to the good offices of the Austrian consul, had been allowed to remain. The rest, many hundred families, are living in the open, scattered in groups upon the plain, without covering and without warm clothing, depending on the charity of the equally poor villagers for bread. God send them help before the winter comes. But after all, what is their lot compared to those in the mountains, where the nights are biting cold and not a village is left standing in the valleys? What are those poor wretches doing in the Ochrida and Dibra districts, where sixty villages are burnt, and, as a consul curtly put it, "8000 families, reckoned at the average of five persons to the family, are now homeless and entirely destitute in the mountains"?

Smilevo¹ is but *one* instance of *ninety*. Soldiers had come fresh from a defeat in the hills, and had suddenly surrounded the flourishing village, setting fire to the outer ring of houses. Then, as the frightened inmates rushed into the streets, the shooting began; and whilst the soldiers killed and tormented, the Bashi-bazouks ransacked each house, igniting it when this work was done.

Ah, how merrily they ran to and fro, screaming wildly as the circle of flames grows smaller! What sport to the harassed soldiers to kill slowly and with impunity! 'Tis verily better fun than being dynamited in the hills. They take the sword-bayonets now, for fear of shooting each other, and laugh as the pile of dead grows higher. Into the flames with the infants! It is good to hear the mothers shriek, and to cut them down as they run blindly at the butchers, armed only with their teeth and nails. Now it is enough—every house is in flames, and not a thing of

value left the survivors except what they stand up in, huddled together in a paralyzed group outside. Some have run for the hills, a few of the men have escaped the shower of bullets, but most are dotting the wasted crops.

The soldiers leave them,—they are tired even of this work, and there they stand, robbed in a few short hours of father, mother, husband, wife, or children, their home, and everything that was theirs. And these are but a handful of survivors that crowd around us, talking freely now that they are satisfied we are not Turkish spies, showing us pieces of charred bags, skirts, and other articles of clothing, cut and slashed to tatters by the bayonets of the soldiers. Their lot, miserable as it is, is heaven compared to thousands of others. Here they are fed by the charity of their neighbors, their wounds tended by the good Sisters of Mercy, and they do not live in hourly fear of another massacre, though each Christian in Monastir knows that even this eventuality is possible—nay, contemplated. It is very different to the hell on the mountains and on the plains, where the wounds are festering and the only food is often grass and water.

Groups of pretty little orphans are shown us before we depart, taking our way through the Bulgarian quarter proper. The same sights, the same stories, the same misery is hidden behind every wall—not only from Smilevo, but from a dozen other villages too. We have listened to them also, and heard the wearying repetition of fiendish acts of cruelty, too awful ever to tell in the columns of a refined press, and of acts of the basest treachery. It is no wonder that the majority of the refugees prefer to die in the mountains, rather than trust to the promises of amnesty in Hilmi Pacha's latest proclamation. It *may* have been issued

¹ The village of Smilevo was utterly destroyed by Turkish soldiers and Bashi-bazouks 28th August, and over 200 people massacred.

in all good faith, but the soldiers have no wish to escort these feeble remnants to the nearest towns, so the men prefer to see their wives and daughters die of more merciful starvation than in the hands of the most brutal soldiery in the world. Some of the more credulous men have already given themselves up, and been shot down in batches. Those still left in the mountains will join the bands after they have buried their families, and wait for the happy chance when a Turkish soldier falls into their hands, and they can face their enemies with a mauser and belt of cartridges.

Ah! it is a sad, sad story, this, of the extermination of the Christians in Vilayet Monastir, under the unbelieving and unfeeling eyes of Europe, which once rose in righteous wrath at tales not more horrible. It was *one* massacre in Bulgaria that set Europe in a blaze a quarter of a century ago. Now a dozen equally terrible only leaves us desiring the introduction of "the Reforms"! Nay more, our philanthropists are seeking to prove the Bulgarians guilty of equal atrocities, which are mostly absolutely false. Have you, good readers, ever tried to imagine yourselves for one moment in these poor wretches' position? Did you ever think of your sweet wives and tender daughters in the hands of—no, it isn't even to be mentioned, is it? Yet I have seen these poor, rough, half-civilized men weep like little children when they have *remembered*.

But grant me pardon for this digression. We are in Monastir, and have just given a few piastres to a venerable priest clad in a tattered robe, and he is calling down the blessings of God on Europe, whom he sees represented in us.

He hastily leaves us, darting up a side alley as swiftly as his feeble limbs will carry him, for a patrol of soldiers is coming down the narrow

street. The police-officer scowls at us, and will report that those accursed Glacours have been once more amongst those lying curs of refugees, and the smiling chief of police will gnash his teeth in impotent rage that he cannot drive us from his district and escape the ire of the Sublime Porte. Poor man! he has done his utmost. He has sought to terrify us with hidden threats of murder, in vain has he examined our passport for one flaw in the *visé*, and the cordon of guards around the town has been trebly warned never to let us pass. But he cannot make us go, neither can he blind us nor rob us of our hearing.

There in the great white house, the Greek hospital, are perhaps the worst sights of all, except in the prison. It is full of victims, Greeks and Servians and Wallachians, but, charitable as it is, it draws the line at Bulgarians. There many tortured remnants from Armensko, from Bilosli, and from Smerdes are to be found. We have seen them all, and left sick and with creeping flesh. There was that wretched woman with a shoulder cleft to the lung, and the woman with protruding brain, her skull smashed by five sabre cuts, and her left hand lopped off as she tried to snatch her child from the butchers. In those rooms are little children riddled by bullets and cut with knives. These are some of the proofs saved by the Almighty to testify against the bloody Turk, and recording some of the final episodes, we trust, of the Moslem in Europe.

And we who have seen these things were told in the Konak by the general commanding the troops in Vilayet Monastir that the duties of the Turkish soldier were very strenuous. They had three duties to perform: firstly, to capture or disperse the bands, secondly, to extinguish the flames of the burning villages; and, thirdly, to escort

the women and children to places of safety.³

IN UESKUB TO-DAY.

"Dur!" (Halt!)

"Kim dir o?" (Who goes there?)

"Geri!" (Go back!)

A dim figure can be faintly distinguished in the gloom, that of a Turkish soldier. If his commands—which he will probably round off with a vicious *Köpek!* (Dog!)—are not obeyed on the instant, you will see his rifle come down to "the ready," and the magazine of his mauser will click ominously. We know that he has stringent orders not to fire under any circumstances on a European; but the man is an Anatolian, totally savage, and of imperfect intelligence. What comfort is it to us to know that he would be hanged with much pomp after our Ambassador at the Porte has energetically demanded retribution for our murder?

No, it is better to obey, and quickly, seeking a doubtful comfort in the knowledge that to-morrow we will report the insult of "Dog!" to our perspiring consul, who will duly relate to us the apologies offered by the Vali.

"Better not go out at night," remarks the consul; "anything can happen at these times, and men are shot with scant ceremony."

Uesküb does not inspire confidence either by day or night. Through the crowded *bazar*, straggling up the hill beyond the Vardar to the vast half-ruined fortress on the summit, jostle an appalling number of armed men in the Zouave uniform of the Redifs. They have been hastily called in for military service from the villages far and near. Their belts bristle with cartridges, and whether sitting, standing, or walking, their rifles are inseparable.

³ Remark actually made by Nazir Pacha to the writer on 6th Sept. 1903.

Those savage-looking men in the merest semblance of a uniform, with white skull-caps of felt upon their heads, are Albanians. They are armed now for the first time with mausers, and they handle their new treasure with obvious affection, their eyes wandering the while towards a group of accursed Christians. Verily these men add not to the peaceful scene, so gay in its oriental coloring.

Groups of ragged soldiers, their faces burnt nigh black, are to be seen here and there: these are the Asiatic troops sent to save us from a sudden attack from the local soldiery, who are all but out of hand, and whose discipline is nil. Thank Heaven that each day trains bear off hundreds of these men to lonely stations on the Salonika line.

As we retrace our steps to the consular quarter and railway-station, we pass the newly established branch of the Ottoman Bank, where nervous clerks sit sweating in the heat. Soldiers stand on guard at every entrance, and opposite is the city guard-house itself; yet the bank officials are direly afraid, for the Bulgarians have sworn to blow it up sooner or later, and there are some sitting in the office who saw the shattered remains of the bank at Salonika.

"Good morning!" says the genial director; but he does not smile when we joke him on the ever-present danger. "I am surprised to find myself alive each morning I awake," he remarks, with an unconscious Irishism. Then we cross the picturesque old bridge, and pause involuntarily to consider the beauties of the mountains which surround the pretty town. It is a wild scene, perfectly in keeping with our feelings. At our feet, upon the dry bed of the river, now a comparatively tiny stream rushing through the centre arches, is a group of tents, that of the guard of the bridge. See, as we bend over the parapet, a sentry waves his

arm at us, and a hoarse cry comes up, bidding us not loiter on the bridge. His orders are strict. Who knows but what we may not be desperate men about to drop a bomb at his feet, blowing him and the bridge to pieces.

We pass on, and a dapper young man accosts us, immaculately attired in the height of Western fashion. He is the secretary of a certain Balkan consulate, and, in spite of his light laugh, there is an air of uneasiness about him impossible to conceal. He knows that the Turks have sworn to murder him and his consul on the first attempt at an outrage by the bands, and indeed every European realizes that his life will be worth nothing when the bombs are thrown. He knows that every detail of the massacre has already been planned at those nocturnal meetings in the mosques. Each house is marked, and every true Mohammedan knows his rendezvous and—his duty.

"Will it come to it?" every man asks himself; and our friend sighs as we twit him unfeelingly on his so thinly veiled anxiety.

"The consuls declare there is no danger. The Vali pooh-poohs the rumors, so why this armament?" we say, tapping his revolver, which bulges in his pocket.

"That is what they *must* say," he answers gravely.

Poor fellow! he has a young wife far away, and that unmans him.

"Take care of thy master," we call to the huge kavass, clad in gorgeous raiment, and with two great silver-mounted revolvers in his sash.

He salutes us Turkish fashion, pausing a moment to say—

"Seven years have I eaten the bread of my masters, and my duty has been but to stand at their door. The time is coming when perhaps I shall *earn* my wages."

What strange men are these!—

giant in stature, with the arms of their adopted country carried proudly in their fez; men who but a few years ago would have been the first to head a massacre of the infidels—now in their pay, and ready to sacrifice their lives in their service. It is something to see one of these men challenged at night, and to hear his scornful answer "Kavass!" as he stalks past the threatening rifles of the sentries. And, what is more, his countrymen, be they Turks or Albanians, fear him more than his pale-faced master; for they know those great revolvers projecting from his sash are for prompt use, and that the folds hide two or three more such deadly weapons.

Hark! music is approaching, weird and shrill, and from the fort on the hill comes a cloud of dust. Let us hurry to the station, for it is a regiment of Albanians leaving for the south. Taking a position of vantage we watch them swing in through the narrow gates. First, the band of an Asiatic regiment straggling along with a mere pretence of formation, playing lustily—all clarionets, trombones, cymbals, and drums. Then a battalion of Anatolians, sent ostensibly as a guard of honor, but in reality to check any ebullition of feeling on the part of the mob of fierce men who follow them; rifles carried anyhow at the slope, bayonets stuck in ragged sashes as they carry their handjars or yataghans at home, their belongings stuffed into rude sacks upon their backs, clad in the mere semblance of a uniform—evidently the cast-off clothes of the already disreputable Anatolians—and the characteristic white skull-caps of their native mountains.

A string of cattle-vans awaits them, and into these they storm, struggling, pushing, and cursing, their officers jostled and ignored, till each wagon seems packed, and still a few score men are left yelling on the platform.

Slowly these forsaken ones are absorbed in the low row of vans, and all is ready for departure. The pilot-engine has left, to spring any mine that may be awaiting this harvest; but there is a ceremony still to be performed.

A few bars by the band, and the colonel raises his hand. "Long live the Padisha!" shout the Albanians lustily; the Anatolian battalion "presents arms," and every Turk present touches his breast, his mouth, and his forehead. See the long line of hands flashing upwards like a wave! Twice is this repeated; the engine whistles shrilly, and to the tune of the "Doppel Adler March," comically inappropriate, translated into Turkish music, the long train moves slowly out of the station.

Crack!—a puff of blue smoke rises from a van, another and another. Within a few seconds the train is veiled in a blue haze, as the men empty their rifles in a parting fusillade *into the town*.

Then the Anatolians march back to the barracks. In vain we search the ranks for one good face, one handsome man. It is not a pleasant sensation to know that our lives depend on them.

A young Austrian meets us at our hotel.

"By the Lord! I nearly got a pill," he says breathlessly, for he is very young; "struck the wall a foot away. Come and see the marks of the other bullets."

THE TRIP TO SALONICA.

"The one great thing to admire in England," said the Turkish officer as we stood together in the corridor of the Uesküb-Salonica train, "is the lack of fanaticism. No country can be great that allows religious frenzy to guide its actions."

I offered no comment, which was

superfluous, but I marvelled greatly at such a remark from the lips of a Turk, who was now hanging on the foot-board of the carriage. He was in charge of a section of the line, and whenever the tents of the guards appeared, which they did every two or three minutes, he opened the door of the carriage and finally disappeared. Conversation was consequently disjointed, and the intervals I spent in praying that he might not lose his hold and in admiring the scenery. There are few trips so grandly beautiful as the run from Uesküb, beside the rushing Vardar, towards Salonica: vast gorges, deep ravines, bridges and never-ending tunnels, steep mountains towering above each side of the river, only surpassed in Macedonia by the still finer line to Monastir. And just now a railway trip possesses attractions to the adventurous spirit somewhat akin to the feelings of a racing automobilist. He can speculate at every bridge whether the train will successfully cross; and in the darkness of each tunnel, if he is of an imaginative turn of mind, he can fancy that he hears the sudden roar of dynamite and the collapse of the mass of rock and earth above him. No train has passed this way since yesterday, and in spite of the formidable show of troops occupying every point of vantage along the line, stories told of their cowardice at night do not inspire confidence. The friendly conductor will point out spidery viaducts where mines have been discovered at the nick of time, and even the most courageous traveller will shudder when he looks down into those gloomy depths.

If we are fearsome, it is nothing, to what the ragged soldiers feel at night, when they are afraid to shoot lest they should hit their comrades at their side on the colons of vantage on the heights. They have been dynamited repeatedly of late, and tents blown to

ribbons and shattered corpses look very dreadful in the morning. No wonder they run, and are found by the railway engineers at daybreak hiding pitifully in the maize-fields or up to their necks in the Vardar. Fortunately for us and them, the bands content themselves at present with mere scares. If they meant business, there would not be a bridge or tunnel left intact in the whole of Macedonia, in spite of the battalions who guard them so well by day. At every station we pull up for a wearisome wait, whilst the soldiers crowd round the train and inspect the passengers. A few peasants get in or out, officers exchange greetings with comrades in charge of the line. Then the bell tinkles, and off we go again past the endless row of tents and their slumbering, slovenly occupants. Here and there a sentry presents arms as we roll past.

At Demirkapa I meet our old friends, the regiment of Albanians, who fired a *feu-de-joie* into Uesküb as they steamed out of the station, and here I alight for much-desired refreshment. The Albanians have begun well; they only arrived last night, yet they have burnt a village already, and we can see the smoke from the smouldering ruins rising over the top of the little hill. They are lying all about the station, as villainous and cruel a lot of men as could be wished even by Turkey. They are resting from their labors now, and the buxom landlady who serves me our meal curses their presence in no measured language. She is only too ready to give me the details of last night's doing, for not a wink has she slept through the long hours of darkness. The shots, the yells, and the despairing screams found each an echo in her motherly heart. "As for murders," she runs on as I bolt my food, for time is strictly limited, "why, we hear of them with no more feeling

now than when my maid tells of a hen laying an egg. The soldiers shoot the peasants down in the fields as they work, with no more ado than if they were rats. Why, sir, I saw five Bulgarians beaten here on this very platform two days ago, because they had asked the officer who had impressed them into working on the railway to be allowed to return to their village for one day to gather in the remains of the crops. And he had them bastinadoed till their feet ran with blood. Ah! if I had never hated the Turks before, I did at *that* sight."

"And have you no fear of yourselves, alone amongst this crowd of murderers?"

The good woman shrugs her ample shoulders. "Every European in the country will be massacred ere long. It is only a question of time. Pleasant journey, sir, and safe arrival," she calls after me, as I make a dash for the already moving train.

Travelling is slow—slower than ever now, and 'tis evening as the train glides across the plain of Salonica, with the glimpse of blue sea beyond. Passports undergo their minute inspection for the fifth time that day, and passengers are at liberty to go to the hotel they have selected and mentioned to the police-officer. Through the densely crowded streets we rattle, overtaking primeval tramcars, past the ruins of the Ottoman Bank, grim relic of still vividly remembered horrors, till we alight at the fine hotel on the quay. Hundreds of well-dressed men and women are enjoying the evening breeze after the tropical heat of the day, the fez predominating, it is true, but still the effect is European. It is hard to realize that this town of merchant-palaces, fine cafés, with its luxurious club, is part and parcel of terror-struck Macedonia; that these smart loungers start at the banging of a door, the result of months of ner-

vous tension. A few days' sojourn here will convince us of that, when the cry for foreign warships is repeated for the hundredth time. At every corner stand sentries with loaded rifles, patrols march to and fro, and the narrow, noisome alleys hidden behind the houses throng with Turkish riff-raff. Every bank and public building is strongly guarded, and soldiers, half-starving amidst this mixture of opulence and misery, beg from door to door. It is not hard to read the thoughts of these men: it is written on their faces as they watch the sleek merchants and their wives and pretty daughters driving by, how each is longing for the time when bombs shall be thrown once more. There is little doubt of what will happen then, unless the British warships arrive in time.

After dinner we stroll to "the Alhambra," and listen to the band, watching the moon's soft rays dancing on the waters of the bay. And our talk is not of music but of the latest news

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from the mountains—of trains blown up, and skirmishes on the very outskirts of the town. We discuss the probable plans of Sarafoff and the projected rising in this vilayet to the strains of a Viennese valse, whilst to a selection of "Faust" one tells how the bombs were thrown in this very garden. He tells us only too vividly of the sudden darkness and the awful crash that followed, of the smash of glass and the screams of the wounded. Another caps the story, how he was arrested that night and threatened till dawn by soldiers who haled him to their camp; how he was bound and beaten, and robbed of his last piastre.

"My nerve is gone since that night," he concludes, "and I can never pass a soldier now, even in broad daylight, without a creeping sensation down my back. I fear a sudden bullet."

And as we return to our comfortably appointed hotel, we catch ourselves glancing hastily over our shoulders when we pass a crouching sentry in the darkness of his corner.

LONDON IN THE LANE.

It was drawing towards the end of summer, in one of our lanes—a winding, sandy, rutty track, with a tall hedgerow, a broad dry ditch, and a strip of grassy waste upon each hand—that I fell in with them.

You cannot see a long distance in one of our lanes. Here and there, when passing a gap, you may catch a glimpse of blue hills far away; but extent of vision and breadth of view are scarcely our strong points, and fifty yards may be considered a liberal allowance.

You walk enclosed in a sort of bower or grove of hazel sprinkled with clus-

tering nuts, of maple that in autumn turns to gold, and whitethorn covered with its haws that will be colored as red as blood by the time the hedge is bare. There are dog-roses, honey-suckles, and a hundred other delights, overshadowed by the cool branches of stately spreading elms. And underfoot, along the wayside, interwoven with the grass, is spread a carpet of silver-weed, studded with the little yellow flowers that remain femininely delicate even when full-blown, and from which, in noonday sunlight, the petals are so ready to fall if they are touched.

It comes from nowhere in particular, this lane of ours, turns one mile into two by its incomprehensible deviousness, and leads into another lane. But this seclusion is one of its greatest charms, and this irresponsible wandering its crowning merit. No dust from a hundred wheels shall ever deface the leaves that shelter it. No hurried footsteps pass this way. Here you may wander alone and unsuspected, meeting, in a lifetime, nothing more strenuous than a sheep that has broken fence or a donkey-cart.

This quiet makes it an admirable place for the observation of life, for living things take courage in the solitude to reveal themselves and their little ways. Beneath the elms the ear catches the earliest note of the returning singing birds in spring, and upon the bare twigs flocks of linnets congregate for that sweet chorus with which they sometimes cheer the silent gray monotony of a cold winter eve. All the year round incidents of hedge-row life follow one another. One day you may see the weasel slink out of the wayside grass, stop by the wheel rut to lift his head and show his white neck as he looks suspiciously around, and then hasten warily back into the cover of the ditch. Always there are rabbits, more or less, scurrying away when the ground is hard, or sitting up to make sure of the distant step almost inaudible after the rain. Sometimes a hare comes lopping towards you, but turns aside and is lost sight of at the gate. The covey runs and rises with a whirring of wings, and then you find a feather or two where they have been dusting themselves in the dry sand. A stray pheasant from the cover will stalk down the hedge-side, pecking at the brambles when blackberries are ripe. And so all the year through the everlasting pageant of nature goes by, always managing to invest its most familiar objects with

the freshness of an infinite variety. These things are all at home and a part of the landscape; but on that day towards the end of summer, from around the next bend came a strange and unfamiliar note, inviting immediate investigation. It was a small voice, of a shriller, thinner treble, quicker and more aggressive than we are accustomed to hear in this quiet countryside.

"'Ere. I say. Look out, will yer—I've copped another. I've copped another."

I hastened around the corner—and lo! two rare summer visitants, who could not under any system of classification be included in the fauna of these parts.

They were boys—little London boys, who, at a distance, looked to be about eight years of age, although closer scrutiny aroused a suspicion that they might be older.

They were in full summer plumage, dressed upon the same principle, but so that they did not exactly match. They wore caps—strange outlandish caps, as they seemed to me, that might have rested for half a century in somebody's stock, out of sight and forgotten, awaiting an extraordinary clearance sale. Each was in a short jacket that in places fitted extremely well. And they had little trouserlings cut off at the knee, above black stockings that, either on account of the agitation of the enclosed legs or the phenomenal smallness of the calves, would not keep up. One was in the ditch, up to his shoulders in flowering willow-herb, archangels both red and white, and all the glorious ragged growth in which it abounds. He had taken off that precious cap and was striking with it. Then he held it round a tall purple foxglove upon the bank, as if he were trying to staunch a wound, and shouted again:

"I've got 'im. I've copped another."

"Garn, 'Arry. I tell yer, y'ain't got 'im. Ye've let 'im gow. I seen 'im fly."

The second boy, his hands in his pockets and legs wide apart, but quivering with excitement, was standing on the silver-weed and the grass. As I drew near he looked round. It was such a thin pale face, puckered up with eagerness and anxiety, and so old and full of experience for his years.

"What are you after there? A butterfly?"

My manner was genial, after the Sandford and Merton style, and perhaps patronizing. But since the suggestion was ill-founded, he received it with scorn.

"Now. 'Tain't a butterfly. It's a bee."

"But don't you know bees sting? You had better be careful, or you'll get stung."

"Now. He won't get stung. Ye won't get stung, will yer, 'Arry?" he cried with derision. "'Ere, 'Arry. 'Ere's a bloke says you'll get stung. Come out an' show 'im what you've got."

I entirely failed to discover that deference which years of respectability, supported by an impressive personality, have taught me to regard as my due. His contempt, however, appeared to be tempered with pity, and it seemed possible that we might become chums.

"Come an' show 'im, 'Arry," repeated the pale boy impatiently. It was easy to see that his was the commanding intellect, although the other might be more effective in the ditch.

Then the ditch boy, who possessed a round chubby face and well-nourished look, clambered out at once. He was pressing together the orifice of his side pocket, and we all stood round in expectation, whilst cautiously, mysteriously, he removed his hand. Then the bees came swarming out—honey-bees, bumble-bees, dumbledors, and all the

rest of them; how he had managed to get them there without punishment remains to me little short of a miracle.

"Now you bin an' let 'em all gow," snarled the pale boy, and stamped his foot with vexation.

"But what did you want them for?" said I.

"What? Don't yer know? Bees make 'oney."

I have never been made to feel my ignorance so deeply in my life.

In all my conversation with them the pale boy was the only one who talked. His better-fed friend appeared to participate, but said nothing.

"Where do you come from?" I asked them.

"From London."

"From what part of London?"

"From Pimlico."

"Then how did you get here?"

"Why, on the Fresh Air Fund, to be sure. We come in the train to Yeovill. An' then they brought us 'ere in a kerridge wif a 'orse. I say, when Billy come down 'ere, they didn't bring 'im in a kerridge wif a 'orse."

"Had you ever been in a train before?"

"Now."

"Had you ever ridden in a carriage with a horse before?"

"Now. Only a moke."

"Have you ever seen any fields before this visit?"

"Now."

"Well, and what do you think of the country now you are here? How do you like it?"

"Ow. Oi like it very well. Oi don't see nuffink to find fault wif. Only we can't find the bloke wot gives away the apples."

"Can't find who?"

"Why the bloke wot gives away the apples, guv'ner. 'E lives down 'ereabouts somewhere. Billy seen 'im. But we ain't. You don't 'appen to know 'im, do yer, guv'ner?"

"Never heard of him in my life."

"Y'ain't lived about 'ere long, 'ave yer?"

It was a sort of whine, as if he would beguile me into the admission.

"Longer than I can remember."

He looked down upon the grass and was thoughtful. Then his face brightened and he made another attempt.

"'E's a big fat man. As big as a barrel, guv'ner, when they lets it down the cellar grating. That's wot Billy ses."

"Never seen such a man."

"Wif a big red face."

"No."

"And a bald 'ead when 'e takes 'is storr 'at off."

"No. I can't think of anybody."

"'E ain't a good-looking man, guv'ner, when 'e's angry. That's wot Billy ses. But 'e ain't a bad sort."

It was quite impossible to suggest any identification, and I plainly told them so. They were despondent, and yet at the same time they clung to hope.

"Well, we ain't seen 'im," the child went on. "We bin round the church; an' we bin along the road to the mill. An' we bin down the railway line. An' we bin out to the little 'ouse to say s-sh to the skylarks. Billy seen 'im by the pond. We bin by the pond, but we ain't seen 'im by the pond. We look about, an' we arsk, an' there ain't nowhere else to go. An' we go 'ome to-morrow."

He paused and drew a deep sigh. The time was so short and the visit so seriously incomplete. Suddenly he glanced up again, with one eye half closed, and an expression of cunning upon his crafty little countenance, that might have had behind it a quarter of a century of guile.

"Do yer think Billy was kiddin', guv'ner?" he asked, in a whisper so confidential, that it seemed to beg of me,

for just this once, to speak the truth as between man and man.

"Well, you see, I've never seen Billy. I didn't make his acquaintance when he was down here last year."

He solemnly weighed the matter, and then laid before me what seemed to be a preconcerted plan.

"Becos if Billy was kiddin', I shall just kid 'im, that we seen two blokes this year wot gives away the apples."

He looked around at the chubby boy. Clearly they seemed to think it might answer with sufficient corroboration. Then he definitely made up his mind.

"N-o-ow. Billy ain't kiddin'," he drawled, and held on to the words as though I had suggested the idea and he was holding it up to ridicule. "Why, 'e couldn't make it up out of 'is own nut. See—Billy was chuckin' stones at the ducks, an' the bloke 'e comes be'ine an' cops Billy. An' he gives him a shake, an' 'e ses, 'You young willain,' he ses; 'come from London, don't yer? an' I'll twist yer neck'—an' 'e ain't a very good-looking man when 'e's angry. 'Ow many of yer are there?' ses the bloke. An' Billy, 'e ses 'Twelve.' An' the bloke ses, 'Just bring 'em all down 'ere, then, an' when we've 'ad a word or two, I'll give 'em some apples.' An' then, I'm blowed, he lets Billy go. N-o-ow. Billy ain't kiddin', guv'ner."

Wonderful as the story might be, he stood convinced that it lay beyond the range of Billy's capability of lying.

"Well, and what happened then?"

"Why, the bloke wot gives away the apples, guv'ner, 'e takes 'em up into a apple-orchard, where the apples was grawing, 'swelp me! Billy ses Spanish onions is a fool to it. An' 'e shakes the tree, an' 'e ses, 'There now, yer can just fill yerselves till yer bust inside an' out.' An' then they puts 'em in their pockets, guv'ner, an' they puts 'em inside their shirts. An' the bloke up an' ses, 'Now look 'ere, yer young

scamps, if I catch another young fool chuckin' stones at my ducks, I'll break all yer backs and 'ave yer put in quod. But if yer gives me no cause o' complaint, I'll 'ave yer down, an' give yer another blow-out, the day before yer goes 'ome.' He ain't a bad old bloke. 'E walks wif a thick stick. We ain't seen 'im. But then we ain't chucked at 'is ducks."

I hastened to assure them that any such procedure with a view to attracting attention could be of no service, and must certainly end in disaster.

"The fact is," I explained, "there are no apples this year. The frost cut off the bud and the orchards are bare. You know yourselves that you haven't seen any——"

"Not seen any?"

"No. If you were to meet the gentleman, he couldn't give you any——"

"Not give us any?"

"Because he hasn't got any to give."

He would not condescend to answer so unwarrantable a statement. He merely put his hand into his pocket and drew out—three walnuts in their green cases.

There were teethmarks on one of them, but the others were intact. It was no longer difficult to account for the brown stains around his lips.

"They ain't ripe, guv'ner. Or 'us they ain't a good sort. But if yer keeps 'em, they gets ripe of theirselves. Sometimes they goes bad first, guv'ner, an' then they chucks 'em out into our street. But la!"—his face beamed with a genial optimism—"nuffink ain't all bad."

"Bless my heart!" cried I in alarm, "you cannot eat those. They are walnuts!"

They laughed at this most excellent joke—laughed until they could stand it no longer, but must needs lie down upon the grass and silver-weed and roll with delight.

"What! ain't yer ever seen a walnut?"

Well, I'm blowed! Look 'ere, guv'ner, if I'd known y'ain't never seen a walnut, I'd ha' brought yer down one, to 'ang upon yer watch an' chain, for a curiosity."

Then, reflecting that knowledge outside of one's experience is not to be expected of any man, he concluded: "But yer can't help it, yer know. I ain't never seen a pig till I come down 'ere."

With a view to demonstration I took out a penknife.

"Tain't no good to pare it, guv'ner. Yer can't eat it if yer do."

To make them quite secure he hastily put the walnuts back into his pocket. He had recovered from the joke and looked me in the face without a smile.

"Yer seen I was kiddin' about the apples," he whined, with an air of childish simplicity. "But they ain't walnuts. Don't yer know really what they are? They're coker-nuts."

We left it at that. It is difficult to convey the simplest, most easily established truth to a mind that regards all statements with suspicion, and refuses to listen to explanation. This constant mistrust, both of friend and stranger, seems to me the most pathetic feature of the precocity begotten of the streets. He bore no resentment against me, however, for an attempt to deceive him, obviously destined to failure from the first. He had turned the enemy's flank, was triumphant and magnanimous. That is to say, when I moved on, prepared to continue my walk, leaving him to the superintendence of his bee-catching, he came running by my side.

They thought no more about the bees. They ran from hedge to hedge, picking whatever flowers shone brighter than the rest. They wrestled for a tall yellow spike of a great mullein, and although the chubby boy was easily victorious, my lean friend afterwards snatched it from his hand and got it after all. We stood at a gate to

look at a piece of standing wheat where there were poppies, and we watched the hauling of a last load of late hay. But they had no question to ask and nothing to say. Upon the waste was growing a plant or two of the wild chamomile. At once they threw away for this all the brighter flowers that they had picked, and although it stank and the feathery leaves quickly withered in their hands, they carried that bouquet home. These were "d'lsies." Even into the London streets the sentiment that is inseparable from the name had found its way.

As I have said, they asked no questions and had nothing to say.

They looked upon the beauties of nature unmoved, as men of primitive races fresh from their primeval forests have been known to look without amazement upon the wonders of civilization. What sub-conscious impressions of clear skies and sun-capped cloud, above broad fields of flowing corn, or of brook-divided meadows studded with placid herds, or tall gray hills with distant bleating sheep, their minds might be receiving, who can tell? Likely enough the gentle rustling of the sweet rain-washed leafage, that cast soft shade upon the lane whilst they chased the bees and plucked the flowers, may some day come again in some strange dream. To be sure, they had been here a fortnight, and the country was no longer new. It would be really interesting to get from them a definite opinion concerning something of all they had seen.

"Now look here. You've been running about the village just wherever you like, you've seen a lot, and you've done a great many new things. What do you like best of all you've seen and done?"

He became thoughtful.

"I dunno," he said.

After more mature consideration he

continued, "I like to gow and s-s-sh to the skylarks."

"You spoke of that before. Where do you do it? Where do you find the skylarks?"

"What! ain't yer seen the skylarks, guv'ner? Down at the little 'ouse?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Wot, didn't yer ever say s-s-sh to the skylarks? Not when yer was a kid?"

He tried to lure me into an admission. Truth, however, demanded that I should reply, "Never."

"Well, I'm blowed! I'll show yer."

We travelled in haste after that until we came into the village. The first dwelling is an ancient cottage, low and thatched, with a narrow strip of garden in front, with yellow evening primroses, and tall hollyhocks, at that time just beginning to open their satin flowers, standing erect between the diamond-paned windows. Under the eaves and close together was a row of the "procreant" cradles that testify to the delicacy and purity of our air.

He went "S-s-sh!"

A young martin flew out from one of the nests.

"There y'are, guv'ner. Didn't yer see 'im? A skylark."

"No, my lad. That was a house martin."

"What! don't you think I ever seen a skylark, guv'ner? Billy's father, 'e 'as two skylarks. He puts 'm out by day in kedges in front of 'is 'ouse."

"But look! These have white breasts and forked tails. Look at that one—there in the sky."

"They're *wild* skylarks, guv'ner. But lor! wild skylarks they don't sing nufink. I seen one come an' 'old on up there one day. There! 'E done 'is best. Bless yer! You should just 'ear Billy's father's old skylark sing, when 'e's got 'is 'ead up."

We did not come to an agreement upon the matter, but nevertheless part-

ed excellent friends, and I walked slowly homewards down the village street.

Truly it is an appalling thought that a human being may be born, and live—even to old age—and die, and never catch one glimpse of the glorious earth which is his heritage. To send these children into the country is a real philanthropy. Many letters have been written, and I know the objections that have been raised. That they damage property—that they teach the vices of the city to a simple village childhood—that they scatter around a vocabulary containing jewels of such brilliancy, that nothing so dazzling has ever before been known in remote parts.

But will these objections stand after quiet consideration?

As to the damage to property—the philanthropist is in my estimation, and sometimes in his own, a very superior person. But he ought to pay, and let it be known that he will pay, for the properly authenticated duck. The mere preserver of foxes does as much as this.

Then for the other and more serious accusations. The respectable cottager I know well, the patience of his life of healthy toil, the cleanliness of his mind and of his home, and the extreme sensitiveness of his whole family lest the merest whisper in the village should cast aspersion upon any member of the household. I do not believe that a wholesome village child, in good surroundings, can take permanent harm from an influence so transitory, however evil. Besides, so far as I could

observe, the London children associated very little with the rural youth, but instinctively preferred to keep to themselves. And are we so immaculate down here, after all? Alas! there is another sort of person living under the thatch, and if any Londoner of experience can teach his children anything in lurid speech—let him try.

As the result of these visits will any child, I wonder, leave the great town to find his way back to the half-deserted land?

After all, it is a good thing that these summer visitants have to get back to school. The bold spirit that can attempt a corner in bees might surely try experiments with the fruit of the red-berried bryony that is so bright a feature of the autumn hedge. There are cherries on the barrows in the London streets. What if these children should happen upon the shining "devil's cherry" of the deadly nightshade? There are twelve of them. Horrible nightmare! A fortnight of working days spent in dodging the village police-constable in order to keep off the coroner's ju—

"Hi! Guv'ner! Guv'ner!"

He came running after me as fast as his spindle legs could carry him. Even now I am not quite sure whether he was trying it on, or whether this was a last forlorn hope on the eve of his departure.

He thrust his head forward and it looked too big for his slender neck.

"I say, guv'ner, y'ain't the bloke yer-self, now, are yer—wot gives away the apples?"

Walter Raymond.

THE CHILDREN'S CARDINAL.

Thoughtful and observant women often have occasion to remark that when a man really loves children, his love for them is so great as even to eclipse our own: his whole strength of intellect and heart—all his manly tenderness and chivalry towards the innocent and helpless—seem gathered into one great abiding love which enwraps and protects its fortunate object. Such a lover of children was the late Herbert Cardinal Vaughan; and the present writer aims at setting forth, even though inadequately, this beautiful side of his character—a side which is not fully known, even by his intimate friends.

Upon Cardinal Vaughan's elevation to the See of Westminster in 1892, one of his first thoughts was for the children of his new diocese—for the city waifs living in surroundings of dirt, poverty, and crime, almost at his very door. The heart of the pastor, as well as the heart of the man, yearned over the weaklings of his flock; and he formed a private commission composed of influential men and women, whose duty it was to verify various statistical returns and trace out the children who had drifted, on the tide of slum-life, away from church and school. The work was long and difficult, the results were terribly depressing, as must be any searching investigation into the conditions of child-life in the purlieus of a great city. The report brought by the commission to his Eminence, was that many of his children were half-clothed, half-fed, sick, herded together with vicious and drunken parents in surroundings destructive to health of soul and body—while others could not be traced at all, their fate being merely a matter of sorrowful conjecture.

Though the task appeared practically hopeless, the Cardinal addressed himself to it undauntedly; and, in the early spring of 1899, he addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity, inaugurating the great Crusade of Rescue. In every parish was to be formed a representative local committee of lay workers who were to visit, regularly, their own slum districts for the sole purpose of watching over the children. Any case of extreme poverty, or of danger to faith and morals, was to be duly investigated, reported, and then forwarded to the Central Executive Committee at Archbishop's House, whose duty it was to vote for or against the reception of the child into one of the diocesan homes. Monthly collections for the support of these homes were also organized in the parishes, and thus a huge net was spread over the diocese which, the Cardinal hoped, would save all his children from poverty, cruelty, and crime.

Stringent regulations were laid down by his Eminence for the guidance of the Crusade. There was, above all other conditions, to be no proselytism. So a rule was made forbidding the committee to take any child who had not received Catholic baptism and education, and who had not had one Catholic parent. Further, they were instructed not to accept cases which could be dealt with by any other means, such as the School Board, Poor Law, Industrial Schools Acts, etc. The Crusade was solely for the Cardinal's most wretched and helpless children, the scum of the city whom no one else wanted and no one else could help.

The problem of child-rescue is always a difficult and anxious one; some persons condemn help for children on

the ground that it still further relieves careless parents from their responsibilities. It is a question with two sides, the child's and the parent's. Like that of some other great philanthropists, the Cardinal's choice was sublimely simple; with his princely position and almost unlimited power, he chose the child's side because it was the side of the helpless.

At the inauguration of the Crusade an amicable arrangement was entered into with Dr. Barnardo, who agreed to pass on to Archbishop's House all Catholic applications (which agreement has been strictly adhered to ever since), and the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has also done grand service to the Crusade in such cases of suspected ill-treatment as were beyond the power of private investigators.

But the Cardinal's favorite project has yet to be described: his love for the children was not merely for the wretched and suffering, it extended also to the safe and happy, and realized, with the deepest comprehension, the power of the so-called weak. The soul of the Crusade was to be a band of child Crusaders: children were to be the saviours of children. With a view to testing this dearest wish of his heart, his Eminence issued an invitation to all the school children of his diocese, asking them to help him in supporting the little waifs by saving up their pocket-money during that Lent (1899) and requesting them to visit his house on the Second Sunday after Easter for the purpose of presenting him with their alms.

Needless to say, this invitation caused a great stir among the children. It was not usual for a Prince of the Church to hold receptions for youngsters, especially those of the working-classes, and they fully appreciated the privilege. And, even above this anticipated pleasure was the other

novel idea—the idea that they could actually help other little children who were cold and hungry or in danger of being lost to their own beloved faith.

So the children set to work with collecting cards and money-boxes, and when the great day came, in each school representatives were chosen and sent to the dear, dingy old house, with the proverbially dirty windows, at the bottom of Carlisle Place. The bright-faced young emissaries trooped in from north, south, east and west, the girls gay with colored hair-ribbons, the boys in all the agony of clean collars and faces. Dainty little ladies from the convent schools mixed happily with the wide-awake East-Enders; tall boys and girls just about to pass out of school-life altogether, made way for the tiny toddling infant delegates. A steady stream flowed up the broad staircase to the old room at the top of the house, familiarly known as "the quarter deck," and all were on the tip-toe of expectation as the clock struck four and his Eminence sailed in, literally shining with the happiness of being so near them at last. Directly he began to address them, it was apparent to the most casual observer that he had "a way with him" which took the child-heart captive at once. His gorgeous apparel and great attractions of person fascinated the beauty-loving eye of youth and riveted its attention. But far beyond mere externals was the magnetic influence of love. The children *felt* that he loved them—felt it as the sensitive plant feels the sun, responded to it like quicksilver to atmosphere.

By the end of his Eminence's impassioned yet simple speech his children loved him almost as much as he loved them, and their hearts were profoundly stirred by his call to them for help for his lost lambs. One very significant remark made by him that

first "Good Shepherd Sunday" was that, by the following spring, he hoped to have the cathedral in a sufficiently finished condition to hold the whole thirty thousand of his school children instead of merely the representative five hundred then assembled in the limited accommodation of the quarter deck. Those five hundred were, of course, the cream of the cream, the pride and joy of parents and teachers, but the Cardinal wanted them *all*, the naughty as well as the good.

After the address came the supreme ceremony of purse-presenting. Every child went up, knelt at his Eminence's feet, placed his or her purse in his hand, and received, in return, a heartfelt blessing. It was an absorbingly interesting scene; the children exhibited no shyness or awkwardness but were absolutely happy and at home, and the infants caused much merriment by the truly British manner in which they clung to their purses. It had clearly been impressed upon them, by anxious teachers, that on no account were they to let go of their little bags, and so firmly was this idea rooted in their minds, that they declined to give them up even to the Cardinal. They thought he was a goodly sight for baby eyes in his gold, scarlet, and white linen; they enjoyed giving to the beautiful cameo ring such damp, smacking kisses as could be heard all over the room; but, even for the sake of this fascinating person, they were not going to part with their money. So the Cardinal had to gently force open tiny fists for their hot crumpled contents, explaining kindly that they were *really* meant for him. Some of us feared an outburst of tears, but every baby took his loss philosophically and toddled away in puzzled resignation.

One little girl, who had lost her big brother in the crowd, fought her way back through the crush alone, and,

scornfully ignoring the group of incompetent ladies and Monsignori standing round, hurled herself bodily at the Cardinal as the one person capable of finding the missing youth. Another little mite presented his Eminence with a nosegay that had evidently been manufactured on her own lines without any grown-up assistance. It consisted of a bunch of drooping white lilac, embellished with three or four yellow dandelions, all of which were carefully fastened up in a holder of crumpled newspaper. Ministering hands at once offered to relieve the Cardinal of this encumbrance, but nothing would induce him to part with it. All the afternoon he clung to it, and was finally seen sweeping away to his own private apartments, still holding the childish offering in his left hand.

When the children had all departed, the great box containing the money bags was locked up for the night in the safe, and the counters arrived at Archbishop's House at an early hour next morning. Piles of soup plates were brought up by the footmen for the reception of the assorted cash (which entirely covered a large table) and the Cardinal floated in and out all the morning, eager to know the total collected. Many of the purses were of scarlet satin and velvet, embroidered with gold; others were exquisitely painted, and some bore the Cardinal's coat of arms in silks. By lunch time the result was announced: between £300 and £400 collected, largely in pence and even in farthings—one of the poorest East End missions having sent five pounds.

This grand result of a few weeks' work by children for children confirmed the Cardinal's fondest hopes. His little ones had proved themselves sufficiently self-sacrificing and loving to be an invaluable aid to him in saving the lost. So the following Lent he issued

a letter (a copy of which was sent to every child in the diocese) inaugurating the Catholic Children's Crusade, which put the crowning touch to the whole Crusade of Rescue. This C.C.C. was a confraternity for children only: no adults were to be admitted, and the three conditions of membership were, enrollment of names in *S. Peter's Net* (the organ of the Crusade), prayer for the safety of the little perishing waifs, and an annual alms-giving, no matter how small, towards their support. The children were, of course, fired with the idea of becoming "Crusaders," and joined the C.C.C. in hundreds, which swelled in due time to thousands.

"Good Shepherd Sunday" (so called because the gospel of the Mass for the Second Sunday after Easter is the story of the Good Shepherd) became the greatest feast in the year to the children and their Cardinal. They counted the months and weeks to this happy day, and the second year the collection was over £500. Meantime a Children's Corner, with monthly competitions for Elementary School and Convent divisions, and a correspondence column, had been opened in *S. Peter's Net*, and the present writer was appointed by his Eminence as sub-editor with management of the whole children's department.

Thus was formed a regular means of inter-communication between the Crusaders and headquarters, and the youthful correspondents availed themselves of this to a full extent. Their letters were filled with messages to "the dear Cardinal," as they always called him; numberless invitations to prize days and school festivals were sent to him; he was asked, in the most confiding manner to "pray for my intention"—whatever that might be! Love and kisses, in the form of little crosses, were showered on him and, where such letters happened to be the

prize ones, the compositors had strict orders to reproduce these kisses in the magazine by means of little xs. They were instructed, too, never to correct the highly original spelling and punctuation, but to set up the letters just as the children had written them. On one occasion a little girl writing from a South African Nazareth House, remarked artlessly to his Eminence: "We should so like to see you. The nuns have shown us your photo. It is *very* beautiful."

The Cardinal, of course, loved this children's corner and sent messages back to them from time to time. In the magazine were also reports of cases dealt with weekly by the central committee, and these were followed with deep interest by the Crusaders, who firmly believed that their prayers helped the local visitor to find each little waif, and that their pennies purchased food, clothing and shelter for it in the homes.

Some details could not, of course, pass beyond the committee-room where the pitiful story was heard; innocent and helpless children suffered treatment which was unfit even for publication. But the less heart-rending instances were a source of never-ending interest to the Crusaders. Their sympathy was unbounded for one of our little waifs who saw a bed for the first time in her life on her first night in the Home; one little boy had been found deserted in a stable in December, and, to the relief of the Crusaders, was rescued in good time for his Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding; another poor little fellow was found in the workhouse infirmary, insane through vermin, thanks to the neglect of his drunken mother; and one poor baby in arms was sold for a drink by its mother to a strange woman in a public-house. At first this wretched infant could not be traced, and the Crusaders were terri-

bly perturbed. But after some weeks, during which it had been used for begging purposes by its foster-mother, it was found and handed to us by the police, to the intense relief of the children.

Child psychology is a marvellous study. Our city slums contain many a child-mystic. And in no order of creation are to be found such devoted lovers of their own kind as children. Their compassion for their weaker brethren has no limits, and manifests itself in ways involving personal self-sacrifice—surest of all tests. Some of the Crusaders will get up in the dark on cold winter mornings to hear an early mass before school for the little waifs; others (East Enders these) to quote their own quaint words, observe a "perpetual fast from fruit and sweets" and save the pennies for food for the poor children. On one Good Shepherd Sunday we received a donation enclosed with three little bills made out at so many "pricks (on the collecting cards) at 1d. a prick" and "forty days without sugar at 1d. a day from dada for going without."

This was the key-note of the Cardinal's teaching, (not only taught, but practised by himself), personal self-sacrifice for the love of the weaker neighbor. His annual letters to the children were full of this spirit and, by illustrations from the lives of child-martyrs, he endeavored to teach his children how to endure for a great cause. In each letter and every address he implored, exhorted and commanded them never to cease to work and pray for all in want and sin. His chief dread was lest they should cease to care, lest brotherly love should grow weaker with increasing years. He called constantly on parents, teachers and pastors to aid him in making the children consistent and practical Christians; constantly in his pastorals to the adults of his flock, he mentioned

the Child Crusaders, of whom also he preached to his clergy at the Synods.

By the third Good Shepherd Sunday, his Eminence could wait no longer for the great meeting in the cathedral whose progress out of chaos seemed so slow. He had set his whole heart on the children being the first public body to enter the Westminster Cathedral, so, in April 1901, he determined to receive them there, despite all obstacles, lest, before the following spring, some other meeting might have been held in the great building. This mandate caused consternation among all concerned. The place was still as cold and damp as a grave, while no floor of any kind was yet laid down, nor were any windows in. Even then, the Cardinal's chest was showing signs of delicacy, and a prolonged visit to such a death-trap might have been productive of most serious results. This was pointed out to him, but, of course, with no result. Then we laid before him the danger to the children, which at once produced the desired effect. He agreed to hold the meeting in the old house as usual, but, nevertheless, got his own way too, in the end, and in a harmless manner, by taking the children *en masse* over to the cathedral after the presentation of purses. Being gloriously human, in spite of their passionate philanthropic zeal, they had a thoroughly happy time—upsetting hods of mortar, overturning piles of bricks, and mixing sand with the putty, to their hearts' content. Next day his Eminence was informed of this mischief, which information he received with a mock-serious suggestion that we should pay for it out of the collection. We, of course, declined, and said, jokingly, that we would instruct the contractors to send the bill in to his Eminence, who promptly responded—"I don't care what the damage is or what I have to pay, now that the chil-

dren have been the first public body to enter the cathedral."

The following year (1902) found the old house deserted. The migration to the new Archbishop's House had taken place, and the meeting was held in the adjoining hall. This, though happily no one knew it, was the last interview between the children and the Cardinal. And even on this occasion, a medical man had been in attendance with a strong restorative just before his Eminence appeared on the platform. When he did appear he was unusually bright, and told the delighted children a quaint anecdote of how he had been stopped in a Mill-Hill lane by two little highwaymen who, unaware of his identity, demanded from him "a penny for the Cardinal's poor children."

The following autumn came the sad news of his entire breakdown, and on Good Shepherd Sunday of the present year, when the whole meeting was for the first time held in the cathedral, the children arrived only to find a stranger in their Cardinal's place. He had sent them a letter which was read aloud to them by Bishop Stanley, and in which was expressed a noble resignation to the disappointments inevitable in increasing ill-health and old age. It concluded with an earnest exhortation to the Crusaders to continue their work with their usual zeal, and this was the last letter he ever addressed to them. By the thoughtful consideration of Father Emanuel Baus (administrator of the Rescue Crusade) this letter, reproduced in the Cardinal's own hand, exactly as he had written it, has been sent to the schools, so that the children may preserve this last relic of their great-hearted friend.

On the morning of June 20, the "Death of Cardinal Vaughan" was placarded in London, and the cruel black letters caused a thrill of horror

in the children's hearts. In the East End especially, little knots collected, asking each other if the news could possibly be true. They soon learnt that it was only too true, and next day in church listened with tears to the senior canon's touching little letter describing the peaceful end of their beloved Cardinal. Immediately after this letter was read the gospel for the day which, appropriately enough, happened to be the story of the shepherd who went out into the wilderness after the lost sheep. In his sermon that morning the Bishop of Stepney paid a most graceful tribute to the memory of the Cardinal who, as his Lordship said, had so cared for the little rough waifs of the slums.

The lying in state took place on the following three days, when the children went to the bare, unfinished cathedral to see the bare, unadorned coffin and to say goodbye to the friend who will never see them or write to them, or speak to them any more.

The waifs in our Homes now number between 700 and 800—all desperate cases which, in spite of the urgent need of funds, the committee has been unable to refuse. Many of these children have now been enrolled as Crusaders, and have themselves become the rescuers of others. The C.C.C. also has members in all parts of England, in Ireland and Scotland, Holland, France, and South Africa.

The results of the work and its effect upon rescuers and rescued are incalculable, and must continue to increase, for the children will never forget their Cardinal or the sacred trust he has left behind him in their hands. In after life as parents, teachers, nuns or priests, they will pass on his work to the next generation of children, and so through years to come, though the work must henceforward always miss its founder's powerful inspiration,

future Good Shepherd Sundays will be days full of sorrowful memories.

This, then, is the noble work conceived by the loving heart of one brave man, who is, in very truth, known as the Children's Cardinal.

Temple Bar.

Olive Katharine Parr.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Field Marshal Lord Wolseley has completed his memoirs and they will be published this fall under the title "The Story of a Soldier's Life."

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has announced that he will never write another novel. He will devote himself chiefly to play-writing, in the belief that there is a great deal more money in it.

Special interest attaches to the forthcoming volume of Mr. W. B. Yeats's poems, "In the Seven Woods" which the Macmillans are soon to publish, from the fact that it has been printed, in red and black ink, by the author's sister, Miss Elizabeth C. Yeats, at her own Dun Emer Press in Dublin.

Booksellers who handle the Tauchnitz edition of British authors report an increasing demand for the stories of Mrs. Oliphant. But it remains a marvel that no one attempts a modern edition of her books, in convenient form and at a moderate price. Some of them are long since out of print, and others can be bought only in very unsatisfactory editions.

Miss Beulah Marie Dix's forthcoming story "The Life, Treason and Death of James Blount of Breckenhow" which the Macmillans have in press, has its scene laid in England in the years 1642-45. It is described as

neither an historical novel nor a romance nor an adventure story, but the story of the life of a brave man and noble woman as set forth in the letters of a prosperous family of Yorkshire gentry.

The Academy reports that the latest news concerning Ibsen's health is grave. A Vienna doctor who has recently visited him in Christiania reports that he has practically lost the power of speech; he stammers so that only his nurse can understand him. The doctor said further: "Also his faculties are impaired. His loss of memory is particularly noticeable. In consequence of these defects he cannot work. Ibsen is, in fact, completely broken up. He presents the picture of a helpless old man." Ibsen is now seventy-five, so that recovery seems hardly possible. It is simply a case of waiting for the end.

The Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland announces an important change in the scope and contents of the documentary history of The Philippine Islands, which they have in course of publication. As originally planned, the series was intended to furnish the original sources, printed and documentary, for the history of the islands to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It has now been determined to extend the work to cover the entire period of Spanish domination. This will be done without

carrying the series beyond the fifty-five volumes already announced. This is practicable because the original plan purposely left a considerable space for possible changes as a result of the exploration of foreign archives. By this change of scope, the value of the work, already great and unique, is materially enhanced.

The appeal of the R. D. Blackmore Memorial Committee has been so generously responded to that it has been found practicable to add a window to the already suggested marble monument in Exeter Cathedral. The design for this window is now settled; it is of three lights with trefoil heads, and the three illustrative figures are Jonathan, David, and Samson. The work of both window and monument is now being proceeded with rapidly.

The Academy reports that Jules Verne, the delight of English and American as well as French boys, is now almost blind. His doctors have told him that an operation for cataract is necessary, but the old story-writer, who is now seventy-five, declines to be troubled by the operation. Jules Verne has lived at Amiens for many years, where he is happy with his books. At one time he was an active member of the town council, but now he is content to stay at home. He was also a great yachtsman, but now-a-days he can do no more than wear his captain's hat on occasion.

Mr. Sidney Colvin writes to the London Times to correct the statement which was made in that journal that Mr. Henley "launched" Stevenson in the columns of "London," and that a great deal of the recognition of Stevenson stands to the credit of "The Scots Observer." Mr. Colvin says:

Forgive me for pointing out that Stevenson was not in any manner

"launched" in literature by Mr. Henley, as a moment's consideration of dates will show. When Stevenson wrote "New Arabian Nights" for "London" under Mr. Henley's editorship in 1878, he had already been contributing for four years essays and tales, some of them now classical, to various magazines; principally to "The Cornhill," a periodical of very much greater prestige and circulation than "London." Similarly in regard to "The Scots Observer," when that journal was started ten or eleven years later, "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" and "Jekyll and Hyde" and "Memories and Portraits" and "A Child's Garden" had already fully established Stevenson's fame throughout the English speaking world, and when Stevenson, through Mr. Baxter, sent occasional contributions from the Pacific to Mr. Henley's paper, it was simply with a view to help his former friend in his new undertaking so far as he could.

All the glimpses which one gets of Thackeray in the reminiscences of those who knew him most intimately are pleasant. Witness this, which is found in the introduction which Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie furnishes to the Macmillans' reprint of Maria Edgeworth's "The Parent's Assistant."

Once when the present writer was a very little girl she suffered for a short time from some inflammation of the eyes, which prevented her from reading, or amusing herself in any way. Her father, who had just then returned from the East, in order to help her to pass the weary hours began telling her the story of the Forty Thieves, and when he had finished, and had boiled down the wicked thieves in oil, and when she asked him to tell it all over again, he said that he would try and find something else to amuse her, and looking about the room he took up a volume of the "Parent's Assistant" which was lying on the table, and began to read aloud the story of the "Little Merchants." The story lasted two mornings, and an odd, confused impression still remains in the listener's mind to this day of Naples,

Vesuvius, pink and white sugar plums, —of a darkened room, of a lonely country house in Belgium, of a sloping garden full of flowers outside the shutters, of the back of a big sofa covered with yellow velvet, and of her father's voice reading on and on. When she visited Naples in after years she found herself looking about unconsciously for her early playfellows.

Mr. E. J. Rawle has published a pamphlet in which he seeks to answer the question who were the "Doones of Badgworthy?" and whether there ever were such beings or were they simply a legendary family. Mr. Rawle can find no mention of the Doones until the middle of the last century, when the district of Exmoor was opened up as a tourist resort, and the robber legend was given in guide books. In 1857 there was an article in *Fraser's Magazine* quoting the Doone legend. About 1866 a crude short tale appeared in "*The Leisure Hour*" called "The Doones of Exmoor," and Blackmore acknowledged that it was through accidentally glancing at this that he "obtained the clew for the weaving of the romance which caused him to study the details on the spot." "*Lorna Doone*" itself was published in 1869. Since then endless efforts have been made to find a real historical basis for the Doone legend and to prove the existence of Doones in the Oare and Badgworthy district in the seventeenth century. Mr. Rawle disposes of all these fanciful theories. The simple fact is that nothing is known. Mr. Rawle's own suggestion is that "Doone" is simply a corruption of "Dane," and he shows how even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century memories of the ancient descents and raids of the Danes on the shores of the Severn Sea were very fresh in the minds of the inhabitants of Porlock. "Such deeds," he says, "as are now associated with the Doones

of Badgworthy are far more likely to have been done by the fierce marauding Danes than by any band of commonwealth outlaws or a family of exiled Scottish noblemen."

Writing of the country of Robert Louis Stevenson in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. William Sharp gives this striking description of Stevenson's appearance when he first met him, on the platform at Waterloo station:

He was tall, thin, spare—indeed, he struck me as almost fantastically spare: I remember thinking that the station draught caught him like a torn leaf flowing at the end of a branch. His clothes hung about him, as the clothes of a convalescent who has lost bulk and weight after long fever. He had on a jacket of brown velveteen—I cannot swear to the color, but that detail always comes back in the recalled picture—a flannel shirt with a loose necktie negligently bundled into a sailor's-knot, somewhat fantastical trousers, though no doubt this effect was due in part to their limp amplitude about what seemed rather the thin green poles familiar in dahlia-pots than the legs of a human creature. He wore a straw hat, that in its rear rim suggested forgetfulness on the part of its wearer, who had apparently, in sleep or heedlessness, treated it as a cloth cap. These, however, were details in themselves trivial, and were not consciously noted till later. The long, narrow face, then almost sallow, with somewhat long, loose, dark hair, that dragged from beneath the yellow straw hat well over the ears, along the dusky hollows of temple and cheek, was what immediately attracted attention. But the extraordinariness of the impression was of a man who had just been rescued from the sea or a river. Except for the fact that his clothes did not drip, that the long black locks hung limp but not moist, and that the short velveteen jacket was disreputable but not damp, this impression of a man just come or taken from the water was overwhelming.

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